Women of Renown

G. Barnett Smith.

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WOMEN OF RENOWN

NINETEENTH CENTURY STUDIES.

BY

G. BARNETT SMITH.

AUTHOR OF

"THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT," CRITICAL BIOGRAPHIES OF SHELLEY AND VICTOR HUGO, "LIFE AND ENTERPRISES OF FERDINAND DE LESSEPS," ETC.

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TO MY DEAR FRIEND

SIR J. CRICHTON BROWNE, M.D., LL.D.,

I INSCRIBE THIS VOLUME,

WITH ALL GOOD WISHES.

G. B. S.

PREFATORY NOTE.

I HAVE endeavoured to make these studies of eminent women of the nineteenth century as representative as possible. The fields covered embrace the literary, the scientific, the musical, the dramatic, the philanthropic, and the adventurous. No living women are included, but I should have added to the list Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and Mrs. Browning, had I not already written upon them, and had they not also been the subject of appreciative criticism by other writers. This has been especially the case of recent years with Charlotte Brontë and Mrs. Browning, and I rejoice greatly at the fact, for twenty years ago I hope I did some little towards evoking a deeper interest in their works by publishing full critical and biographical articles upon those gifted writers in the *Cornhill Magazine*. These articles were republished in my volume of *Poets and Novelists;* and I look back now with pride to the fact that the article on Mrs. Browning gave especial pleasure to the great poet her husband, who honoured me with his friendship until his death.

With regard to the following sketches, the biographical element has been my main consideration, though I hope

there will be found a sufficiency of explanation and criticism of the life-work of each character dealt with. I was desirous of showing what these distinguished women were in themselves —how they lived, moved, and acted; and for that reason I have presented them wherever I could as painted by themselves or their contemporaries. Each career has its special interest I shall be content if its delineation results in entertainment and profit to the reader.

G. B. S.

Bournemouth, October 7, 1893.

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6

FREDRIKA BREMER.

FREDRIKA BREMER.

Between those two remarkable Scandinavian writers, Fredrika Bremer and Henrik Ibsen, there is a great gulf fixed. The same northern latitude produced both, and yet it would be impossible to cite two writers of any nationality who differed so widely in their literary character and methods. In the pages of Fredrika Bremer we seem to see reflected, as in some translucent lake, the green pastures of a moral and intellectual calm, or the mountains of a pure and lofty aspiration. With Ibsen, on the contrary, we might be standing on the heights of the Brocken, where the midnight storm lashes itself into tempest, and the lightnings make visible the dark and sublime things of the world. The writings of the one are suffused and permeated by a loving faith and hope, and a complete reliance upon the Divine will; the writings of the other are full of struggle, of mental analysis, of passionate yearnings after individual freedom, of feverish revolt against social canons, of tragic incidents, and of mystic and inextinguishable desires. Bremer is the more reposeful; Ibsen the more powerful and original. Bremer's is the happier soul, Ibsen's the greater, yet withal the more unsatisfiable.

Fredrika Bremer was born in Tuorla Manor House, near Abo, in Finland, on the 17th of August, 1801. Her father, the Bruks-patron, or Iron-master, Carl Fredric Bremer, was descended from an ancient German noble family, which settled in Sweden in the reign of King Gustavus Adolphus the Great;

her mother was Brigitta Charlotta Hollström. It was Fredrika's grandfather, Jacob Bremer, who, after his migration from Sweden to Finland, accumulated the wealth which placed the family in affluent circumstances. By founding ironworks and factories he likewise found employment for many hundreds of persons, and, as he was ever generous to the poor and needy, his memory was kept green in Finland long after his death. Jacob Bremer was twice married—first to a lady of title, and secondly to the young and handsome daughter of the Assessor of the Royal Court of Justice. His children appear to have done well for themselves; one of the daughters by his first wife married the Governor of the County of Wasa, and another Baron Hisingör, a Counsellor of the Royal Court of Justice. There were only two children by the second marriage, Carl Fredric and Agatha; the latter married General Wrede, who afterwards became Field Marshal Count Fabian Wrede; and Carl Fredric married as we have seen, and had a numerous family, his second daughter being Fredrika Bremer, whose talents acquired for her a European reputation.

At the commencement of the present century Finland was the theatre of bloody struggles between Sweden and Russia, which eventually ended in the cession of the country to the latter Power. Carl Fredric Bremer was deeply attached to Finland, but foreseeing the sad fate in store for her, he determined to move with his wife and young family to Sweden. Accordingly in 1804 he settled in Stockholm, and the following year purchased the country estate of Arsta, in the parish of Öster-Hanninge, about three Swedish, or twenty English, miles from the capital. Here his children were brought up, and they appear to have had a roughish time of it until the advent of a governess—Sara Eleanore de Frumerie, a descendant of a French emigrant family. This lady seems to have been just, truthful, and God-fearing, and to have laid the foundation of all that was good in them. The relations between parents and children in the upper circles of Sweden

were very hard and strained. The affections of the children were kept down, so that they imbibed more fear than love for their parents. Fredrika Bremer longed to please her mother, whom she loved passionately and tenderly, but she was rebuffed. She could never walk, stand, sit, or curtesy to the haughty lady's satisfaction, and had many bitter and wretched moments in consequence. Madame Bremer laid down three inviolable principles for the education of her children. First, they were to grow up in perfect ignorance of everything evil in the world, so as to preserve in them pure and innocent minds; secondly, they were to acquire as much knowledge as possible; and thirdly, they were to eat as little as possible, for fear lest they should become stupid and slow to learn, and develop into strong, stout, and tall women—a class whom the worthy mother cordially detested. In the few pages which Fredrika Bremer has devoted to her own *Autobiography*, she has thus described this early period in her life:—

'To me Dame Nature was rather unfriendly, throwing all kinds of difficulties in my way. None of those who surrounded me understood how to guide a character like mine to good. They tried to curb me by severity, or else my thoughts and feelings were ridiculed. I was very unhappy in my early youth, and, violent as I was in everything, I formed many plans to shorten my life, to put out my eyes, &c., &c.; merely for the sake of making my mother repent her severity; but all ended in my standing on the margin of the lake, looking down into the water, or feeling the pricking of the knife in my eyeball. Unhappy at home, because I was a restless, passionate creature, without the least of what one would call tact, my soul clung ardently to the events of the outer world. The war against Napoleon stirred within me all my deepest feelings. I determined to flee from home, to proceed to the theatre of war, which I imagined would be an easy matter, and, dressed in male costume, to become page to the Crown Prince (afterwards King Charles XIV.), who at that time appeared to me

to be little less than a demi-god. I entertained those plans for more than a year, until they melted away slowly, like snow in water. Gradually my patriotic and warlike feelings were lulled, but only to make room for new ones of another kind. Religious enthusiasm and the most worldly coquetry were struggling within me—feelings for which I was unable fully to account, but which seemed to burst my young bosom, and which sometimes filled it with a heaven and sometimes with a hell: like two all-consuming flames, the desire to know and the desire to enjoy were burning in my soul, without being satisfied for many long years. The mere sight of certain words in a book—words such as Truth, Liberty, Glory, Immortality—roused within me feelings which vainly I would try to describe.'

To give vent to her ideas, she wrote verses, theatrical pieces, and essays; composed music, and painted pictures, 'some of them'—she naïvely confesses—'greater trash than the others.' She was a coquette, and though rather plain of feature—having a nose in particular which was a great trouble to her—she had plenty of vivacity and freshness, and these procured her admirers and flatterers. In time she acquired a reputation for wit. Even from her childhood it seemed as though she were to become the champion of her sex, for her earliest verses contained allusions to woman's dependent and subordinate position in life. With regard to her personal appearance, her sister tells us she was rather under the average size; that her eyes were very handsome, thoughtful, and expressing goodness and vivacity; but the head was large in proportion to the small and slight figure; and the nose filled up a large place in her physiognomy. Fredrika made many efforts to reduce it to more reasonable dimensions, but the rebellious organ refused to be compressed, and actually revenged itself by becoming more formidable still, and taking on a fine high colour. Yet the girl had her lovers, and she gives some amusing accounts of them, one of which I must quote. She was staying with her mother and sisters at a fashionable watering-place. 'A very

amiable and chivalrous elderly gentleman and his wife,' she observes, 'who were residing in the neighbourhood, did all they could to make our stay as agreeable as possible. They had a son, a young, gay, good and handsome lieutenant. He began to sigh for me, and I began to warm a little for him. It was a pastoral moment, when once, in the green fields, I was wiping and scraping some tar off one of my shoes, and when he, with half words and sighs—well, nothing more came of it. We left at last, and he accompanied us to the nearest town. I remember, not without a pleasant sensation, this first silent, friendly harmony of my soul with another's. We parted. I gave him a carnation and a curl paper, and he gave me a few sprigs of lavender. I cried the whole night after our parting, and for a long time afterwards I sighed his name in my heart, but very calmly.' On another occasion she felt Cupid's arrow sticking in her heart for about a fortnight, and then it dropped out. By the age of seventeen, it appears she had formed a determination never to marry.

We have a glimpse of another side of her character several years before she attained this age. It was at the time when all Europe was the scene of war. Most of the nations had risen to grapple with the hitherto invincible Napoleon, who was then retreating from Russia after the disaster of Moscow. Under the command of the Crown Prince of Sweden, Bernadotte, whom the nations hailed as one of their liberators, a portion of the Swedish army had crossed over into Germany. New ideas and feelings were awakened in Fredrika Bremer by these stirring events. 'She wept bitterly at not having been born a man, so that she could have joined her countrymen to fight against the general disturber of peace and the oppressor of nations; she wanted to fight for her native country; longed to distinguish herself to win renown and glory. She felt that she would not be wanting in courage, if she could only get over to Germany.' She was inspired by the most romantic visions, as we have already seen from her *Autobiography;* and although she

was only thirteen years old, these dreams took such thorough possession of her, that twice she set out for Stockholm, hoping that fortune would favour her resolve, but she was beaten back, disappointed and disheartened.

At the ages of fifteen and fourteen the sisters were allowed to read the novels of Madame de Genlis and Miss Burney, but the only result was to intensify their longing to escape from the convent-like seclusion at Arsta. They were filled with the notion that if they could once get out into the world they would become the heroines of romance, and meet with undreamed-of adventures. They even looked out almost daily to being carried off by some nineteenth century knights, who would be fired to heroic deeds through their influence. Not long after this they became more staid, and were occupied for a considerable time in translating a work written for children, with a view of imparting to them the first ideas of religion. Their father was so touched by this that he embraced them both with tears, and had the work printed and published at his own expense. Then began a thorough system of household training, as well as more esthetic studies. The girls were taught the art of musical composition and thorough bass. Fredrika wrote a theatrical piece in one act, called *The Poet*, and her sister Charlotte composed the music to it. But there was little society at Arsta, and for all the news which came to them from the capital they might as well have been a hundred miles from Stockholm instead of barely twenty. It is quite painful to read of their *ennui*; life was often so dreary to these young folks that the tears would roll down their cheeks. They led a monotonous, joyless, and inactive life, which told especially upon Fredrika.

At last, in August, 1821, a change came over the scene. Carl Bremer determined that his whole family should travel for a year, and they accordingly set out upon their long journey. Crossing over from Ystad to Stralsund, they made their way through the sandy deserts of Pomerania and Lüne-

berg, posting in two large travelling landaus, each drawn by four horses. After great difficulty, owing to the bad condition of the roads, they reached Frankfort-on-the-Main, and then proceeded to Darmstadt, where they remained for some time, and where they frequently saw the famous Madame Schröder-Devrient at the Darmstadt Theatre. Walks, books, and the picture-gallery also interested them. In quick succession, Baden, Basle, Geneva, and Lausanne were visited, and then the travellers crossed the Jura Alps to Dijon, proceeding thence to Paris, where they remained all through the following winter, spring, and early summer. In Paris they saw all the great *artistes* of the time—Talma, Madame Pasta, Mdlle. Mars, Mdlle. Georges, &c. They were enchanted with Mars, but grievously disappointed with Talma, wondering how he had acquired his wide fame. In his tragic parts they regarded him as 'devoid of truth, and full of exaggeration.' Pretty strong criticism this for girls of twenty, who had hitherto seen little of life, or of the stage.

The artistic result of the tour was to re-awaken in Fredrika Bremer an all-consuming thirst for knowledge. The masterpieces of Nature and Art had stirred her soul to its depths. Consequently, when she returned to the quiet home life at Arsta the revulsion of feeling was terrible. 'I suffered like Tantalus,' she says. 'Then began for us a life the heaviness and torture of which it would be vain to attempt to paint. Our home became to us a prison, compared with which a real prison would, so it appeared to me, have been a delicious retreat. We saw nobody in our house, and those whom we saw in the houses of others were unkind and unfriendly to us on account of our foreign journey, and on account of the airs which people fancied we wanted to give ourselves. Year after year a heavier and darker cloud lowered itself over my home, and still more over my soul. Gradually, all illusions vanished. With a soul infinitely lively and active, I found myself shut out from all activity. If a charitable hand had then pointed out to me the

road to light and future usefulness, through cultivation of my intellect and a judicious division of the time to be devoted to this purpose—oh! then so many years would not have rolled past me like zeroes, and I would have borne better every day's bitterness and pain. But my soul was still, as it were, in its swaddling clothes. I read heaps of novels; they awakened within me a longing for happiness and love which could not be realised. I read large quantities of sermons, which did not make me a bit better or less unhappy. I played the piano, and occupied myself in one way or another, but more and more listlessly. I waited for a turn in events, in order to enter into activity, but no such events happened. Embroidering an interminable grey neckerchief, I became more and more benumbed, that is to say, in my vital powers—in my desire to live. The sense of pain did not become benumbed; it became, on the contrary, more sharp every day, like the frost in a steadily increasing winter. The flame in my soul was flickering fearfully, and wanted only one thing—to be extinguished for ever. My sisters suffered with me; they suffered in me and I in them. During the common sorrows of our continental journey we had become sincerely and closely united. During the common sufferings of our domestic life we became still more tenderly united; and under affliction and tears those ties were knit which nothing can make stronger, which nothing can turn asunder, and which are now the chief source of my life's happiness. Years rolled past, and everything remained in the same state; physical pains, caused by inward pains, seized me; an eruption covered my face; my eyes became yellow. I felt, both in body and soul, a sense of the utmost discomfort, a kind of frost, a sensation as if I was becoming mouldy. I had a fear and horror of people looking at me; my position, with respect to them and to myself, was insupportable. The fate of woman in general, and my own in particular, appeared to me to be frightful. I saw assurance and courage in men's looks; heard them express openly their thoughts and feelings,

and I was doomed to silence—to live without life. I was conscious of being born with powerful wings, but I was also conscious of their being clipped, and I fancied that they would always remain so. I saw that I was disagreeable and repugnant in the eyes of others, and I felt that it could not be otherwise, for I was dissatisfied with myself, with my inward and outward being.'

Yet through the midst of suffering a certain strength gradually crept into her life. She had brooded over the dark mysteries of existence, had realised the meaning of pain and anguish, and had raised to Heaven a rebellious cry against her lot. Then she became so gentle in suffering that she would have borne anything to save the most insignificant insect a pang. Relief came first through the avenues of Art. She painted for hours daily, in order to find pecuniary means for assuaging the afflictions of others, which made her heart bleed to hear mentioned. Next she was deeply moved, and found her imagination set aglow by Schiller's masterpieces, *Don Carlos*, *Maid of Orleans*, &c., which her father read to his family in the evenings. Then came the removal of the Bremers to a fine suite of apartments in the Blasseholm Square, Stockholm. This was in the year 1822, and it marked quite an era in the dull lives of the younger members of the family. Fredrika now painted a considerable number of miniature portraits, and in this branch of Art she seems to have manifested real genius. In 1824 domestic troubles came. One of the daughters, Agatha, was sent to the Orthopædic Institution at Paris to undergo the treatment there. She was suffering from curvature of the spine, and there was no remedy then in Sweden for this affliction. Next the father became seriously ill, and as he slowly approached convalescence, his daughters read works of travel to him or played chess with him—a game which made him chuckle with amusement if he won, but caused him great chagrin if he lost, as is the way with many games and exercises in this life besides chess. Life again became almost intoler-

able, and rather than spend any more winters aimlessly, she resolved to go into one of the hospitals at Stockholm as a nurse. All this time she wrote a little furtively, and in addition to prose sketches, produced some beautiful poems.

That she strove to do her duty while feeling discontented with life is shown by many extracts in her journal. 'Practice is the nurse of virtue,' she writes on one occasion. 'Virtue is a child which decays and dies before it reaches maturity if we neglect to feed it every day and to cultivate its strength. If we rarely find an opportunity for great deeds and sacrifices, still we have every day an opportunity of practising patience, submission, self-denial, and many simple virtues which often are the most difficult to practise for certain minds, because these virtues are in themselves so quiet and unobserved.' Again, 'To have suffered pain does always good afterwards. Early discovery of my twenty years' experience!' Two years later she writes: 'How stagnant, like a muddy pool is time to youth dragging on a dull, inactive life. I am only twenty-two, and yet I am often tired of the world and wish I was taken from it.' A few months later still she writes against the 'despicable low feeling' called egotism, which increases in most persons with age. 'I will remain unmarried,' she says, 'in order not to attach my heart exclusively to those whom I should have to call mine; but I shall, for the sake of God and of Eternal Love, love all my fellow-men; help and comfort all, as far as lies in my power, which ought to be so much easier when no domestic cares weigh upon my mind. That must be a beautiful and happy life!'

Fredrika Bremer's first love was her native country. Indeed, when most depressed and weary, nature seems to have exercised a wonderfully recuperative power over her. She thus sets forth, in simple but eloquent language, how her soul was lifted up at such a season of mental languor into a new hope:—'I imagined that I had closed my accounts with the world; the desire for life and its enjoyments was extinguished within me.

My soul became pure and at the same time true. My incessant activity gave me a delightful consciousness of being here in this world a consoling atom. In consequence of frequent and fatiguing exercise in the open air, my body became invigorated, my blood flowed more freely, my health improved.

'One day, about the end of March, I walked across snow-covered fields just as the sun was setting; the tear of gratitude and joy of one, to whom I had just then given comfort, had fallen like balm upon my heart. I had been walking very fast to avoid coming home in the twilight, and I had stopped a moment to recover breath and to inhale the mild, pure air. I stood still, with my eyes turned to where the sun was sinking in a flood of purple and golden glory beneath the western sky. There came thence towards me, sweeping across the wide expanse of snow, a breath of air delicious and full of a foretaste of spring. I drank in its life-giving freshness with body and soul. I collected my excited feelings to more calmness, looked round, and turned, with full consciousness of the state of my being, my thoughts upon myself, with this question: Would I now wish to die? For the first time during many years, I felt that I could answer, No! Oh, the moment of immeasurable delight! Now awoke within me the hope of a resurrection to happiness even on earth,—a hope which has not been deceived, but which has been beautifully realised.'

Though Miss Bremer took to few persons in an intimate sense, she had the faculty of inspiring devotion towards herself in others. One noble-hearted and estimable lady, who learnt to know her in her outward, and partly also in her inward life, conceived for her a friendship which amounted almost to a real passion. She would have done anything or everything for her without the spoken word of command. A look would have been enough, and the knowledge that she had gained such an influence as this ennobled Fredrika Bremer in her own estimation.

In 1828 she wrote the first volume of the *Sketches of Every day Life*—her earliest work. The chief motive in having the book published was the hope of getting a little money to assist the poor in the country. In the description which the author gives of the youth and feelings of Elizabeth—a well-drawn character in this work—she has portrayed her own. Here comes out strongly the love of her native land. The book was well received, and the author was encouraged during the summer of 1829 to write a second volume of the *Sketches*. This contained several pieces in which, from her own experience, she described under the form of real occurrences, various misfortunes and sufferings, and also the eventual comfort and balm for the same. In one of the most exquisite of the pieces, she described an obscure Atom who bewailed his nothingness. If he were only a dew-drop, so that he might refresh earth's flowers it would be something; but he was a nothing, and nobody either wanted or missed him. At the close of a certain day, night rested upon the Atom; but he felt his own darker night:—

'Then upon Aurora's rays came the Angel of Consolation, a bright seraph, who with inexhaustible treasures of celestial balm, soared forth over the earth; and wherever a martyr suffers for truth, wherever a down-trodden ant feels a pang, there he halts, gives life, enjoyment, comfort, forgetfulness, or—death. The seraph saw the suffering Atom, and heard his silent complaint.'

'"Rejoice, suffering Atom!" said his friendly voice. "Thy wish has been heard by an ever-listening ear. A tear of compassion and consolation, thou shalt glisten in my wreath, and fall, a drop of balm, upon Affliction's burning pain."

'He spoke, and already the Atom glittered, transformed, blissful, and bright, like a smiling tear, upon a beautiful poppy in the seraph's wreath. "Oh!" whispered he, with humble joy, "I am but a drop; yet, beautiful seraph, if sanctified by thee, it gives to me the power to comfort a sufferer, then will I

praise my glorious destiny—then will I bless thee and my eternal origin." '

The 'Home of Prayer' is another beautiful and touching allegory; and as it furnishes a characteristic example of Fredrika Bremer's literary skill and imaginative power, I will reproduce the most essential passage in it. Prayer was the offspring of the genius of Heavenly Love and of Affliction. She grew up amid the delights of the celestial region, but nevertheless felt that this was not her true home. She longed with an intense longing to visit the terrestrial sphere :—

'The genius of Heavenly Love marked with loving looks his daughter's silent sadness. And when the time had arrived, the hour which Jehovah had appointed, he took her hand, and soared with her through creation's endless space. They approached a star, called Earth, where the seraph's eye with melancholy joy found again images congenial to her heart and soul. Bright tears glittered in the bells of flowers. The sun burst through heavy clouds. Summer days and winter nights rested alternately on the shadowy vales, and gloomy fogs rolled over its loveliest landscapes.

'"Here let us linger,—here let us rest!" whispered she beseechingly. They lowered their flight and alighted upon a hill, from which wide-spreading cedars threw their lengthening evening shadows. Sweetly smiling, the seraph looked round, looked towards heaven, over whose face bright clouds were wafted by gentle winds, and then at her heavenly guide, saying, "Here it is good to remain; here is my home; here let me stay!"

'"Daughter of my love," replied her father, "yes, here thou shalt stay,—here *is* thy home; Jehovah wills it so; here is the cradle of immortal beings—man's native land. Here, under suffering, are born eternal joys. But, in order that man shall not miss his goal, thou shalt be near him, a link between me and my eternal home, which shall be his also one day. Thou shalt teach him to pray, that is, to trust and hope.

Thou shalt watch at his cradle and at his grave. Thou shalt teach him, in all changes, to look upwards, that a ray of the Eternal's brightness may throw light into his soul. *Consolation* shall be thy name; thy mission, a woman's, to comfort and support."

'So saying, he spread his dazzling pinions, and, slowly soaring upwards, fixed a look full of measureless love upon the daughter, who, kneeling with clasped hands, and smiling in her tears, prayed: "Oh! let it be so; oh, my father, my happiness is to do thy will! Morning and evening, in the bright hours of day, in the silent watches of night, I will direct man's looks and man's heart to thee. But, that I may be always full of hope, full of comfort and joy, that my smile may always beam triumphant over my tears, oh! therefore, be ever with me, abandon me never, my father."

'The genius of Heavenly Love vanished behind a veil of cloud out of the suppliant's sight; but a breath full of heavenly sweetness fanned her fair curls and gently kissed her forehead, cheek, and eyelids; and she felt conscious of a father's blessing. Tremblingly rustled the cedar branches, and "Never," softly whispered with a sound as if out of eternity, reached her ear. She felt that he was ever near her.

'Earth became Prayer's home. Prayer became man's good angel. She watched at his cradle, watched over his youth, comforted him in every period of his life, cheered his old age; and, amongst the foliage of the trees which overshadowed his mortal resting-place, she was still heard to breathe peace and joy,—whispering that now she had borne him home, and there he did not need her aid any longer.'

A considerable time elapsed before the best Scandinavian critics discovered that an original force had arisen in Swedish literature—a writer imbued with true poetic feeling. But with the appearance of the second volume of *Sketches* there was no room left for doubt on this point. An author of acknowledged repute expressed his joy that the literature of Sweden could

boast of such an authoress. 'I am acquainted,' he said, 'with the choicest literature of most countries, but I defy them all to produce, in the *genre* which you have chosen, truer or more beautiful pictures, not only of reality, but also of the ideal world which lives and breathes within us. Nobody in our country, either man or woman, has, as far as I am aware, hitherto understood present events more thoroughly, with the penetrating eye of genius, or drawn with a more masterly hand their varied forms, and the miniatures of domestic life; and all this with such genuine, unmistakable womanliness.' The title given to the second volume of *Sketches* was 'The H— Family.' It became quite the rage in Stockholm, and was talked about in every assembly. At a brilliant *soirée* at which the Royal family were present, the authoress was the bright particular star of the evening, and being of a shy and somewhat reserved nature, she was much embarrassed by the eulogies showered upon her. *The Aftonbladet* trumpeted the news of the authorship of the *Sketches* to the world, and the Swedish Academy awarded to the hitherto unknown authoress its lesser gold medal, as a token of its esteem and approbation.

From this time forward Fredrika Bremer devoted herself to the production of stories which speedily became popular in translations far beyond the bounds of Sweden. Mary Howitt made her works known in England by her excellent translations, and for a time these Swedish novels were read with great avidity. It will be convenient here to give some account of the most important of them. *The Neighbours*, which is simply a story of everyday life, is on the whole the best and most perfect of all Miss Bremer's compositions. It lacks dramatic power, like all her works, but it reveals a keen eye for observing the peculiarities of social life, and shows also a close acquaintance with human nature. It is the record of a young married woman's experiences for twelve months in a district to which her husband has taken her. By means of letters she describes the society into which she is thrown, and discusses

topics of the widest range, without, however, detailing many of her own personal adventures. Her husband, whom she playfully calls 'Bear,' is one of the chief characters, and another is *ma chère mère*, his stepmother—perhaps the strongest individuality in the book. 'She is a woman of strong mind, of stronger prejudices, of iron nerves, of indomitable obstinacy, ruling her household with a rod of iron, yet winning the love of her people even amid their fears. All the little world of her circle stand in awe of her. She is courted, dreaded, respected, sneered at behind her back; and though perfectly well aware that such are the feelings with which she is everywhere and by all classes of persons regarded, she goes on her own way resolutely through life, and commands esteem by the very force of her eccentricities. The old lady manages her farm as she does her household. She wears worsted stockings and hob-nailed shoes, drives her own carriage, lectures her own labourers, and now and then inflicts on a rebellious menial a little salutary personal chastisement.' The Von P. family 'is a collection of unfortunate pretensions,' and forms a striking contrast to the worthy old couple, the Dahls. There is a mysterious occupant of the mansion of Ramm, one Bruno Mansfeld, who is supposed to absorb most of the reader's attention, but somehow Miss Bremer has failed in his delineation, and she has herself admitted the fact. She has not been able to make him fall deeply enough with respect to deeds, and it is only under such circumstances that true love reveals its power and sublimity. 'When the guilty to the eyes of the indifferent spectator disappears in the depths of his dark abyss, when he has forfeited everybody's sympathy and interest, and when the pure and the good turn away from him with horror, then it is that true love triumphantly feels its power, stoops down to the forsaken one, seizes hold of him, and does not rest until it has raised him out of the slough.' A murder would have been more in accordance with Bruno's character, while he has only darkened his past by a petty larceny—the plunder of his mother's money-chest—

and by a participation in the slave trade, which he soon gives up. But he is a gloomy, miserable being, destined never to enjoy earthly happiness. 'The thunderbolt which grazes his forehead, lightens also in his soul, and shall there lighten reproachfully till the end of his life.' Bruno is intended to show, by a living example, what tormentors conscience and memory may become. A certain maiden lady, Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel —who inhabits the Bird's Nest, and fills it with natural curiosities —disguises under an eccentric and somewhat flippant manner a great deal of good sense, with an equal portion of good breeding. But the sweetest and loveliest of all the characters is the maiden Serena, who is cruelly tempted by the villain Bruno, but comes through the ordeal with noble firmness and purity. The story, however, must be read in its entirety in order to grasp its excellences, and to recognise how faithfully it portrays the warring motives and passions of human life.

In *Morning Watches*, Fredrika Bremer set forth in detail her religious views. Her intention was to depict, by means of this book, the first faint streaks of light between night and a new day. A number of moral objects were only partly lit up, while others were left in darkness. Her reflections and musings illumined only the heights and the general outlines of the landscape. They foreshadowed the complete light that was to come in God's good time. The leading idea of the work was to inculcate the right view of God, as shown in the manifestation of His Son, creating in man a higher and nobler life, and saving him from anxiety and darkness. The book was severely handled by some critics, but it found a warm sympathiser and apologist in the distinguished Bishop Tegnér. He proposed to write a critical defence of it, but in a little allegory, in which she depicted Tegnér as an eagle and herself as a persecuted dove, she deprecated his mingling in the strife. She observed that the dove must be glad the sooner the persecution ends, and she may forget it while she is bathing her plumage in some

clear, purifying Bethesda water. 'And has not this been offered to me? Oh, yes! I find this Bethesda in my own conscience, in my joy at having acknowledged the Holy One before the children of men; I find it in the public and private acknowledgment of many an honest and noble soul; in the certainty that in my work, imperfect as it is, I have yet spoken words and thoughts which shall not have been spoken in vain; which shall, like the dandelion plant, grow all the stronger for being trampled upon. All this comforts me. And, therefore, peace, peace, good Tegnér! peace and not strife with the world: at all events, not for my sake.'

The Home is a charming story, containing little in the shape of incident, yet holding us by its power of soul-introspection. Its Christian philosophy is also good and sound, but this is rarely obtruded, the writer's object being rather to indicate the power of those little things, which in the sum go to the making of human life. Such narrative as there is, is concerned with the history of Judge Frank's family—which consists of himself, his wife, one son, and seven daughters. Into the circle comes an adopted orphan. The judge seems somewhat hard and cold, and he repels us still further when he neglects his wife to pay homage to a lady for whom he had formed an attachment before his marriage. Mr. Jacobi, the tutor of the little Franks, is gifted and handsome, but somewhat irregular in his habits of life and thought. Elise, the judge's wife, is still very attractive at thirty-two, and the tutor is smitten with admiration of her. She has taken to writing romances, and when her husband discovers this he upbraids her in a powerful scene for her neglect of home. His cruel words sink deep into her being. '"Words, words, words!" says Hamlet, disparagingly, but God preserve us from the destructive power of words! There are words which can separate hearts sooner than sharp swords; there are words whose stings can remain in the heart through a whole life!' Meantime the judge is fascinated by his former love, a widow of great beauty. An attempted reconciliation between

husband and wife fails, and the latter is obliged to confess that during her troubles Jacobi has proved only too gentle and sympathetic for her peace. Things are in a critical condition, when a dance takes place, and the widow points out to the judge Jacobi's devotion to Elise. But she had overshot the mark. The judge believes in his wife, and suspicions engendered with evil intent, lead to a mutual reconciliation. Elise's heart is true, and in a touching scene she reproves Jacobi for his feelings towards her, and by her moving eloquence saves him from himself, and from the very appearance of wronging her. Then there is a powerful scene between husband and wife, which would move the stoutest heart, and from this moment there is never again the shadow of distrust between the two.

But many other troubles fall upon the judge's household. His adopted daughter turns out badly, while his own child Eva, a girl of sweet and gentle nature, forms a misplaced attachment, which causes her bitter anguish before she conquers it. Pecuniary difficulties next overtake the judge, and his house is burnt down. But these are as trifles to the father and mother compared with the loss of their only son Henrik, after a brilliant career at college, and when life gave promise of all that was good, and clever, and beautiful. The simplicity and pathos of the ensuing death-scene can scarcely be matched in any English novelist:—

'"I may remain with you, Henrik?" said she beseechingly.'

'He smiled, took her hand, and laid it on his breast, and in that same moment, closing his eyes, a calm refreshing sleep stole over him. The assessor sat silently beside them, and observed them both; it was not long, however, before he was obliged to leave them, being summoned suddenly to someone who was dangerously ill. He left them with the promise to return in the course of the night. Munter was called in the city the night-physician, because there was no one like him, who appeared earnestly willing to give his help by night as by day.

'The mother breathed deeply when she saw herself alone with her son. She folded her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven with an expression which, through the whole of the foregoing days, had been foreign to them. It was no longer restless, almost murmuring anxiety; it was a mournful, yet at the same time deep, perfect, nay, almost loving, resignation. She bent over her son, and spoke in a low voice out of the depths of her affectionate heart.

'"Go, my sweet boy, go. I will no longer hold thee back, since it is painful to thee! May the deliverer come! Thy mother will no longer contend with him to retain thee! May he come as a friendly angel and make an end of thy sufferings. I will then be satisfied! Go, then, my first-born, my summer child, go, and if there may never more come a summer to the heart of thy mother—still go, that thou may'st have rest. Did I make thy cradle sweet, my child, so would I not embitter by my lamentations thy death-bed. Blessed be thou! Blessed be He also who gave thee to me, and who now takes thee from me to a better home! Some time, my son, I shall come home to thee; go thou beforehand, my child. Thou art weary, so weary. Thy last wandering was heavy to thee; now thou wilt rest. Come, thou good deliverer, come, thou beloved death, and give rest to his heart; but easily, easily. Let him not suffer more, let him not endure more. Never did he give care to his parents——"

'At this moment Henrik opened his eyes, and fixed them calmly, and full of expression, on his mother.

'"Thank God!" said he, "I feel no more pain."

'"Thanks and praise be given to God, my child," said she.

'Mother and son looked on each other with deep and cheerful love; they understood each other perfectly.

'"When I am no more," said he, with a faint and broken voice, "then,—tell it to Gabrielle prudently; she has such tender feelings, and she is not strong. Do not tell it her on a day—when it is cold or dull—but on a day when the sun

shines warm—when all things look bright and kindly—then, then tell her—that I am gone away—and greet her—and tell her from me—that it is not difficult to die!—that there is a sun on the other side——"

'He ceased, but with a loving smile on his lips, and his eyes closed their lids, as if from very weariness.'

The loss of this beloved youth only seemed to draw the survivors still closer together in the sacred bonds of family affection. A lofty moral runs through the story, and the whole work is one of a very elevating character. It differs vastly from the feverish literature which now passes current under the name of fiction.

In construction, *The President's Daughters*, another of Miss Bremer's earlier novels, is one of the most successful. Without any straining after effect, it unfolds by natural stages the history of the personages with whom it deals. Edla and Adelaide, the President's two daughters, are skilfully drawn. We are sympathetically attracted towards the first from the outset. Nature and education have failed in their purpose with her, for although she is gifted beyond the average, she has a highly sensitive spirit, and imbibes the idea that she can never become an object of affection to anyone. Her sister Adelaide, on the contrary, is exactly constituted to create havoc in men's hearts. She is generous and unselfish, beautiful and light-hearted; and her love-passages with her cousin Otho, and subsequently with Count Alrick, may be followed with genuine interest. Far less natural than the sisters is the young artist Angelica, who becomes all the rage in Stockholm. She is only eighteen, but she is made to talk the most extraordinary transcendentalism, so that neither her genius nor her beauty can atone for her rhapsodical utterances. It is but just, however, to say that her artistic talent is infinitely superior to her speech. Gratifying is it to follow the influence of a judicious woman upon one of her own sex, as we see it unfolded in the effects of good Made-

moiselle Rounquist's training on Edla. She is recovered from a gloomy and morbid condition of being to become a useful member of society. Her career enforces the lesson that gentle treatment and a study of natural tastes and habits are necessary in the development of some natures. Turning aside now from particular characters, here is an admirable passage on the art of pleasing, which might be studied with advantage by the fair sex generally :—

'There is usually no distinction made between the desire of pleasing and coquetry, yet, nevertheless, there is a very essential difference. How repulsive, how displeasing is not the woman commonly who is devoid of the wish to please ; to the enlightened thinker, perhaps, quite as disgusting as the coquette. The life of an affectionate being is to unite, by a beneficent and agreeable impression, all beings among themselves and with her; the true Christian woman will endeavour to be pleasing to all, and especially to those who are nearest to her. But, then, in all this she thinks not of herself, but of affording pleasure and satisfaction to others, and thus fulfilling the Creator's intention in her existence. She turns herself into a flower, but only in that degree which is right and proper in itself, and pleasing to God and man. She follows, by thus doing, the line of beauty which nature and a good education have drawn in her soul.

'The coquettish woman, on the contrary, refers all to herself; the exterior of her character is selfishness and assurance. She will please, let it cost what it may ; and overstepping the line of beauty in defiance of what is good and befitting, and sinking down into the sensual, empty attraction, loses, by degrees, her power, her charm, the esteem of the good, and the peace of her own breast, and the holy heaven of beauty closes its gates against her.

'The noble desire of pleasing may degenerate into coquetry coquetry is its caricature ; but do not we see, everywhere in life, that the white may become grey, the grey become darker

and darker, till the colour of innocence is altogether lost in black? The white, however, exists, and may lie spotless beside the black, even as truth may beam clear by the side of falsehood. There exists an innocent and amiable desire of pleasing; may every woman possess it, and cry shame upon its caricature!'

The story of *Nina* is less pleasing than any of those already considered, and it is open to the charge of extravagance. The heroine is a foolish young person who is altogether too impressionable. She is first captivated by a Count Ludwig, then falls desperately in love with a very forward admirer, Don Juan; she next returns to her old love the Count, and finally yields up all her affection to Mr. Edward Hervey. Pastor of a parish in Nordland, Hervey is himself a most singular being, the idol of his flock, and a social benefactor of the first order. The sensation may be imagined when it is discovered that he has taken holy orders in a false name, and that he stands charged with murder, robbery, and seduction. He is guiltless of these foul crimes, however, the only foundation for them being that he carried off a young lady from her father's house to save her from marriage with a scoundrel; that he was wrecked with her on a desolate island, and lived with her there until she died; and that he then brought her body over to the mainland to be buried. Edla and Nina meet with an untimely fate, and one that seems especially hard upon the former. The novel has many faults, and some of its characters behave in an idiotic fashion; but when everything has been discounted, there is still plenty of intrinsic human interest left in it.

The position of woman, and of the poorer classes, towards Christianity, was thus forcibly set forth by Fredrika Bremer in a letter to her most intimate friend:—'True it is that a mother, a housewife, in Sweden is obliged, more than in southern countries, to devote herself to practical life in her house and in her home—provided she wishes to fulfil her duties—and that she must deny herself, comparatively, many

of the enjoyments of intellectual life and of the fine arts. And if human worth consisted in these, or if they essentially contributed to the development of our *eternal* nature, then it would be a hard fate to be a wife and a mother in Sweden. But it is not so. That which really constitutes human worth is moral virtue and an exalted mind; it is only this which unites man with God; which gives the rank of citizen in His kingdom here on earth and in heaven. Oh! my dear Frances, this was always a delightful thought to me, and this doctrine of Christianity, which equalises all ranks on earth, which weakens the power of all external contingencies, *this* it was that from my earliest youth drew me to the Gospel, already before I understood all the depth, all the happiness, contained in its "joyful message." You see, dearest friend, that it is *this* which makes the poor fisherman, the simple peasant's wife, quell what is evil in their propensities and in their nature, in order to follow Christ's teachings, and thus stand nearer God than the greatest philosopher and the most distinguished scientific man in the intellectual circles of London or Paris, if these do not also overcome their sinful nature, their pride, or other evil passions which may possess them. If now we contemplate woman's position in our Swedish homes, we shall find it brightening more and more, when we consider that the practical life in the same, the relation between parents, children, and servants and others, tends more to develop people's moral virtues than books and all the intellectual education in the world. From this, however, I except Christian knowledge, which comprises the wisest doctrines of the past and present times relating to God and man, and which knowledge we stand in need of in order to live as we ought to do. This knowledge we all gain, in the civilised world directly or indirectly through the Gospel; for all the State, society, literature, &c., &c., is now founded upon Christianity, and almost all of us know what we *ought* to do.'

The fame which Miss Bremer's works had already attained

led to a flattering mark of distinction from her native land in December, 1844. At the anniversary of the Swedish Academy held in that month, at Stockholm, the President spoke as follows:—'The Academy being of opinion that it would act in accordance with the prescribed rules in following attentively the events in Swedish literature, even beyond the arena which it has opened for competition, has more than once had the satisfaction, in acknowledging distinguished merit, of uniting with the public in paying homage to such merit. It is now thirteen years since the Academy awarded a prize to a young genius, whose first essays gave signs of a talent of uncommon order in a branch of literature for which we hitherto have been without a model. The rare union of the qualities of the heart and of the mind, of beauty in delineation and purity of thought which breathe through the pictures of domestic life, beginning with *Sketches of Everyday Life*, and continued in a series of charming paintings of the interior of social life, often hidden from the eyes of the public, had drawn the attention not only of Sweden, but also of Europe, to the authoress. The Swedish Academy has requested and obtained the sanction of its illustrious patron, the King, to award to the authoress, Miss Fredrika Bremer, its large medal in gold, with the motto—*Genius and Taste*, not as a reward, for this cannot come in question, but as an acknowledgment of a merit which, according to the words of the founder, "has raised the fame of Swedish literature in foreign countries."'

Alternating her literary studies with foreign travel, Fredrika Bremer made long journeys into Italy, Greece, Palestine, Switzerland, England, and the United States. These visits greatly expanded her mind, for wherever she went she made the most of her opportunities for observing national customs and manners, and the social and political life of the peoples among whom she travelled. The materials which she thus collected were afterwards utilised in her *Homes of the New World* and *Life in the Old World*; works full of fine descriptions of

scenery and vivid pictures of social life, with sound views on political and moral questions. Mary Howitt's translations had done much to extend her fame both in America and England, and she received a very warm welcome in both countries. In the United States she enjoyed the society of Emerson, and of other men of letters whose names were already honoured in Europe.

On her return to her native country from America, in the autumn of 1851, she was disturbed by mournful news. Her sister Agatha, whose health had long been weak and failing, had fallen into a gradual decline, and in the course of a few months had calmly, and apparently without pain, departed this life. Fredrika felt the shock keenly, but after a brief rest, she resumed her old habits and occupations. She now led an independent life at home, and regulated her time as she chose. The morning was always devoted to reading and writing, when no one was allowed to enter her room. After mid-day she received visitors, or went out for exercise. Some of the following works were produced before her return to Sweden, and the others afterwards:—*Strife and Peace, or Scenes in Dalecarlia; The Twins, and other Tales; Father and Daughter; New Sketches of Everyday Life; Brothers and Sisters; The Bondmaid; The Midnight Sun; The Diary; A Pilgrimage; Butterfly's Gospel;* and *An Easter Offering.* All were either transcripts of life, or allegorical writings with a moral purpose. In *Father and Daughter* she further developed her ideas for raising her own sex in the scale of being, and claiming for it rights hitherto denied.

A little book which she issued under the title of *Two Leaves from the Borders of the Rhine* gave an account of the Deaconess Institution of Kaiserswerth, and was a faithful sketch of real circumstances and situations, such as they had been viewed by an honest and unprejudiced mind. But it had also another side, for it depicted a young Republican of Marienberg—a man of the extreme Left, dangerous to be followed as a

leader of the people. Writing upon this effusion to an intelligent young man who had somewhat misunderstood her opinions, she said, 'The position which I occupy in this little pamphlet is no other than that which I have held in *Sister Life*, and in my other writings, and which I should wish to improve upon more and more. It is a position above parties; one from which I will contemplate and acknowledge the humanely good and pure in the ultra-Republican, as well as in the ultra-Conservative; amongst the Protestants, even if he were an adherent of Bruno Bauer's atheism and communism, as well as amongst the Catholics, even if he were the most obdurate worshipper of the coat in Trier; and I would besides let opinions be valued at what they are worth, even if I should be obliged, in consequence of the imperative force of thought, to join one of them in preference. You have surely more than many others felt within you this imperative force of thought, and that it is enough to know that others also must feel the same in the direction which they have taken. My meaning, however, is not that all these others are right in their views, but they have a right to adhere to their belief and conviction, even if they are one-sided, until they are convinced of their one-sidedness, and can rise to a more liberal and more perfect conviction. That this can be the case, I believe, for I believe in an eternal right, an eternal reason, and in man's capacity to understand this, and in consequence to coincide in, and to settle, if not all controversies, at any rate, all *bitter* controversies. But nothing could contribute more effectually to attain the aim which we covet, than to keep this position above all parties, and to acknowledge willingly the rights and motives of others, wherever it can be done, while, with the whole energy of our mind, we endeavour to throw light upon the subjects under contention, and thus, by the inherent power of truth and light compel the antagonist to be converted, and amend his views when they are wrong.'

Having said this much, however, she added, 'In my little pamphlet upon Marienberg and Kaiserswerth I have shown the

contrast between two convictions: the one, which, disengaged from its external foundation, believes in nothing beyond this life, and hopes nothing after death; the other, that which believes, hopes, loves, and lives in Christ. I have often shown this, because I saw and found it so in the places and amongst the people of whom I speak; and I have also done it because this opinion is rooted in my inmost conviction. And I would rather allow my right hand to be cut off than cease, directly or indirectly, to point out to man the only true road to happiness, and to show him the darkness and danger which he will have to encounter on the contrary road.'

Fredrika Bremer's *Letters* were of a high type, full of thought, acute in criticism, and beautiful in aspiration. An extract from one of these, addressed to the Baron von Brinckman, expounded her views on the Fine Arts as a part of Life. The art of life she regarded as belonging to every intelligent person who loyally endeavoured to lead the higher existence. 'Artist,' she remarked, 'in the sense now alluded to, I would call not only him who creates esthetic works of art, but also the honest man who lives according to strict and pure principles, and the good man whose life is devoted to pure sacrifices of love. He creates his world out of the genius of the heart. These are human artists, as well as Shakespeare, Goethe, and Schiller.

'Goethe's life appears to me be one of the richest, most perfect artist-lives. Up to his last moments his genius stood beside him. His making signs with his finger in the air when his tongue had refused to speak—this last attempt of the earthly organ to create—is beautifully touching. These signs appear to me as a sacred signature to his closed career, so near the confines of a new one. Oh! he has not finished yet,—the glorious one. Art is eternal.

'The artist's different tasks—faithfully to copy reality in its everyday dress, to reveal it in its ideal form; to copy its details, to form a whole out of many parts—have often been the subject of my thoughts. It has appeared to me that no works of

art can be beautiful, in the highest sense of the word, unless the beautiful form is based upon an eternal, divine truth. Then shall Milton's "Paradise Lost" stand higher than all the works of Byron; "La Madonna San di Sisto," &c., be worth more than the Laoeoön groups; Fogelberg's "Oden"—the personification of power and wisdom—more than Hogarth's paintings. For the beautiful, as well as for the good, I would wish to have a Jaeob's ladder with an endless number of steps reaching from earth to heaven, but the lower ones ought to be prized as well as the highest. To value all, enjoy all, do justice to all, therein I see the greatest happiness and an enviable faculty.'

Humanitarian projeets were not advoeated by Miss Bremer with the pen alone. She threw herself heart and soul into the efforts made by the women of Sweden to establish a Refuge and Reformatory for neglected children. Her personal aid was fortheoming for this exeellent projeet, and to convince others of its necessity and usefulness she wrote a statement of her views on the problems requiring to be grappled with. While her immediate objeet was to call forth or to rouse the eonsciousness of soeial dignity and worth in woman's life and sphere of activity, considered from a Christian and social point of view, her inner aim went beyond the immediate visible and stated purpose, and she sought to implant seed whieh should strike root, and grow like the grain hidden in the earth. She appealed to the motherly element in soeiety to feel, think, labour, and, above all, to take actual eharge of the destitute children—to save them, and through them to ensure the future of the nation. A refuge was necessary for ehildren who were merely unfortunate, and thrown by a variety of circumstances upon the world. Such an institution would prevent them from beeoming criminals. For older, depraved children a reformatory was absolutely neeessary, and it must have an imperative moral tendency. It must be an educational institution. 'It becomes to the young person everything or nothing. The State must here, for the sake of its own good and for its

own security, meet the prodigal son as the father did in the Gospel. Mercy must there go before justice.'

There was already in Stockholm a House of Refuge for neglected children, which was, at the same time, an educational institution. Children were trained, educated, and provided for from their eighth year until, when they had been confirmed, they entered into service, which the directors of the institution procured for them. Miss Bremer now suggested to the directors that the usefulness of the institution might be greatly extended. It might be considered as a central depôt for waifs and strays, into which they should be received and taken care of during the earliest part of their misery. From this depôt they might afterwards be transplanted into the country amongst peasants and small farmers, at a moderate remuneration, by which means, not only the cost of maintenance would be largely reduced, but the institution would be enabled to admit a much greater number of children. There would also be the further important advantage, that the children would be placed in the same condition of life, would become inured to the same toil, and would have the same prospects for the future as poor people's children in general in Sweden. The plan suggested by Miss Bremer was afterwards adopted by the directors of the House of Refuge, and the results proved very beneficial to the children. The directors, after having purchased an island of considerable extent, situated at a distance of about five-and-twenty English miles from Stockholm, entered into a contract with the peasants and farmers living on the same, according to which they engaged themselves, on the payment of a fixed sum, each to receive, educate, and instruct in agriculture, one or more children of the House of Refuge, under the supervision of the manager of the principal estate on the island.

That Fredrika Bremer could rejoice in the happiness of others is shown by a beautiful letter which she wrote to a young friend on his betrothal. After speaking of the perfect union that must subsist between two souls united together in love

or in friendship, she went on to observe: 'Nothing is so beneficial, nothing so develops a good, noble-minded young man, and contributes to settle him, as his union with a young woman of genuine worth. May you in your wedlock find a happiness which I have also learnt to feel in happy and sincere friendship, but of which now only the memory is left. Those whom I have thus loved, and by whom I was thus loved myself, are all dead. But to have thus loved, to have thus lived, is an unspeakable blessing. We know then what heaven is, and we believe then in its eternal reality. There lives then in our heart, in our inmost soul, a spot perpetually green, where fountains well forth, where roses are blooming—a peaceful oasis, where an eternal summer is reigning, and to which we can fly in darker moments as to our proper home. For if we have once found such a home in another's soul, then everything discordant which chanced to come between us was a mere fleeting cloud in a bright sky. If we once have felt such a deep union with another being that nothing in the world could shake its sincerity; if we have felt that we belonged to one another eternally from a deep, divine necessity, then we can let much in this life come and go as it will; can lose much, suffer much, and yet be tranquil, still have enough, and still thank God for immeasurable wealth in the confidence of our heart.'

The Ladies' Institution of Stockholm was another society in which Miss Bremer took a deep interest. It had various philanthropic objects, such as taking charge of abandoned little ones, and visiting the abodes of misery and death, which it especially did during the severe cholera epidemic. The Association likewise distributed books for children by native authors, and arranged for the production of a special Swedish child's literature.

Miss Bremer saw in the moral and social elevation of woman amongst all classes, the only safe guarantee for a better future for the rising generation. She therefore determined, so far as in her lay, to devote her remaining days to labour for this end.

In the second and third volumes of *The Homes in the New World*, she gave expression to her opinions and thoughts on this important subject. In fact, on her return from the United States, she had thoroughly resolved to work for the entire emancipation of the Swedish woman, and her deliverance from the traditional restrictions which hemmed in her social position, and which she considered to be both injurious and opposed to her natural rights. She held that women ought, like men—and together with them—to be allowed to study in the elementary schools and at the academies, in order to gain an opportunity of obtaining employments and positions suitable for them in the service of the state. 'According to Fredrika's ideas,' remarks her sister and biographer, 'it was a crying injustice to deny women, even those with exceedingly brilliant intellect and great talents, such opportunities. She said she was firmly convinced that they could acquire all kinds of knowledge just as well as men; that they ought to stand on the same level with them, and that they ought to prepare themselves in the public schools and universities to become lecturers, professors, judges, physicians, and functionaries in the service of the state. She predicted that, if women were permitted, like men, to acquire knowledge and skill, they would, when their capacity and indispensableness in the labour of society had become more generally acknowledged, be found fit for a variety of occupations, which partly already now existed, and partly would be required in future under a more energetic development of society; and she maintained that Woman ought to have the same right to benefit her native country with her talents as Man.'

It was in this spirit that *Hertha*, one of Fredrika's latest novels, was written; and in its pages she defended at length the social, political, and educational rights of woman. Her sister did not see eye to eye with her in this matter. She could not believe that the management of the business of the State was the province of women, and she besought Fredrika to consider well before encouraging Swedish women to enter upon

a path which, according to her view, would lead them to misery instead of happiness. Charlotte Bremer held, with the poet Pope, that a woman 'should seek but Heaven's applauses and her own'; that her mission was the quiet and noble one of home. There were exceptions, she admitted, but this should be regarded as the rule. Fredrika, with her rare talents and accomplishments, had chosen as an authoress the path in which she could ennoble humanity, and thereby effect an immense amount of good; but the number of such gifted women was very small, and it would be dangerous to encourage young girls—who were generally inclined to entertain a high opinion of themselves and their capacities—to choose a career in which, while contending with young men in their studies and in their employments under Government, they would or could be subject to influences detrimental to true womanhood and modesty. Educated with this aim in view, they would become neither men nor women, and, when older, would be unfit for domestic life. So argued Charlotte Bremer, who only saw woman in the place God designed for her, as a wife, a mother, or instructress; and she maintained that if woman rightly understood her exalted and important mission in the world, she might become the educator of the whole human race, and as such, be of infinitely greater service to the State and her native country than by holding any employment under Government. Woman's true mission and sphere of activity in general have been clearly pointed out to her by nature, and she has been emancipated from the old thraldom by Christianity, which teaches her that her highest and noblest mission consists in leading man's immortal soul to God. There are many avenues of human service and human occupation calling out for woman the educator, woman the consoler, woman the healer—capacities in which she could infinitely better fulfil her noble destiny, than in desiring those things which God and nature alike predestined as the special functions of man.

The Bremers themselves did something towards solving the

educational problem. Mrs. Bremer and her daughters founded a school on one of the family estates in the neighbourhood of Arsta. An elderly widow, who had passed the Normal School for National School teachers in Stockholm, was engaged as teacher, and her daughter instructed the girls in sewing, knitting, and spinning. Hedda Bremer, who warmly appreciated the practical in life, superintended this department, and saw that the girls were taught to mend their stockings, and patch and repair their clothes. The school prospered, and the children were good and industrious. Matters went on well for many years, when a statute was at length passed in which more extended knowledge was required as a condition for competent teachers in national schools. These requirements the female teacher could not fulfil, so an able male teacher was appointed for the parish, and the old school was broken up. However, some good was at last effected, for a statute passed in 1859 enacted that the rules relating to teachers in schools should apply also to those women whose capabilities had been tried and approved in the Seminary for Teachers in National Schools. By this means, many widows and unmarried women of good education were enabled to obtain scholastic appointments.

In March, 1855, Mrs. Bremer died, after two years of suffering, borne with Christian resignation. She was nursed all through by her daughter Fredrika, who, after this severe loss, sought relief in philanthropic labours—visiting the prisons, rescuing unfortunate children, nursing the sick, &c. She also called upon her sex to collect money for various charitable institutions—for the erection of dwellings for labourers, for an asylum for aged females, for a school for deaf and dumb children, &c.

Fredrika Bremer had a profound admiration for Alexandre Vinet, the founder of the Free Church of Protestant Switzerland, and a man of noble personal character. She resolved to visit the scene of his labours for herself, and accordingly set out for Switzerland in the summer of 1856. Although she had long

been restless and desirous of a change, she had no idea of prolonging this journey through a period of five years. Such proved to be the fact however. She visited Switzerland, Belgium, France, Italy, Palestine, and Greece, and did not return to Sweden till the middle of 1861. In the ensuing year she once more visited Germany, and this was the last journey she undertook.

Her biographer states that she was permitted to live to see four important events realised at which her heart, always warm and sympathetic for progress in a good and noble direction, felt the sincerest joy. These were: the abolition of slavery in the United States of America; a law passed in Sweden that unmarried women should attain their majority at twenty-five years of age; the organisation in Stockholm of a seminary for educating female teachers; and the passing of a Parliamentary Reform Measure for Sweden.

The desire to avoid the frequent winter parties and assemblies in Stockholm, as well as the absolute necessity to escape from the myriads of visitors who sought her acquaintance for the most diversified objects—personal, social, eleemosynary, and philanthropic—made Fredrika Bremer determine to spend the remainder of her days at Arsta. A severe attack of erysipelas, however, prevented her from going thither permanently until July, 1865. But once there, she soon recovered her health and strength. Later in the summer her sister frequently saw her, and was struck by her happy and contented spirit. 'Her mind was now at ease,' she remarks; 'all doubts of God's justice and goodness had vanished; all rebellious feelings, which had been awakened in her when contemplating the unequal lots on earth, were silenced; and when we spoke of some unhappy people whom we knew personally, and who in poverty and sickness had for years been suffering great bodily pain, I found Fredrika full of hope, and convinced that their sufferings here below would be requited in a double measure in a better world'

It was at this time she wrote some admirable lines which beautifully painted the peaceful state of her mind. I quote a few of these lines:—

'Fate is to me a darkling cloud no more,
A cloud which hides the sun of light and beauty:
Praise be to God! I know now how it is,—
I know that in the sufferer's meek submission
Lies strength concealed to feed and nourish gladness:
I know that in the martyr's crown of thorns,
When borne with patience, there is not one point,
Which, or in time or in eternity,
Blooms not into a rose.'

She believed that there was still work for her to do in the world; that she would still be able to help, solace and comfort the destitute, the suffering, the unhappy, the abandoned, who from all quarters turned to her for assistance and consolation. But the end of her well-spent life was nearer than she thought. On Christmas Eve, 1865, she had entertained thirty children, and sent them home with happy hearts and arms laden with gifts. Although she had somewhat over-exerted herself she went to church on Christmas Day, but caught a severe cold in consequence of a piercing wind. Next day inflammation of the lungs set in, and on the morning of the last day of the year she peacefully drew her last breath. She was ready for the change, and her last exclamations were, 'Light, Eternal Light'—frequently repeated, and 'Let us speak of Christ's love—the best, the highest love!' The news of her death excited the liveliest feelings of sorrow in all classes throughout her beloved Sweden.

A year after this sad event, Margaret Howitt published her reminiscences of the dead in two volumes entitled, *Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden.* This work enabled English readers still more clearly to grasp the personality and the literary gifts of the distinguished novelist.

The posthumous *Sketches and Poems* by Fredrika Bremer

—published by her sister— reveal a ripened experience, and a singularly tender and beautiful touch in dealing with the mysteries of life, love, and death. Many of these sketches, such as *The Sisters*, *The Grateful Little Flower*, and *The Ugly Hand and the Beautiful Hand*, I should like to quote, but must leave them to be sought out by the reader. The same remark applies to the *Poems*, though I must reproduce one brief effusion to show the powerful simplicity of her more pathetic strains. It is entitled *The Last Song of the Lonely one :—*

'Fall, gentle snow, fall deep ;
Make cold my place of sleep :
The heart that's burning here,
Longs for the coolness there.

And when I sleep below,
Fall faster still, kind snow ;
No one will mourn for me,
Then hide me deep in thee.

For oh ! no mother will
Kneel at the lonely hill,
Nor any father know
Where I am laid so low.

Ah me ! no sister dear
Will give my grave a tear ;
And there no brother's grief
Will ever seek relief.

And not a single friend
Will ever o'er it bend,
And in remembrance throw
A flower on the snow.

And he who was my all,
His footsteps there may fall :
Woe's me ! for by his side
She walks—his chosen bride.

Fall, icy snow, fall deep ;
Make doubly cold my sleep :
The heart, now burning sore,
When frozen, feels no more.'

That Fredrika Bremer had no mean faculty in criticism is shown by this judgment on Lord Brougham's *Statesmen*, which exactly indicates the main defect of his lordship's sketches: 'I wonder whether it is a deficiency in me that I find these delineations below my expectation? I longed to see *characters*, distinguished men, and I see before me only—*orators*. Lord Brougham appears to me to be so preoccupied by the *speeches* of his statesmen and their talents in that line, that he almost overlooks their actions as moral people; or, at any rate, looks upon *that* characteristic as a secondary consideration, alluding to it only in passing. Lord North is the personage whom I imagine that I know and see, not from Lord Brougham's biography, but from his daughter's, Lady Lindsay, because she seizes just upon those moments in which the character stands out naturally and completely. In order to be able to know a man, one must see him in the hours of success and of adversity; one must see him love; see his angry passions roused; see him suffer, and see him—die. I longed to have seen in Lord Brougham's work man stand forth out of the moral *elementary* life (out of which the majority of mankind scarcely ever steps forth), and reveal himself in a force, energetic in good or in evil, in life and in death. But I did not find there what I looked for. Lord Brougham's moral feeling, so it seems to me, is of an English nature—pure, noble, and strong. But I miss '*la scintilla celesta*' in his expressions either of blame or of praise; I miss vigour in spirit and in words.'

Fredrika Bremer has been compared with Jane Austen; but the Swedish writer was the intellectual superior of the English. Though not so great as a novelist, her culture was wider, and her thought deeper; she had also a more vigorous imagination, and a greater command both of the springs of humour and of pathos. She had the delicacy of perception and love of quiet home life which distinguished Jane Austen; but she could not rival the style of the English novelist; a style that is inimitable, but one likewise as difficult to define as it is easy to ap-

preciate ; nor could she lay claim to Jane Austen's marvellous insight into character, with its thousand little shades and divergences. But Fredrika Bremer was an authoress of whom any country or people might be proud. There are those who, with brilliant talents, nevertheless degrade their national literature ; but it is her glory to have adorned and elevated the literature of Sweden.

MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF
BLESSINGTON.

MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

This brilliant and beautiful Irishwoman, who was so conspicuous a figure in London literary circles early in the present century, led a strange and chequered career. Having been the cynosure of all eyes for many years, there was something dramatic in the closing scenes of her life. Statesmen, poets, painters, heroes, all worshipped at her shrine, and besides personal attractions of a high order, she must have possessed intellectual gifts and graces which placed her above such beauties as Grammont has described, and Sir Peter Lely perpetuated. Her *réunions* included such men as Landor, Dickens, the Bulwers, Moore, Galt, Reynolds, Landseer, Maclise, Ainsworth, and Thackeray, in letters and art; and such occasional guests as Grey, Canning, Russell, Wellington, Durham, Burdett, Lyndhurst, and Brougham in the political sphere. Yet with all this, one who knew Lady Blessington intimately during the last eighteen years of her life, gave it as her deliberate opinion that no woman was ever overwhelmed with such professions of friendship and attachment from so great a number of insincere acquaintances.

For the ultimate collapse which caused the star of this leader of fashion and of letters to set in gloom, she was herself partially responsible. While she was gifted with considerable talents, and possessed a generous nature and a noble disposition, she was volatile, shallow, indiscreet, and extravagant. We are at a sufficient distance from her now to discern those

failings which were hidden from her contemporaries by the glamour of her beauty and her many fascinations. Madame de Staël once said to a lady friend whom she found living in a palatial and sumptuously-furnished villa, 'My dear, you have too much luxury'; and the same might have been said of Lady Blessington and every residence of hers, from the period of her second marriage to the time of the disastrous break-up at Gore House, her splendid mansion at Kensington Gore. But while saying this, we must also do justice to her warm and generous feelings, and her kindly sympathy with suffering poverty and neglected merit in every pursuit and occupation.

Marguerite Blessington was the third child and second daughter of Mr. Edmund Power, of Knockbrit, near Clonmel, in the county of Tipperary, and she was born on the 1st of September, 1790. Her father was the only son of Mr. Michael Power, of Curragheen, who was descended from an ancient family in the County of Waterford. Her mother was the daughter of Mr. Edmund Sheehy, a gentleman who unjustly perished on the scaffold in May, 1766, the victim of political rancour and revenge. The Sheehys were a very ancient Roman Catholic family who had intermarried with the Desmonds. Marguerite Power's mother was not a little proud of her ancestry, and her genealogical tree was preserved with religious veneration, and studied until all its branches were as familiar as the names of her children. 'My ancestors, the Desmonds,' were her household gods, and their deeds and prowess her favourite theme. Marguerite was not beautiful in her youth, like her brothers and sisters. She was pale, weakly, and ailing, and for years gave no hope of attaining to womanhood: 'the precocity of her intellect, the keenness of her perceptions, and her extreme sensitiveness, all of which are so often regarded, more especially among the Irish, as the precursive symptoms of an early death, confirmed this belief, and the poor, pale, reflective child was long looked upon as doomed to a premature grave.' Other things also made

against her—the violent temper of her father, the inability of her mother to appreciate her fine and subtle qualities, and the boisterous and disturbing gaiety of her brothers and sisters, who were ill-matched companions for a delicate child.

As she grew up, she was a thoughtful, speculative, inventive girl, with powers of improvisation so highly developed that she could entertain her family for hours with tales constructed as she proceeded. On discovering this faculty, her parents would frequently call upon her to improvise for the entertainment of their neighbours and friends, so that in a short time she became the intellectual wonder of the district. About the year 1796, Mr. Power resolved to move with his family to Clonmel. The departure from the home of her childhood caused poignant grief to Marguerite, but her improving health at Clonmel, combined with the pleasures and amusements into which she now entered, gradually reconciled her to the change. But other troubles were not long in coming. Mr. Power, who had been made a magistrate for the counties of Tipperary and Waterford, gave way to reckless living and extravagance. Led on by promises of a lucrative situation, and hints at the probability of a baronetcy, as well as by his own fearless and careless disposition, Mr. Power performed his onerous and too often painful duties with a zeal which procured him the animosity of many, but the thanks of the Secretary for Ireland and of a nobleman who proposed to be his patron, but who ultimately deluded him. Mr. Power became proprietor of the *Clonmel Gazette;* but an Irish paper at that time, like the human race, was 'born to trouble as the sparks fly upward,' and it seems to have brought him nothing but prosecutions and libel suits. Before this, when his affairs became involved, he had entered into a mercantile business at Waterford, with a view of retrieving them. He expended a great deal of money in building stores and warehouses, but these were burned by the populace, in revenge for alleged cruelties practised upon them. Mr. Power now became violent in

temper and irregular in his habits, and treated his wife and children with brutality. As a set-off against this, we are told that he was a 'fine-looking man, of imposing appearance and aristocratic air, and fond of dogs, horses, wine, and revelry.' Once, the energy of his loyalty in tracking 'rebels' led him to shoot a young peasant. The unfortunate man died, and Mr. Power was tried for the murder, but acquitted. The Judge, however, thought this homicide was 'going a little too far with the system of terror; so he reprobated the conduct of Power, and had his name expunged from the magistracy.'

In the midst of scenes of anxiety and horror, Anne, the eldest child of the Powers, was attacked with a nervous fever—partly the result of the family misfortunes and the violent conduct of her father—and, despite all that could be done for her, she fell a victim to the disease. Not long afterwards, Edmund, the second son, also died, so that gloom and sorrow settled upon the survivors.

At the age of fourteen, Marguerite Power was taken into society with her sister Ellen, who was slightly her junior. Assemblies called coteries were held in Tipperary, at which music and dancing were the principal amusements. The sisters were admirable and graceful dancers, but Marguerite was much more than this, and the intelligence of her conversation produced a more lasting impression than mere physical beauty could have done. By the arrival of the 47th regiment she was thrown much into the company of Captain Maurice St. Leger Farmer. She conceived an intense dislike for him, and the Captain, perceiving it was in vain to address her personally, applied to her parents, unknown to her, offering marriage, with the most liberal proposals which his position enabled him to make. Mr. Power was in embarrassed circumstances, and he insisted upon the union. He was seconded by his wife, and in spite of tears, prayers, and entreaties, the unfortunate girl was compelled to yield to the commands of her inexorable parents. At fourteen-and-a-half she was united to a man who

inspired her with nothing but feelings of terror and detestation. Mr. R. R. Madden, who compiled, in three volumes, *The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington*, gives many details touching this ill-assorted union. I may say in passing that Mr. Madden is about the most bewildering biographer of whom there is any record. His method is simply research run mad. He has not only laboriously compiled accounts of every man to whom Lady Blessington wrote or spoke, or to whom she was introduced, but wherever possible he has traced 'his sisters and his aunts, his uncles and his cousins.' Consequently, a work containing more irrelevant matter was probably never seen, and yet candour compels one to state that many of the details the author has raked together are very entertaining.

Mr. Madden gives in Lady Blessington's own words the story of her miserable first marriage. 'Her father told her,' he says, 'that she was not to return to school, as he had decided that she was to marry Captain Farmer. This intelligence astonished her; she burst out crying, and a scene ensued in which his menaces and her protestations against his determination terminated violently. Her mother unfortunately sided with her father, and eventually, by caressing entreaties, and representations of the advantages her father looked forward to from this match with a man of Captain Farmer's affluence, she was persuaded to sacrifice herself and to marry a man for whom she felt the utmost repugnance. She had not been long under her husband's roof when it became evident to her that her husband was subject to fits of insanity, and his own relatives informed her that her father had been acquainted by them that Captain Farmer had been insane; but this information had been concealed from her by her father. She lived with him about three months, and during this time he frequently treated her with personal violence; he used to strike her on the face, pinch her till her arms were black and blue, lock her up whenever he went abroad, and often left her without food till

she felt almost famished. He was ordered to join his regiment, which was encamped at the Curragh of Kildare. Lady Blessington refused to accompany him there, and was permitted to remove to her father's house, to remain there during his absence. Captain Farmer joined his regiment, and had not been many days with it, when in a quarrel with his Colonel, he drew his sword on the latter, and the result of this insane act (for such it was allowed to be) was, that he was obliged to quit the service, being permitted to sell his commission. The friends of Captain Farmer now prevailed on him to go to India ; Lady Blessington, however, refused to go with him, and remained at her father's.'

It is but just to say that some of these details were afterwards controverted by Captain Farmer's brother, but as to the substantial accuracy of the statement there cannot be any doubt. In October, 1817, after his return from India, Captain Farmer met with a tragical death. He was killed by falling from a window in the King's Bench Prison, London, where he had been carousing with a party of friends. They were all intoxicated, and when the Captain rose to go home he was prevented by his associates. Throwing open the window, he got upon the ledge, and while expostulating with them, he lost his balance and fell to the ground. The fall was from a second story, and he was so injured that he died from his wounds. An inquest was held, and a verdict returned to the effect that the deceased came to his death by accidentally falling from a window in the King's Bench Prison, when in a state of intoxication. A miserable ending to a miserable career ! Attempts were made to blacken Mrs. Farmer's character, both before and after marriage. Idle persons gossiped about her alleged love of ball-room distinction, and intimacy with persons remarkable for gaiety and pleasure ; but one who knew her at this time declares there was no ground for the rumour, while nearly all persons were unanimous as to the hardships of her married life. The end of Mr. Power himself—although he lived to be

seventy years of age—is not much better to contemplate than that of his son-in-law. He had long been bankrupt in fortune, character, and domestic happiness, although he had contracted a second marriage after the death of his first wife. 'A youth passed without the benefit of experience, had merged into manhood without the restraints of religion, or the influences of kindly home affections, and terminated in age without wisdom, or honour, or respect, and death without solemnity, or the semblance of any becoming fitness for its encounter. The day before he died, the only thing he could boast of to a friend who visited him was, that he had been able to take his four or five tumblers of punch the evening before.' Those who feel inclined to judge too severely the character of Marguerite Power would do well to remember the sordid and vicious surroundings of her early life.

After her separation from Captain Farmer, Lady Blessington travelled from place to place. In 1807 she was living at Cahir in the county of Tipperary; in 1809 she was sojourning in Dublin, and a little later she was residing in Hampshire. She next fixed upon London for a residence, and in 1816 she established herself in a house in Manchester Square, where, with her brother Robert, she remained for the next two years. In spite of the troublous scenes through which she had passed, the beauty denied to her childhood had gradually budded and blossomed into a degree of loveliness which Lawrence painted and Bryon sung. Among the visitors at the house in Manchester Square was the Earl of Blessington, then a widower. This nobleman, who was born in 1781, was originally the Right Hon. Charles John Gardiner, second Viscount Mountjoy. He was educated at Oxford, was elected a representative peer for Ireland in 1809, and in 1816 was advanced to the Earldom of Blessington. When he came of age, he inherited a large fortune, a considerable portion of which he spent upon actors and actresses, and private theatricals. He was self-indulgent, and fond of gorgeous ornaments, gaudy dresses,

theatrical costumes and military uniforms. He formed an attachment to the wife of a Major Browne, and married her on the death of her husband in 1812. Two years later, however, the lady died at St. Germains, and Lord Blessington's grief manifested itself in a funeral pageant of extraordinary magnificence, on the occasion of the removal of her ladyship's remains first to England and then to Ireland. The lying-in-state, the obsequies, and other expenses, brought up the cost of the funeral to £4,000.

Lord Blessington seems to have become infatuated with Mrs. Farmer as soon as he saw her, and they were married on the 16th February, 1818, by special licence, at the church in Bryanston Square. Lady Blessington was at this time twenty-eight years of age, and in the perfection of matured beauty; but according to the impressionable and worshipping Madden, it was a kind of vivid loveliness which is never found where some degree of genius is not. I cannot do better than quote the enthusiastic chronicler's description of this paragon of female grace:—'Her form was exquisitely moulded, with an inclination to fulness, but no finer proportions could be imagined; her movements were graceful and natural at all times—in her merriest as well as in her gravest moods.

'The peculiar character of Lady Blessington's beauty seemed to be the entire, exact, and instantaneous correspondence of every feature, and each separate trait of her countenance, with the emotion of her mind, which any particular subject of conversation or object of attention might excite. The instant a joyous thought took possession of her fancy, you saw it transmitted as if by electrical agency to her glowing features; you read it in her sparkling eyes, her laughing lips, her cheerful looks; you heard it expressed in her ringing laugh, clear and sweet as the gay, joy-bell sounds of childhood's merriest tones.

'There was a geniality in the warmth of her Irish feelings, an abandonment of all care, of all apparent consciousness of her powers of attraction, a glowing sunshine of good-humour,

and of good-nature in the smiles and laughter, and the sallies of the wit of this lovely woman in her early and her happy days (those of her Italian life, especially from 1823 to 1826), such as have been seldom surpassed in the looks, gestures, or expression of any other person, however beautiful.'

Soon after their marriage, Lord Blessington took his bride over to Ireland, to visit his Tyrone estates. Preparations had already been made on a most lavish scale for her reception at Mountjoy Forest. Speaking of these extravagant arrangements at a later date, Lady Blessington said, 'The only complaint I ever have to make of his taste, is its too great splendour; a proof of which he gave me when I went to Mountjoy Forest on my marriage. I found my private sitting-room hung with crimson Genoa silk velvet, trimmed with gold bullion fringe, and all the furniture of equal richness—a richness that was only suited to a state-room in a palace.' With the most bitter and grinding poverty in the immediate vicinity, no wonder that 'the great folly' of his lordship and his 'terrible waste of money' were strongly inveighed against. His passion for luxury has been described as insanity. But his tenants all concurred in one statement, that 'a better landlord, and a kinder man to the poor, never existed than Lord Blessington. A tenant never was evicted by him, he never suffered the tenants to be distressed by an agent; however much he might himself stand in need of money, he would not suffer them to be pressed for rent, to be proceeded against or ejected.' His Lordship's normal rent roll was about £30,000 a year; but at the time of his second marriage his affairs were not in a satisfactory state. Owing to the advice of Lady Blessington, nevertheless, his difficulties were to some extent diminished, and his rental considerably increased. At his house at Rash, near Mountjoy, Lord Blessington for years gave the most expensive entertainments and theatrical performances; but not long after his second marriage he made London his chief home, and Mountjoy Forest and the theatre at Rash were allowed to go to ruin.

For some reason or other, notes her biographer, Lady Blessington took a strong antipathy to Mountjoy Forest as a place of residence. Surely the reason is not far to seek. To one so fond of gaiety and society it was almost equivalent to being buried alive. No wonder that when she found herself in the noble family mansion in St. James's Square she became thoroughly in her element. She found herself suddenly, as if by the magic wand of an enchanter, surrounded by luxuries, gorgeous furniture, glittering ornaments, and pomp and state almost regal. But what she liked better than these was to find herself in a short time the centre of an intellectual circle, a kind of literary queen. For three years the house in St. James's Square was the centre of social and literary enjoyments of a high order, being nightly thronged by men of distinction. There were other coteries of course, including those of Holland House and Charleville House; but Lady Blessington 'had certain advantages over all Aspasian competitors in society—she was young and beautiful, witty, graceful and good-humoured; these advantages told with singular effect in the salon; they tended largely to establish her influence in society, and to acquire for her conversations in it a character they might never otherwise have obtained.'

Towards the close of 1821 the Blessingtons became acquainted with the Count de Grammont (afterwards the Duc de Guiche) and his brother-in-law, a young Frenchman of remarkable symmetry of form and comeliness of face, the Count Alfred d'Orsay. He was then in the prime of life, was highly gifted, possessed many accomplishments, and had most prepossessing manners. Altogether he answered Byron's designation of him, a '*Cupidon déchaîné*.' The friendship now initiated between d'Orsay and the Blessingtons was terminated only by death. Besides distinguished foreigners, 'two royal English dukes condescended, not infrequently, to do homage at the new shrine of Irish beauty and intellect in St. James's Square. Canning, Lord Castlereagh, the Marquis of Lans-

downe, Lords Palmerston and Russell, Burdett and Brougham, Scarlett and Jekyll, Erskine, and many other celebrities paid their devoirs there. Whig and Tory politicians and lawyers, forgetful of their party feuds and professional rivalries for the nonce, came there as gentle pilgrims. Kemble and Mathews, Lawrence and Wilkie—eminent divines too, Dr. Parr and others. Rogers, Moore, and Luttrell were among the votaries who paid their vows, in visits not angel-like, for theirs were neither few nor far between. But among all the distinguished persons who visited Lady Blessington, none were more *dévoué* in their attachment, or more ardent in their admiration of the talents and traits, intellectual and personal, of the fair lady than the late Earl Grey.'

But Lord Blessington, who had not yet attained middle life, was already palled and satiated with pleasure. Nothing gave him happiness or content, his mental energies were exhausted, and he had constant resource to stimulants. When there seemed nothing wanting that wealth or society could give, he determined to abandon his magnificent abode in London, and to seek excitement and distraction in travel. Accordingly, in August, 1822, the Blessingtons, accompanied by Miss Mary Anne Power, the youngest sister of Lady Blessington, and Mr. Charles James Mathews, the comedian—and son of one more celebrated still—set out on a Continental tour, with the intention of spending some years in the South of Europe. While delighting in travel Lady Blessington regretted leaving her home. 'What changes!' she exclaimed. 'What dangers may come before I again sleep beneath its roof!' And her forebodings proved prophetic. Her husband made his preparations in Paris for a tour in Italy, and very formidable they were. The commissariat department was amply provided for; it could boast of a *batterie de cuisine* on a most extensive scale, which had served an entire club, and a cook who had stood fire in the kitchen of an Emperor. 'No Irish nobleman, probably, and certainly no Irish king, ever set out on his travels with

such a retinue of servants, with so many vehicles and appliances of all kinds for ease, comfort, and luxurious enjoyment in travel.' At Paris, Tom Moore spent a good deal of time with the Blessingtons. Anacreon the Second was very fond of the homage and adulation of lovely women.

After leaving Paris, the travellers set out for Switzerland. They visited the birthplaces of Voltaire and Rousseau, and the temporary homes of Gibbon, Shelley, Byron, De Staël, and John Philip Kemble. At length they came to Avignon, where they saw a good deal of fashionable society, and visited the palace of the Popes and the buildings of the Inquisition. In her *Idler in Italy*, Lady Blessington speaks of the repugnance of 'a native of dear, free happy England' at the sight of such a place as the Inquisition, and in the heat of her abhorrence at the crimes committed in it, her spirit goes out to her native land. At Genoa, on the first of April, 1823,—ominous day—the greatest wish of Lady Blessington's heart was gratified, and she saw Byron. Neither the noble poet nor the noble lady seems to have been altogether pleased with this first meeting. Byron was either preoccupied or he failed to pay that homage to the lady's beauty and talents to which she had been accustomed. Still, at her departure, he is said to have expressed warmly the pleasure which the visit had afforded him.

As for Lady Blessington herself, lamenting over the disappointment she felt at finding her beau ideal of a poet by no means realised, she remarks in the work above quoted—'Well, I will never allow myself to form an ideal of any person I desire to see, for disappointment never fails to ensue.' Byron, she admits, had more than usual personal attractions, 'but his appearance nevertheless had fallen short of her expectations.' There is no commendation without a concomitant effort at depreciation. For example, her ladyship observes:—'His laugh is musical, but he rarely indulged it during our interview; and when he did, it was quickly followed

by a graver aspect, as if he liked not this exhibition of hilarity. Were I asked to point out the prominent defect of Byron's manner, I should pronounce it to be a flippancy incompatible with the notion we attach to the author of *Childe Harold* and *Manfred*; and a want of self-possession and dignity that ought to characterise a man of birth and genius. Notwithstanding this defect, his manners are very fascinating—more so, perhaps, than if they were dignified; but he is too gay, too flippant for a poet.'

Lord and Lady Blessington were accompanied on their visit to the poet by Miss Power (afterwards Countess de St. Marsault) and Count d'Orsay. Byron thus described the interview in a letter to Moore: 'Your other allies, whom I have found very agreeable personages, are Milor Blessington and *épouse*, travelling with a very handsome companion, in the shape of a French count (to use Farquhar's phrase in the *Beaux Stratagem*) who has all the air of a *Cupidon déchaîné*, and is one of the few specimens I have seen of our ideal of a Frenchman *before* the Revolution, an old friend with a new face, upon whose like I never thought that we should look again. Miladi seems highly literary, to which, and your honour's acquaintance with the family, I attribute the pleasure of having seen them. She is also very pretty, even in a morning—a species of beauty on which the sun of Italy does not shine so frequently as the chandelier. Certainly English women wear better than their continental neighbours of the same sex. Mountjoy (Blessington) seems very good-natured, but he is much changed since I recollect him in all the glory of gems and snuff-boxes, and uniform, and theatricals, and speeches.'

The acquaintance ripened rapidly between Byron and the Blessingtons, and her ladyship obtained a good deal of material for her work *Conversations with Lord Byron*. The Countess of Guiccioli asserted that their intercourse was slight, but this cannot have been the case. Lady Blessington must have spent many hours in literary converse with Byron, and

she seems to have exercised a beneficial influence over him by drawing him for a time out of his misanthropic moods. From the first Byron took to d'Orsay as a man of talent, original withal and unpretending, and the poet sat to him for his portrait, which appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and afterwards as a frontispiece to the *Conversations*. Lady Blessington told Madden that on the occasion of a masked ball to be given in Genoa, Byron stated his intention of going there, and asked her to accompany him. Joking *en badinant* about the character she was to go in, some one suggested that of Eve, upon which Byron said, 'As some one must play the devil, I will do it.' Shortly before Lady Blessington left Genoa the poet composed a series of stanzas upon her.

In his *Life of Byron*, Moore thus speaks of the happy influence which Lady Blessington exercised over the poet's mind:—'One of the most important services conferred upon Lord Byron by Lady Blessington during this intimacy, was that half reviving of his old regard for his wife, and the check which she contrived to place upon the composition of Don Juan, and upon the continuation of its most glaring immoralities. He spoke of Ada; her mother, he said, "has feasted on the smiles of her infancy and growth, but the tears of her maturity shall be mine." Lady Blessington told him that if he so loved his child, he should never write a line that could bring a blush of shame to her cheek, or a sorrowing tear to her eye; and he said:—"You are right, I never recollected this. I am jealously tenacious of the undivided sympathy of my daughter; and that work (Don Juan) written to beguile hours of *tristesse* and wretchedness, is well calculated to loosen my hold on her affections. I will write no more of it—would that I had never written a line." In this gentler mind, with old loves, old times, and the tenderest love that human heart can know, all condueing to soothe his pride and his dislike of Lady Byron; he learned that a near friend of her ladyship was in Genoa, and he requested Lady Blessington to procure for him

through this friend, a portrait of his wife. He had heard that Lady Byron feared he was about to come to England for the purpose of claiming his child.'

In requesting the portrait, Byron strenuously denied the report about claiming his child. He declared his intention not to interfere with her in any way on the subject during her life; and even afterwards nothing would be done except that which was in strict conformity with Lady Byron's last wishes and intentions. The parting of Byron and the Blessingtons, in June, 1823, shows the poet in one of his desponding moods: 'On the evening before the departure of his friends, Lord and Lady Blessington, from Genoa, he called upon them for the purpose of taking leave, and sat conversing for some time. He was evidently in low spirits, and after expressing his regret that they should leave Genoa before his own time of sailing, proceeded to speak of his own intended voyage in a tone full of despondence. "Here," said he, "we are all now together, but when, and where, shall we meet again? I have a sort of boding that we see each other for the last time, as something tells me I shall never again return from Greece." Having continued a little longer in this melancholy strain, he leaned his head upon the arm of the sofa on which they were seated, and, bursting into tears, wept for some minutes with uncontrollable feeling. Though he had been talking only with Lady Blessington, all who were present in the room observed, and were affected by his emotion, while he himself, apparently ashamed of his weakness, endeavoured to turn off attention from it by some ironical remark, spoken with a sort of hysterical laugh, upon the effects of nervousness. He had, previous to this conversation, presented each of the party with some little farewell gift—a book to one, a print from his bust by Bartolini to another, and to Lady Blessington a copy of his Armenian Grammar, which had some manuscript remarks of his own on the leaves. In now parting with her, having begged, as a memorial, some trifle which she had worn, the lady gave him

one of her rings, in return for which he took a pin from his breast containing a small cameo of Napoleon, which he said had long been his companion, and presented it to her ladyship.'

On the following day, Byron sent a note requesting the return of the pin, as he was superstitious with regard to memorials with a *point*, and he forwarded a chain instead, of Venetian manufacture. He also enclosed a ring which he wished d'Orsay to keep. 'It is too large to wear; but it is formed of *lava*, and so far adapted to the fire of his years and character.' Lord Blessington purchased Byron's yacht, the *Bolivar*, 'and it was subsequently considered by Lady Blessington that the poet drove a hard bargain with her husband.'

On the 2nd of June, 1823, the Blessingtons set out from Genoa for Naples, *viâ* Lucca, Florence, Vienna, and Rome, and they arrived at Naples on the 17th of July. Florence moved her ladyship deeply, with its artistic treasures and historic memories; but she was less struck by the Eternal City than might have been expected from her literary tastes and erudition. It was, above all, Naples which she regarded as the appropriate locality for an elysium that was to last for ever. And it was at Naples, in the palace or villa Belvedere, on the Vomero—one of the most beautiful of residences—that she and her husband now made their home. 'How light and elastic is the air!' she exclaims in the *Idler in Italy*. 'Respiration is carried on unconsciously, and existence becomes a positive pleasure in such a climate. Who that has seen Naples can wonder that her children are idle, and luxuriously disposed? To gaze on the cloudless sky, and blue Mediterranean, in an atmosphere so pure and balmy, is enough to make the veriest plodder whoever courted Plutus, abandon his toil, and enjoy the delicious *dolce far niente* of the Neapolitans.'

Lady Blessington lingered over all the places of historic and antiquarian interest, and she was especially happy in the companions who escorted her, and expatiated upon the wonders of the old world. Pompeii and Herculaneum were visited

with the accomplished Sir William Gell; her study of the Museums and Art Galleries was facilitated by Mr. Uwins, R.A., or Mr. Richard Westmacott; at the Naples Observatory she was in the company of Piazzi or Sir John Herschel; and when she went to Pæstum she had with her Mr. Millingen the antiquary, Mr. C. Mathews, and Lord Morpeth. At the Palazza Belvedere the society was very distinguished, English and foreign aristocracy predominating. Lords, archbishops, abbés, scientists, politicians, men of letters, &c., were 'thick as leaves in Vallombrosa.'

At the close of February, 1826, the Blessingtons suddenly left Naples and journeyed to Rome. Here they remained for a few weeks, and then proceeded to Florence. For nine months they resided in the City of Flowers, and in the ensuing winter they went first to Genoa and then to Pisa. They saw a good deal of Lord John Russell, who—with the Duke of York, Lord Grey, and Lord Durham—occupied a high place in the regard of Lady Blessington. That her ladyship was an acute reader of character is shown in her sketch of Lord John, wherein, singularly enough, she hits the defect which prevented him from ever becoming a great popular statesman, like Palmerston or Gladstone. 'Good sense,' she remarks, 'a considerable power of discrimination, a highly cultivated mind, and great equality of temper, are the characteristics of Lord John Russell; and these peculiarly fit him for taking a distinguished part in public life. The only obstacle to his success seems to me to be the natural reserve of his manners, which, by leading people to think him cold and proud, may preclude him from exciting that warm sentiment of personal attachment, rarely accorded, except to those whose uniform, friendly demeanour excites and strengthens it; and without this attraction it is difficult, if not impossible, for a statesman, whatever may be the degree of esteem entertained for his character, to have devoted friends and partisans, accessories so indispensable for one who would fill a distinguished *rôle* in public life.'

At Florence, in 1826-7, amid a host of other people, Lady Blessington became acquainted with Demidoff, 'the Russian Crœsus'; the Prince Borghese, husband of the beautiful but inconstant Pauline Bonaparte; Lamartine, 'very good-looking and distinguished in his appearance, who dressed so perfectly like a gentleman that one would never suspect him of being a poet'; Mr. Francis Hare, 'gay, clever, and amusing'; Walter Savage Landor, 'one of the most remarkable writers of his day, as well as one of the most remarkable and original of men'; Hallam the historian; and Lord and Lady Normanby, the former bitten by the common aristocratic craze of distinguishing himself in literature.

When Lord Blessington left England in 1822, he had four children, two of whom only were legitimate. One of these, his son and heir, young Lord Mountjoy, died in March, 1823. The other, Lady Harriet Gardiner, who was born in 1812, was—with her elder sister—left in the guardianship of General Comte d'Orsay, and Lady Harriet Gardiner, the Earl's sister. A codicil to his will arranging this, furnished some evidence of Lord Blessington's mind being not so strong as it might be, for one of its provisions stated that a marriage had been agreed upon for one of the Earl's daughters (both were mere children) with Count Alfred d'Orsay, son of the General. Subsequent to this codicil to an existing will, on the 31st of August, 1823, Lord Blessington executed his final testamentary disposition. By this will the provision previously made for the Countess, of an annuity of £3,000, inclusive of a preceding marriage settlement of £1,000, was reduced to £2,000 a year, including the marriage settlement of £1,000, so that in after years, when Lady Blessington was generally believed to have a yearly income of £3,000, it was in reality only £2,000. Count Alfred d'Orsay was appointed one of the executors. It was provided that if Lady Harriet Gardiner married him she was to have the sum of £10,000; if she did not marry him, then she was to have the Earl's estates in the county and city

of Dublin. The Earl's other daughter Emily or Lady Mary Gardiner, as she was commonly called, was to have £20,000, but if *she* were to marry the Count then the estates in the county and city of Dublin were to go to her. To his son Charles John, the Earl left all his estates in the county of Tyrone, subject to certain charges. The testator thus provided better for his illegitimate children than he did for his only legitimate daughter.

The Blessingtons took up their abode in Rome in December, 1827. They engaged the two principal floors of the Palazzo Negroni at the rate of 1,200 guineas a year, and spent about 240 more in additional articles of furniture, &c. All the time this enormous expenditure was going on in Italy, the Earl was keeping up the mansion in St. James's Square, London, and his Irish residence, Mountjoy House, on the Tyrone estate. If he had any idea at all with regard to money matters, it was a case of 'After me, the Deluge.' On the 1st of December, 1827, Count d'Orsay was married to Lady Harriet Frances Gardiner, who was then but fifteen years and four months old. The marriage proved a very unhappy one, Lady Harriet being compelled to marry without having her inclinations or her interests consulted. She was taken from school, transferred to the care of strangers, and borne away to a distant land, to wed a man she had never seen.

From Rome the Blessingtons went to Loretto in May, 1828, and thence to Ancona and Ravenna. At the latter place the travellers were terribly shocked on suddenly coming upon three bodies dangling in mid-air at the corner of a street. 'A party of soldiers of the Pope guarded the place of execution, and paced up and down with gloomy looks, in which fear was more evident than disgust. Within view of the spot stood the tomb of Dante, whose *Inferno* scarcely offers a more hideous picture than the one presented to our contemplation. The Papal uniform, too, proclaiming that the deaths of these unfortunate men had been inflicted by order of him who professed

to be the Vicar of the Father of Mercy on earth, added to the horror of the sight.' By way of Ferrara and Padua, the party next proceeded to Venice, where they found their friend Landor. Verona and Milan were afterwards visited, and at the latter place the Abbé Bentivoglio, keeper of the Ambrosian Library, presented Lady Blessington with a small tress of the golden hair of Lucretia Borgia. Another brief stay at Genoa concluded the Italian life of Lady Blessington.

Paris was the ultimate destination of the travellers, and here they arrived towards the end of June, 1828. They rented the splendid Maréchal Ney mansion, in the Rue de Bourbon, the principal apartments of which looked on the Seine, and commanded a delightful view of the Gardens of the Tuileries. The mansion was a type of that magnificence which marked the dwellings of the Imperial noblesse, and the Earl decorated and furnished it with Oriental luxury and magnificence. More lavish waste was never seen than the wealth squandered over the private apartments. Madden was remarkably sensible for once in observing that 'Lord Blessington, when fitting up the Hôtel Ney in this sumptuous manner, was co-operating very largely indeed with others of his order—equally improvident and profuse—in laying the foundation of the Encumbered Estates' Court jurisdiction, in Ireland.' What the painter Haydon said of Napoleon's palace of Fontainebleau might equally be said of the Blessington mansion, 'No palace of any Sultan of Bagdad or monarch of India ever exceeded the voluptuous magnificence of these apartments.'

In 1829, in consequence of an urgent summons from Lord Rosslyn, Lord Blessington went over from Paris to London, expressly to give his vote in favour of Catholic Emancipation. He deemed this measure of the highest importance to the true interests of Ireland, and while he had many faults, he had at any rate the virtue of patriotism. A few days after his return to Paris, the Earl rode out in 'the heat of the day, along the Champs Elysées. He had not proceeded far before he was

seized with apoplexy, and was carried home in a state of insensibility. Everything possible was done to restore him, but in vain, and he died on the 23rd of May, in the forty-sixth year of his age. His remains were conveyed to Ireland, and deposited in the family vault in St. Thomas's Church, Marlborough Street, Dublin. Judging from letters written by Landor and others, there were those who regarded the Earl with feelings of deep affection, notwithstanding the lighter and vainer aspects of his character. His lordship left his affairs greatly embarrassed in consequence of his reckless expenditure through a long series of years. He had been compelled to sell or mortgage large portions of his estates, and to raise further sums he gave eight valuable annuities. Among the vast number of his gifts and legacies was a settlement of £40,000 on the marriage of his daughter, Lady Harriet, with Count d'Orsay. In accordance with an Act of Parliament passed in 1846, the Blessington estates were vested in trustees for sale, for the payment of debts due, and for other purposes. A sum of £350,000 was required to pay off all incumbrances and claims, and when this was done, there remained of the vast properties of the Mountjoys a remnant producing about £6,000 a year. Verily this was a sorry apotheosis for Blessington the Magnificent!

Undeterred by the evil example of her husband, soon after Lady Blessington returned to London from the Continent, in November, 1830, she rented a house in Seamore Place, Mayfair, which she fitted up in the most lavish and luxurious style. The Count and Countess d'Orsay came to reside with her, and her salons 'were opened nightly to men of genius and learning, persons of celebrity of all climes, and travellers from every European city of distinction. Her abode became a centre of attraction for the *beau monde* of the intellectual classes, a place of *réunion* for remarkable persons of talent or eminence of some sort or another; and certainly the most agreeable resort of men of literature, art, science, strangers of

distinction, travellers and public characters of various pursuits —in fact, the most agreeable that ever existed in this country.'

When Lady Blessington was in the zenith of her fame, that bright and gossipy American writer, Nathaniel Parker Willis, received an introduction to her. He was on his travels through Europe, and in May, 1834, found himself in London. Her ladyship gave him an appointment, and this is how he describes—in his *Pencillings by the Way*—their meeting and conversation :—

'In a long library, lined alternately with splendidly-bound books, and mirrors, and with a deep window of the breadth of the room, opening upon Hyde Park, I found Lady Blessington alone. The picture to my eye as the door opened was a very lovely one.'—Oh ! Nathaniel ! Nathaniel ! could you not see that the feminine effects were carefully rehearsed? 'A woman of remarkable beauty, half buried in a *fauteuil* of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp suspended from the centre of the arched ceiling ; sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness through the room ; enamelled tables, covered with expensive and elegant trifles, in every corner ; and a delicate white hand relieved on the back of a book, to which the eye was attracted by the blaze of its diamond rings. As the servant mentioned my name, she rose and gave me her hand very cordially ; and a gentleman entering immediately after, she presented me to Count d'Orsay, the well-known Pelham of London, and certainly the most splendid specimen of a man and a well-dressed one that I had ever seen. Tea was brought in immediately, and conversation went swimmingly on.

'Her ladyship's inquiries were principally about America, of which, from long absence, I knew very little. She was extremely curious to know the degrees of reputation the present popular authors of England enjoy among us, particularly Bulwer and D'Israeli (the author of *Vivian Grey*). "If you

will come to-morrow night," she said, "you will see Bulwer. I am delighted that he is popular in America. He is envied and abused—for nothing, I believe, except for the superiority of his genius, and the brilliant literary success it commands; and knowing this, he chooses to assume a pride which is only the armour of a sensitive mind afraid of a wound. He is to his friends the most frank and noble creature in the world, and open to boyishness with those whom he thinks understand and value him. He has a brother, Henry, who is also very clever in a different vein, and is just now publishing a book on the present state of France."

'"Do they like the D'Israelis in America?"

'I assured her ladyship that the *Curiosities of Literature* by the father, and *Vivian Grey* and *Contarini Fleming* by the son were universally known.

'"I am pleased at that, for I like them both. D'Israeli the elder came here with his son the other night. It would have delighted you to have seen the old man's pride in him, and the son's respect and affection for his father. D'Israeli the elder lives in the country, about twenty miles from town; seldom comes up to London, and leads a life of learned leisure, each day hoarding up and dispensing forth treasures of literature. He is courtly, yet urbane, and impresses one at once with confidence in his goodness. In his manners D'Israeli the younger is quite his own character of Vivian Grey; full of genius and eloquence, with extreme good nature and a perfect frankness of character."'

During the conversation the clever and enterprising *littérateur* was busily imprinting on his memory a portrait of the celebrated and beautiful woman before him. He thus gives his impressions of her fascinating person: 'The portrait of Lady Blessington in the *Book of Beauty* is not unlike her, but it is still an unfavourable likeness. A picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence hung opposite me—taken, perhaps, at the age of eighteen—which is more like her, and as captivating a represen-

tation of a just-matured woman, full of loveliness and love—the kind of creature with whose divine sweetness the gazer's heart aches—as ever was drawn in the painter's most inspired hour. The original is no longer *dans sa première jeunesse.* Still she looks something on the sunny side of thirty.'—Oh! Nathaniel, we are again compelled to exclaim, the bewitching creature was at this time forty-five! 'Her person is full, but preserves all the fineness of an admirable shape; her foot is not pressed in a satin slipper for which a Cinderella might long be looked for in vain; and her complexion (an unusually fair skin, with very dark hair and eyebrows), is of even a girlish delicacy and freshness. Her dress of blue satin (if I am describing her like a milliner it is because I have here and there a reader in my eye who will be amused by it), was cut low and folded across her bosom, in a way to show to advantage the round and sculpture-like curve and whiteness of a pair of exquisite shoulders, while her hair, dressed close to her head, and parted simply on her forehead with a rich *feronier* of turquoise, enveloped in clear outline a head with which it would be difficult to find a fault. Her features are regular, and her mouth, the most expressive of them, has a ripe fulness and freedom of play peculiar to the Irish physiognomy, and expressive of the most unsuspicious good humour. Add to all this a voice merry and sad by turns, but always musical, and manners of the most unpretending elegance, yet even more remarkable for their winning kindness, and you have the prominent traits of one of the most lovely and fascinating women I have ever seen. Remembering her talents and her rank, and the unenvying admiration she receives from the world of fashion and genius, it would be difficult to reconcile her lot to the doctrine of compensation.'

Willis describes many of the *habitués* of the Blessington Salon, including James Smith of the *Rejected Addresses*, Disraeli the younger, the two Bulwers, Moore, &c., &c. Writing in his diary for February, 1835, Haydon says, 'Everybody goes

to Lady Blessington's. She has the first news of everything, and everybody seems delighted to tell her. No woman will be more missed. She is the centre of more talent and gaiety than any other woman of fashion in London.' One night in the summer of 1833 her ladyship had some visitors who did not belong either to fashionable or literary circles, and whom she could easily have spared. The house in Seamore Place was broken into by thieves, and plate and jewellery to the value of about £1,000 were carried off, and never afterwards recovered.

In the early part of 1836 Lady Blessington removed from Seamore Place to the spacious mansion of Gore House, Kensington Gore. This famous abode had in succession three very different tenants, namely, William Wilberforce, the philanthropist, Lady Blessington, and Alexis Soyer the celebrated cook. Although she must have known she could not stand the expenditure, Lady Blessington carried on her new establishment on a scale of magnificence exceeding even that of Seamore Place. A life of excitement was already beginning to tell upon her ladyship, but she did not relax her feverish efforts after brilliant society, and she feasted and fêted as though a day of reckoning would never come. Madden credits her with a sincere desire to assuage, or put an end to, the party warfare that was waged in art, literature, and politics; and it may be that she did something to soften the asperities of public life by bringing together in friendly converse those who were supposed to be mortal enemies. Occasionally an unmistakable charlatan found his way into her gatherings. Of this type was one of her foreign guests, M. Julien le Jeune de Paris, who in his youth was a secretary to Robespierre. He was said to be a regicide and a terrorist, a philanthropist, a poet and a sentimentalist; but one thing was quite certain, he was an unmitigated bore. He would recite the most doleful poems in a lugubrious voice, and he had a copious supply of tears, ready at a moment's notice. This Monsieur Julien carried a little

instrument which he called his *horloge morale*, on the circumference of which, in opposite directions, moral and evil tendencies were marked, and to these a movable index pointed, showing the virtue to be cultivated when any particular defect in character was alluded to. With this precious instrument he managed to victimise poor L. E. L. for an unconscionable time on one occasion.

Living at the rate of £5,000 or £6,000 per annum, when her income was only £2,000, Lady Blessington indulged the hope that the precarious profession of literature would enable her to overtake her expenditure. The failure of Charles Heath, the engraver, by which she incurred a loss of £700, might have shown her the folly of such castle-building. She at the same time defied the conventionalities of life in a way which not unnaturally led to grave scandals. D'Orsay had separated from his unhappy child-wife, and taken up his quarters at Gore House. He had already undergone one arrest for a debt of £300 to his bootmaker, and now his unjustifiable expenditure added in no small degree to Lady Blessington's pecuniary difficulties. For years the evil day was staved off, indeed it is said that for two years previous to the break-up at Gore House Lady Blessington lived in the constant apprehension of executions being put in; extraordinary precautions were taken as to the admission of visitors; and the handsome Count d'Orsay — the adored of the ladies—was obliged to confine his appearances abroad to the house and grounds, except on Sundays. On the other days he chose the poetical hours after dusk for his perambulations. But the crash came in the spring of 1849, when with one consent all the creditors—bill-discounters, moneylenders, jewellers, lace-vendors, tax-collectors, gas company agents, &c.—all began to press her ladyship heavily. At last an execution for a debt of £4,000 was put in by a house largely engaged in the silk, lace, Indian shawls and fancy jewellery business. This was arranged by effecting a life insur-

ance, but it was only a temporary expedient, and it soon became necessary to determine on a sale of the whole of the effects for the benefit of the creditors generally. Several friends offered to assist Lady Blessington, but, as she was sick at heart, and worn down with cares and anxieties, she allowed things to take their course. It was a long time before the gay Count could be persuaded that the game was up, but when at last he realised the fact he set out for Paris, attended by his valet, with a single portmanteau. *Sic transit gloria d'Orsay!*

The rise and fall of Lady Blessington as a brilliant leader of society were described in seathing terms by a writer in the *North American Review* for 1855. In the graphic passage I am about to quote, her ladyship's career is briefly summed up. I do not know whether every statement would have been accepted in its entirety by Lady Blessington's contemporaries, but there is more than sufficient truth in this vigorous portrayal to point a stern moral: 'A lady whose early career is surrounded by a mythical cloud, from which she emerged into the false glare of a middle-age of extravagance and vanity, leading to disastrous overthrow and flight, can hardly be an object of permanent interest to sober, thinking people. She first became known in this country by the glowing descriptions in Mr. Willis's *Pencillings by the Way*. Others have still further helped to blazon her personal and mental charms, and her literary genius. She aspired to be a leader of society; but her circle included only men. The ladies of England may be, as they have been, accused of prudery, by those who desire to lower the tone of society by lessening the rigour of its moral laws; but to their honour be it said, they have steadily maintained the dignity of their sex, by withholding their countenance socially from those who have tarnished the jewel of their souls. Literary and accomplished Aspasias may gather around themselves men of talent and genius; they may dazzle by their luxury, and fascinate by the graces of their conversation; but there is a barrier of womanly displeasure which hems them

in, and which, in English society, they cannot overpass. Lady Blessington—after many years of more than Oriental extravagance, passed on the Continent, in which her husband, a weak-minded absentee Irish landlord, squandered the revenues drawn from his wretched tenantry, on costly palaces, and gilded furniture, and sybaritic dinners - returned to London with Count d'Orsay, the separated husband of her husband's daughter, and there, upon a moderate jointure, made a vain attempt to keep up the splendour to which she had been accustomed in her husband's lifetime. We find her house frequented by eminent persons, from the aristocracy of England; we find great historical names gathered around her, as if she were really the star which her flatterers would have the world believe. Noblemen and gentlemen, authors and artists, add their presence to the fascinations of the scene; but noblemen's wives, gentlemen's wives, authors' wives and artists' wives, are never mentioned in this gay and brilliant company. And when the bubble bursts, and the pageant is over, what sorrowful scenes are disclosed to the eye of the moralist! An execution put into the glorious palace, where such revellings have been; crowds of curious and gossiping people filling the elegant salons and lounging on luxurious divans; scarcely one truly sympathising friend to lament the dire catastrophe; the splendid vagabond, Count Alfred d'Orsay, first imprisoned, like Dick Swiveller, in the house, except on Sundays, and then obliged to flee to France, with a single valet and valise,—a fugitive, and a swindler of honest tradesmen, whose patience had been exhausted by broken promises and eternal failures to pay; and the gorgeous furniture, the silken hangings, the works of art, the sumptuously bound books, that surrounded the goddess of the place, knocked down by the hammer of the eloquent auctioneer, George Robbins. A hurried flight to France, whither the battered Adonis had preceded her, a few brief days of disappointment, and sorrow, and desertion, a sudden death, close the melancholy history.

The net sum realised by this historic sale at Gore House was short of £12,000—a sorry result considering the vast variety of treasures which passed under the hammer. Lawrence's portrait of Lady Blessington fetched a fairly large sum in comparison with other things; being sold for £336 to the Marquis of Hertford. The same artist's portrait of Lord Blessington went for only £68, while D'Orsay's portrait of the Duke of Wellington went for £189, and Landseer's sketch of Miss Power for £57. Lady Blessington's French valet wrote to his mistress that Thackeray was amongst those present at the sale, and that he was affected to tears. The author of *Vanity Fair* was the only person who seemed to be really affected by her ladyship's downfall.

After reigning in London society in a style almost unparalleled for nineteen years, Lady Blessington, sick at heart and almost friendless, left Gore House for Paris on the 14th of April, 1849. By a strange, and some may say a retributive coincidence, Lady Blessington realised in 1849 those painful effects of extravagant and reckless living which she had minutely described in her very first work published in 1822, where she relates the fall of a family in one of the fashionable London squares, and the sale of all its effects, after a career of indulgence and luxury. Her ladyship took apartments in the Rue du Cerf, close to the Champs Elysées, and although some friends held aloof, a few visited her, including the de Grammonts, and Prince Louis Napoleon, with whom she had for years been on intimate terms of friendship. On his escape from Ham, the Prince had gone straight to Gore House on his arrival in London.

Plans were formed by Lady Blessington for literary work, but they were never realised; and in her death there was something almost of the suddenness which marked her husband's end in the same city twenty years before. A British peeress, anxious for Lady Blessington's spiritual welfare, reminded her of a promise she had extorted from her to remember her

religious duties, and to attend to them. So far as the outward observance of the promise was concerned, once or twice on the Sabbath she accompanied the Duchesse de Grammont to the Church of the Madeleine. Inwardly she entertained no serious thought of abandoning her old mode of life, though she had a great fear of death, and sometimes spoke vaguely of turning to religion in her old age, and making amends for her long neglect of its duties by retiring from society, and withdrawing her thoughts and affections from the vanities of the world.

Within two brief months, however, of her settlement in Paris, she was brought face to face with the Enemy whom she had always sought to banish by pleasure and excitement. On the 4th of June she was seized with alarming symptoms, chief of which was a distressing difficulty in breathing. The face then became swollen and purple, the eyeballs were distended, and utterance was almost wholly denied, while the extremities gradually became cold and livid, in spite of every attempt to restore the vital heat. Although some little relief was obtained, she gradually sank, and expired quite tranquilly. She was in her sixtieth year. An autopsy revealed that enlargement of the heart to nearly double the natural size—which enlargement must have been in progress for a period of at least twenty-five years—was the cause of death, though incipient disease of the stomach and liver had complicated the symptoms. The body was embalmed and deposited in the vaults of the Madeleine, while a mausoleum was being prepared by the Count d'Orsay.

Three years later, viz., on the 4th of August, 1852, the Count himself followed her to the grave, he being then in his fifty-fourth year. Their remains lie in the same resting-place, in the village of Chambourg beyond St. Germain-en-Laye, where the Count built a monumental pyramid in the rustic cemetery adjoining the domains of the family of De Grammont. In the sepulchral Chamber are two sarcophagi, one on either side, surmounted by tablets of white marble. The one on the left contains the remains of the Countess, the one on

the right those of Count d'Orsay. Though a man of fashion, it would be unjust to class D'Orsay with such profligates and libertines as Buckingham, Queensberry, and Hertford. He had abilities of no common order, and while he was vain, frivolous, and pleasure-loving, he had undoubtedly better qualities to set against these. He was far from being a wholly vicious man, or a simply vicious man; and Charles Dickens referred to him as one 'whose name is publicly synonymous with elegant and graceful accomplishments; one who, by those who knew him well, is affectionately remembered and regretted, as a man whose great abilities might have raised him to any distinction, and whose gentle heart even a world of fashion left unspoiled.'

The writings of Lady Blessington now demand attention. They were voluminous, but they revealed no creative genius, no originality of thought, no imaginative power. They were just such productions as might be expected from a bright, clever, observant woman of the world. Her first work, *The Magic Lantern*, published in 1822, was a kind of key to the whole. It consisted of scenes and sketches in the metropolis, written with some humour and sensibility, and manifesting a certain quickness of perception, with average powers of description. She surveyed, with suitable comments, the auction room, the Park, the tomb, and the Italian opera,—so that there was at least versatility of subject. *Sketches and Fragments*, which succeeded, was a less sprightly but more conventional volume. The writer dealt with such topics as blighted hopes, marriage, coquetry, egotism, fastidiousness of taste, sensibility, friendship, &c. Being met by the necessity of augmenting her income by the use of her literary talents, Lady Blessington now became a writer of fashionable novels, which were then so much in vogue. According to one critic whose judgment I regard as too high, her novels 'are strongly characterised by the social phenomena of the times; they are peculiarly the *romans de société*; the characters that move and breathe

throughout them are the actual persons of the great world; and the reflections with which they abound belong to the philosophy of one who has well examined the existing manners.' Not having lived in the times depicted may have made some little difference perhaps, but my complaint against the novels is that the characters do *not* 'move and breathe,' and that the reflections, though sometimes sparkling and amusing, are rather superficial.

Byron, in his *Diaries and Letters*, pays frequent tribute to Lady Blessington's intellectual and personal gifts; and his collected poems contain more than one effusion addressed to her. The Countess, on her part, gives us the substance of her intellectual intercourse with the poet in her *Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron*, which originally appeared in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine* for 1832. The *Conversations* were afterwards published in volume form, and had a very extensive sale. They undoubtedly show the author at her best: they are vigorously written, and have more intellectual grip and substance about them than her other writings. *The Repealers*, a novel in three volumes, appeared in 1833. Political novels are an abomination generally, and this was not one of the exceptions to the rule. Grace Cassidy, the young Irish wife, was well drawn, but the novel as a whole had little plot, and few delineations of character. It was chiefly occupied with dialogues, criticism, and reflection. The puerile was sometimes mingled with the sarcastic, and the personal with the moral. As one friend had the courage to tell her, she praised great ladies and small authors too much. But there were plenty of flatterers, and one actually wrote to the author, 'You have all the tact, truth, and grace of De Staël!' *Meredyth*, a novel, appeared in 1833. It was a dead failure with the general public, and the publisher plaintively said that although £45 had been spent in advertising, only 380 copies were sold, of which 300 had been subscribed. *The Follies of Fashion* and *The Belle of the Season* were sketches of

fashionable society in London, in which the peculiarities of life in the upper circles were happily hit off.

The Two Friends, published in 1835, had less of exaggeration in it than most of the author's compositions. It was written in a thoroughly good tone and spirit, and with considerable knowledge of character; nor was it without excellent situations. This work was followed by *The Victims of Society*, a story in which the darker side of high life is laid bare with an unsparing hand. The author must have acquired some strange and terrible experiences before she could have written this novel. One correspondent remarked of it, 'You have attacked only persons whom the general world like to hear attacked; the few who wince, will pretend not to understand the application.' In the course of four years only, 1838-42, the following novels and records of travel appeared: *The Confessions of an Elderly Lady*, *The Governess*, *Desultory Thoughts and Reflections*, *The Idler in Italy*, *The Idler in France*, *The Lottery of Life and other Tales*. The travels were by far the best and most successful. In 1845 appeared *Strathearn, or Life at Home and Abroad*, and here again fashionable foibles were exposed to view, and not a few objectionable characters were handled with the gloves off. *The Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre*, as the title would imply, had a good deal to do with piquant intrigues, the trials of unfortunate governesses, and the vicissitudes in the career of a lady's maid. The heroine became the wife of a rich but bilious nabob. *Lionel Deerhurst*, published in 1846, was a tale of fashionable life under the Regency, and *Marmaduke Herbert*, issued in 1847, dealt with a 'fatal error' with some skill and power. 'It reminds me greatly of Godwin's earlier writings,' wrote a friend. 'The same minute and faithful analysis of feeling, the same patience in building up the interest, and the same exhibition of strength and weakness in one motley volume.' *Country Quarters*, the last lengthy novel by Lady Blessington, was published posthumously. It is

'illustrative of a state of society and of scenes in real life, in provincial towns, in which young English military Lotharios, and tender-hearted Irish heroines, speculative and sentimental, are the chief performers; for the delineation of which Lady Blessington was far more indebted to her recollection than to her imagination.'

In addition to her more ambitious works of fiction and travel, Lady Blessington wrote a great number of fugitive poems; but her verses are 'of that intolerable kind to which neither gods nor columns grant permission to exist; and what is singular, all the verses made by poets and poetasters under the inspiration of her society have a leaden dulness about them which is almost preternatural.' Moore was no more successful than Wilson Croker, and Byron himself no more successful than 'Dr. William Beattie, M.D.', who discharged three or four heavy pieces at Lady Blessington and himself. I have gone through a great deal of her ladyship's own poetry—I mean verse—and can honestly find none of it worthy of quotation. Her contributions to Annuals, Books of Beauty, Flowers of Loveliness, Children of the Nobility, Keepsakes, Tableaux, and drawing-room Scrap-books were as the sand upon the sea-shore for multitude, and their fame is written in the same shifting material.

In Lady Blessington's prose works, however, we do sometimes meet with notable thoughts, and it is only just to give a few examples of these. 'Genius,' we are assured, 'is the gold in the mine, talent is the miner who works and brings it out.' 'Talent, like beauty, to be pardoned, must be obscure or unostentatious.' 'In many minds great powers of thinking slumber on through life, because they have never been startled by any incident calculated to take them out of the common routine of every-day occurrences.' 'Memory seldom fails when its office is to show us the tombs of our buried hopes.' 'Society seldom forgives those who have discovered the emptiness of its pleasures, and who can live independent of it and of them.'

'Great men direct the events of their times, wise men take advantage of them, weak men are borne down by them.' 'Those who are formed to win general admiration are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness.' 'A man with common-sense may pass smoothly through life without great talents, but all the talents in the world will not enable a man without common-sense to do so.' 'Men's faults will always be better known than their virtues, because their defects will find more persons capable of forming a judgment of them than of their noble qualities.' 'A young woman ought, like an angel, to pardon the faults she cannot comprehend, and an elderly woman, like a saint, because she has endured trials.' 'People are seldom tired of the world till the world is tired of them.' 'It is not sufficient for legislators to close the avenues to crime unless they open those which lead to virtue.' 'Love often re-illumines his extinguished flame at the torch of jealousy.' 'A generous mind identifies itself with all around it, but a selfish one identifies all things with self.' 'Advice, like physic, is administered with more pleasure than it is taken.' 'The genius and talents of a man may generally be judged of by the large number of his enemies, and his mediocrity by that of his friends.' 'Some people seem to consider the severity of their censures on the failings of others as an atonement for their own.' 'Men who would persecute others for their religious opinions only prove the errors of their own.' 'Superstition is the fear of belief, religion is the confidence.' 'It is easier to pardon the faults than the virtues of our friends, because the first excite feelings of self complacency in us, the second a sense of humiliation.' 'It is difficult to decide whether it is most disagreeable to live with fanatics who insist on our believing all that they believe, or with philosophers, who would have us doubt everything of which they are not convinced themselves.'

The letters of Lady Blessington were better than her more pretentious writings. They were more natural, more accurately expressed, and had a greater freshness of tone and feeling. But

occasionally they furnished either an astounding example of the immortal practice of 'log-rolling' or a strange lack of literary acumen. For example, there was a certain Sir William Drummond, who wrote a certain poem called *Odin*, and Lady Blessington said of this poem that 'passages in it are of such transcendent merit as to be above all comparison, except with Shakespeare and Milton. In the sublimity and harmony of your verses you have equalled, if not surpassed, the latter; and in originality of ideas and variety you strikingly resemble the former.' Where is Sir William now? and what are the gods doing with the fame of one who, in comparison with Shakespeare and Milton, is like those 'two single gentlemen rolled into one'?

In summing up the literary character and position of Lady Blessington, it must not be ignored that a truly great man in English literature, Walter Savage Landor, could write a Latin epitaph for her tomb, of which this is a translation: 'Underneath is buried all that could be buried of a woman once most beautiful. She cultivated her genius with the greatest zeal, and fostered it in others with equal assiduity. The benefits she conferred she could conceal—her talent not. Elegant in her hospitality to strangers, charitable to all, she retired to Paris in April, and there she breathed her last on the 4th of June, 1849. Landor also wrote these lines to her:

> 'What language, let me think, is meet
> For you, well called the Marguerite.
> The Tuscan has too weak a tone,
> Too rough and rigid is our own;
> The Latin—no—it will not do,
> The Attic is alone for you.'

The truth must be that Landor, under the witchery of the lady's beauty, and out of that good nature which frequently leads literary men captive, suppressed his faculty of criticism to put in the fore-front that of admiration and appreciation. Barry Cornwall, who knew her ladyship equally well with

Landor, was much more judicious and accurate in his eulogy. This is his inscription to his friend : 'In her lifetime she was loved and admired for her many graceful writings, her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart. Men, famous for art and science in distant lands, sought her friendship ; and the historians and scholars, the poets, and wits, and painters of her own country, found an unfailing welcome in her ever hospitable home. She gave, cheerfully, to all who were in need, help, and sympathy, and useful counsel ; and she died lamented by her friends. They who loved her best in life, and now lament her most, have raised this tributary marble over the place of her rest.' With this epitaph we may take leave of this famous, but by no means great woman. She was a woman with some pronounced failings, but with many equally pronounced virtues. Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, was a fashionable luminary, a brilliant meteor of society, and a clever, beautiful, and accomplished woman ; but she will occupy no enduring place in English literature.

GEORGE ELIOT.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The generation which witnessed the literary activity of George Eliot was remarkable for many intellectual developments. Amongst these, none was more striking than the advance made by woman in the various fields of mental effort. In art, science, poetry, and fiction, she probably attained a fuller expression than in all previous ages. The noble poetic gifts of Mrs. Browning, the clear and speculative intellect of Harriet Martineau, the intense human feeling and tragic power of George Sand, the scientific grasp of Mary Somerville, the passionate energy of Charlotte Brontë, and the philosophic depth and wide-reaching sympathies of George Eliot—these are surely evidences of genius which would shed lustre upon any age. I do not think it probable that we shall ever see developed in woman the expansive imagination of a Shakespeare, or the kingly intellect of a Bacon—but we have ample evidence that she is capable of attaining any but these great creative heights.

Nor is it only in occasional instances that woman is demonstrating her power; there is a wide diffusion of literary talent generally among the sex. In most branches of authorship they are able to hold their own; and while during the last twenty years it was only in fiction that the greatest of English writers was a woman, the progress made in other directions has been so rapid that the philosophic and scientific talent of women during the next generation may be fully abreast of that

of men. Let us gladly hail this sign of the times, and have no fear that it will strike at the root of masculine ascendency: but even if it should have that terrible result, let us capitulate with composure and dignity.

It should not surprise us that there is a great capacity for the written language amongst women, seeing that they are so easily first in the spoken language—at least, there is a tradition to this effect in many English households. Whether it is right that they should enjoy a monopoly of both is an interesting question. It may be that with the rapid spread of the written word among women there will be a diminution in the monopoly of the spoken, so that after all the sterner sex may find in this a wise and providential arrangement. In the new Earthly Paradise, perhaps, all things will be nicely adjusted: the balance of speaking power will be restored; and Mrs. Caudle will be content occasionally to let Mr. Caudle have the last word.

Yet the spread of literary talent amongst women is by no means an unmixed good in the province of fiction. George Eliot and other female writers have given us some of the best and noblest books of our time, but the sex has also deluged us with a large proportion of the very worst. The growth of this evil has indeed become somewhat alarming; but I look forward to the time when two classes of novels, instead of coming up like a flower, will be cut down like a weed, and utterly perish from the field of literature. The first is that class which is beneath contempt for its literary incompetency; the second is that still more dangerous class, which clothes vice in the most attractive forms, and saps at all that is good and true in human nature. And as regards the work to be done, we must look to woman to redeem woman. Such writings as those of George Eliot will do much to redress the wrong, by lifting her sex, and mankind generally, into a higher and a purer atmosphere.

The most distinguishing characteristic of the present age is its restless activity. It is seen in a thousand forms, and all our

movements are as rapid as those of the giant steam. Commerce, social and political rights and privileges, the national wealth, and national education, have largely increased, and yet there has been a great dearth of master spirits. It may be doubted whether we have one writer who completely grasps the significance and the tendencies of the age—one who can in the fullest sense be called its interpreter, or the prophet and pioneer of its successor. It is not that we ask for, or have need of, a Shakespeare: he would have been the natural heritage of any century since the world began, and belongs to all. It may be that we desire a more restricted genius; but men have certainly long looked for the appearance of one who shall gather together, as it were, the tangled threads of our consciousness, and of our new conditions. Never was there a time when the industries of the world were so welded together for the physical good of man, and for the common welfare. But what of those things which belong to the emotional and the spiritual? Labour and wealth will never satisfy the immortal craving within us. Work and Duty are noble, but they present no solution for those yearnings of the spirit, which are the same in all ages and climes. Some have discovered in the spiritual force of George Eliot's writings that complemental influence which is necessary to satisfy the inner desires of humanity. It is certainly a deeply interesting question to inquire in what sense or degree her genius answered to the real need of the time.

Concerning the personal history of this gifted woman there is little to tell. George Eliot's life was of the uneventful type—if by that we refer to outward and exciting incidents; but if we refer to the growth of the mind and the soul, then indeed hers must have been a life surpassingly rich and eventful. Mary Ann Evans—for so she was named, though she usually signed herself Marian Evans—was born at Arbury Farm, a short distance from Nuneaton, on the 22nd November, 1819. The county of Warwickshire has thus had the honour of giving

birth to the master-mind of all literature, William Shakespeare, and to one who, more than three centuries later, so faithfully reflected some of his qualities, though not his infinite scope, that in certain aspects she has been not inaptly compared with him. The sun of Shakespeare will brook no other sun, but, if I may pursue the simile, George Eliot might well be compared with that light which cheers the earth when the great orb of day has run its course. The one does not rise to the grandeur and power of the other ; but as the moon, serenely calm and beautiful in the heavens, is handmaiden or sister to the sun, so is George Eliot sister to the majestic Shakespeare.

The family from which George Eliot sprang belonged to the middle-class. Mr. Robert Evans, the novelist's father, was a land-agent on the property of Mr. Francis Newdigate, whose seat, Arbury Hall, is the original of Cheverel Manor in *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story*. Mr. Evans was a man of unusual strength of character, and many of his distinctive qualities have been depicted in Adam Bede, the hero of the novel of that name, and in Caleb Garth, one of the most striking individualities in *Middlemarch*. Mrs. Evans, whose maiden name was Pearson, had quite as distinct a personality as her husband. She had not a little of the caustic wit we find in Mrs. Poyser and Mrs. Hacket—characters in fact suggested by her. I hope, for her husband's sake, that the stream of her wit was turned into foreign rather than into domestic channels. We are assured, however, that she had a very tender heart ; but, naturally, a sharp tongue, and a chronic liver complaint, would be likely to interfere with the play of the softer emotions. One who knew her states that George Eliot's gift of pointed speech was mother-wit in the true sense, and that her rich humour and marvellous powers of observation were derived from the same side ; while her conscientiousness, her capacity, and that faculty of taking pains which is so large a factor in the development of genius, came more directly from the father. When Marian Evans was but a few months old, her father moved to Griff—on the same

Newdigate property an old-fashioned dwelling, half manor-house, half farm.

The life at Griff Farm has been roughly sketched in the *Mill on the Floss*. The writer's own brother Isaac, who was three years her senior, was the original of Tom Tulliver. At five years of age Marian Evans went to school at Attleboro, where she remained for four years. Then she went to a boarding school at Nuneaton, where she formed a close friendship with the principal governess, Miss Lewis, with whom she subsequently corresponded. Later she went to school at Miss Franklin's, at Coventry, where she became for a time a fervent Evangelical. In 1836 she lost her mother, whom she devotedly loved ; the following year witnessed the marriage of her elder sister Christiana ; and from this time forward Marian Evans undertook the charge of her father's house. Masters came over from Coventry to instruct her in German, Italian, and music, and she was also an omnivorous reader of works in general literature. She was passionately fond of music, and attained considerable proficiency in rendering the works of her favourite composers, of whom Beethoven and Schubert were the chief. In 1841 Mr. Evans and his daughter removed to Foleshill, near Coventry, where Marian Evans established a firm friendship with Mr. Charles Bray, a philosophical writer, and his wife, and also with Mrs. Bray's sister and brother, Sara and Charles Hennell. Mr. Hennell was the author of a rationalistic work entitled *An Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity*. These new relationships had a destructive effect upon her religious views. She abandoned evangelicalism for scepticism, and it was with the utmost difficulty that her father persuaded her for a time to conform to the usual rules of public worship. At length she entirely threw off the old faith for shadowy opinions and cold negations which could ill satisfy such spiritual cravings as hers.

For nearly three years Marian Evans now devoted herself to a scholarly and able translation of Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, which

was published in 1846 by her friend, Dr. John Chapman. At a later period she translated Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*, and later still his *Ethics*. Losing her father in 1849, in order to mitigate the blow she went abroad, and resided with the Brays for some months at Geneva. Returning to London, in March, 1850, in September of the following year she became assistant-editor of the *Westminster Review*. About this time she translated Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity*, the only work to which she appended her real name. She was thrown into contact with many literary celebrities of the time, who were co-contributors to the *Westminster*. Her own contributions were not numerous, but there was an unmistakable vigour and originality in all she did. The most sarcastic paper she ever penned was one on "Worldliness and other Worldliness," in which she described the Poet Young, of the *Night Thoughts*, as "a being who languished at once for immortal life and for fat livings, who had a fervid attachment to patrons in general, but on the whole preferred the Almighty."

Thrown into friendly relations with Herbert Spencer and George Henry Lewes, Marian Evans's intimacy with the latter who was separated from his wife—grew so rapidly that in 1854 they defied the usages of society by forming a non-legal union, which lasted until the death of Lewes, in 1878. This lamentable step was injurious to Marian Evans—or George Eliot as I shall now call her—from many points of view. If I have rightly read the works of George Eliot I find running through them, like a golden thread, the duty of self-sacrifice. She teaches again and again that there is nothing higher or nobler than this. I therefore regret the loss of her personal moral influence, through this ill-advised step, on two grounds : first, because here was the one central opportunity of her career for carrying into effect her own noble doctrine of personal sacrifice ; and, secondly, because however friends might condone such an union, it deprived her of all moral hold upon the suffering and unfortunate members of her own sex, while it

was in contravention of those doctrines of social order upon which—notwithstanding their breach in individual cases—the safety and well-being of a nation depend. There are some matters in which even the greatest of mankind cannot be a law unto themselves.

In July, 1854, Lewes and George Eliot visited the Continent, making a considerable stay at Weimar, where Lewes was engaged upon his *Life of Goethe*. Then they proceeded to Berlin, where they made a still longer stay. On their return to England they resided successively at Dover, East Sheen, Richmond, and London. For some years George Eliot had been drawn towards imaginative literature, and in 1856 she resolved to make her first attempt at fiction, being urged thereto by Lewes. For this, posterity will owe that brilliant and versatile, if cross-grained man, a large debt of gratitude. The appearance in *Blackwood's Magazine* of that pathetic sketch, The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton—the first story in *Scenes of Clerical Life*—created the deepest interest in literary circles. I think that George Eliot never wrote anything more absolutely true to human nature than this moving transcript of life, while the whole volume of which it forms a part was never surpassed by the author in skill and delicacy of workmanship. Thackeray was greatly enamoured with the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, and on the publication of the whole series, it was another great novelist, Charles Dickens, who first expressed the conviction that the writer was a woman. There was something amusing in the guesses made at the real author, guesses which ranged from Professor Owen on the one hand to so widely different a man as Lord Lytton on the other. But there was one person not credited with the authorship who actually came forward and claimed it. This was a Mr. Joseph Liggins, of Nuneaton, who thought he saw a good thing for Liggins in the closely-veiled anonymity of the writer who had suddenly leapt into fame. When *Adam Bede* appeared it was still more strongly asserted that he was the new author, and a

warm controversy arose in *The Times*. A good many people believed in Liggins, and for some time all went well with his trade as an impostor. It was not until the publishers intervened that the bubble burst; but so difficult is imposture to kill that there were still a few who pinned their faith to Liggins. And even after the brilliant series of novels which George Eliot subsequently wrote, it is said that there was still one venerable gentleman, in the Isle of Man, who clung to the exploded Liggins. Credulity such as this, like the cultured stupidity we sometimes meet with, must require great pains to bring it to so high a degree of perfection.

As I shall endeavour to deal with the works of George Eliot in their natural succession, I will recite here a few remaining biographical facts in connection with the novelist. The closing years of her life were almost wholly spent at the Priory, a house near Regent's Park, which came to be the resort of men eminent in art, literature, and science. Besides the delight experienced in receiving her friends, this great writer found keen enjoyment in visiting the picture galleries, the Exhibition of Old Masters, the Saturday Afternoon Concerts, and last but not least, the Zoological Gardens, where she was fond of studying the habits and dispositions of the various animals. She also relished a visit to the theatre, and was a strong admirer of the genius of Salvini—which will not be surprising to those who had the felicity to listen to that great actor. In struggling talent of all kinds she was much interested, and she wrote a flattering letter to that strange and unhappy genius, the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*. During a stay in Hampshire, George Eliot saw the late Lord Tennyson occasionally, the Poet Laureate being then a comparatively near neighbour. It is stated that on one occasion the poet became involved with the novelist in a conversation on evolution, and matters of a kindred nature—Tennyson taking the orthodox and George Eliot the unorthodox side. After much close argument they bade each other farewell, and as George Eliot made her way

down the hill the Poet Laureate called out, 'Well, good-bye, you and your molecules.' The novelist replied in her deep low voice, 'I am quite content with my molecules.'

With regard to the religion of George Eliot, one who knew her affirms that while she had the highest regard for Mr. Lewes's opinions on this all-important question, she held firmly to her own. 'One of the chief subjects of difference consisted in their attitude towards Christianity: whereas he was its uncompromising opponent, she had the greatest sympathy with its various manifestations, from Roman Catholic asceticism to Evangelical austerity and Methodist fervour. Her reverence for every form of worship, in which mankind had more or less consciously embodied its sense of the mystery of all this unintelligible world, increased with the years.' Yet while she recognised the beneficial element in every form of religion, she did not accept Christianity as her own spiritual guide. She admired, but did not embrace it, at least after attaining womanhood. There seems to be no doubt that in its broad principles she accepted the doctrine of Auguste Comte; yet she was not a Positivist in the strict sense of the word, for concerning Comte's later speculations she said, 'I cannot submit my intellect or my soul to the guidance of Comte.' The assumption of the title, 'The Religion of Humanity,' by the Positivist, appears to me to be an arrogant one. The true religion of humanity is the religion of Jesus Christ, which embraces all that there is of good in Positivism, and much more. All the refinements of the modern philosophers have failed to add anything to the Sermon on the Mount; while their systems come infinitely short of the divine simplicity, the sublime grandeur, and the all-embracing love and beneficence manifested by the Founder of Christianity.

The death of Mr. Lewes was a severe shock to George Eliot. As soon as the survivor had partially recovered from the blow, she devoted herself to founding the George Henry Lewes Studentship. It was intended to be a lasting and a worthy

memorial of his high literary talent, his philosophical studies, and his scientific researches. The value of the studentship is slightly under £200 per annum, and persons of both sexes are admissible as candidates. Its object is to promote the prosecution of original researches in physiology, the science which Mr. Lewes, who was originally intended for the medical profession, had, during many years of his life, cultivated with patient toil and assiduous observation.

In May, 1880, George Eliot was united in marriage to Mr. John Walter Cross. This step somewhat surprised the world, but Mr. Cross had long been one of the novelist's warmest and most faithful friends, and in her loneliness she doubly appreciated his unselfish devotion, his sympathetic appreciation, and practical efficiency. But the union was destined to be of only very brief duration. After some months spent in foreign travel, Mr. and Mrs. Cross settled in their new home at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. Towards the close of the year 1880, that is on the 17th of December, George Eliot was present at the performance of the *Agamemnon* by the undergraduates of Balliol College. On the following day she attended the Saturday Popular Concert at St. James's Hall, and on Sunday received her friends at the house in Cheyne Walk. She complained of a slight affection of the larynx on the Monday, and by the following Wednesday imflammation had arisen in the heart. On the evening of the last named day, December 22nd, George Eliot passed calmly and painlessly away. The whole reading world was stricken with sorrow when it became known that this great writer had gone to solve for herself the mysteries of the unseen. She was buried by the side of Mr. Lewes in Highgate Cemetery. In 1883 her essays contributed to the *Westminster Review* were collected and published, and in 1884 Mr. Cross issued her Journals and Letters in the form of a biography.

There is a natural curiosity on the part of mankind to know something of the personal appearance of those who have become distinguished in any sphere. Fortunately this can be

gratified in the case of George Eliot. In her youth she was far from being beautiful in the generally-accepted sense. She had a quantity of soft pale brown hair worn in ringlets. Her head was massive, her features were powerful and rugged, her mouth was large but shapely, and her jaw was singularly square for a woman. It was not a head for a poet to rave about, but it might be safely inferred that it was a head which would give its owner a commanding position in the world. The head was indeed very large, and has been compared with Napoleon's for weight of brain. In shape, however, it strongly resembled that of one of her own heroes, Savonarola; it has also been compared with that of Dante, but it was of a square type, and lacked the fine arch which the head of the great Italian possessed. Late in life, those who knew George Eliot would see her grey eyes lighting up from time to time with a sympathetic glow, would note the sensitive and spiritual countenance, with mind and music breathing from it. Her general demeanour was composed and gracious; her utterance fluent and finished, but somewhat measured; her voice clear and melodious, moving evenly, as it were in a monotone, though now and then with a sort of quiet eagerness, into a higher note. While not above the middle height, she gave the spectator the impression of being much taller, as her figure was thin and slight, and well poised. She never enjoyed robust health, and was of a highly nervous temperament. In youth she was sometimes wayward and hysterical. Her susceptibilities were extremely keen, and it will overthrow the traditions of some to know that one who was apparently above the weakness of her sex, was so emotional that she was known by her friends to shed floods of tears. But in truth, with all her philosophy, this illustrious woman had that which will ever ennoble her sex beyond all other gifts—a yearning, brooding heart. Much more happiness would have come to that heart than there did, could but its owner have clearly grasped and realised the consolations of religion.

With regard to the position of George Eliot as a writer, she

certainly stands alone in England among her own sex as a novelist. From the lofty niche she occupies she looks down upon mankind with sad but benignant eyes. Comparisons between her and other writers of fiction must always fail. In what sense does she resemble those mighty brethren of her craft, Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens? These writers are equally great, but cannot be compared with each other. Of course, the one central leading power, without which no novelist will ever attain to eminence, is as conspicuous in the author of *Middlemarch*, as it is in the author of *Vanity Fair*—namely, the power of perception. But there the comparison almost entirely ends. Like Thackeray, George Eliot is able to sound the depths and gauge the motives of men, but the insight acts upon the two minds in quite a different way, and the genius consequently works in a different groove. The speculation as to which is the superior is a thankless one, for as some minds will continue to be more deeply moved by George Eliot, so others will continue to recognise a finer literary skill in Thackeray. Then, too, as regards Dickens—while it is true that George Eliot exhibits a deeper penetration than Dickens, there has on the other hand never been a writer in the world who has given us such portraits as Dickens drew by simple touches of personal appearance. Dickens got to the inner by means of the outer. If he did not go beneath the surface, and probe his characters to their depths, he has yet left us a large portrait gallery of very distinct and striking creations. Perhaps more points of resemblance might be discovered between Sir Walter Scott and George Eliot, but here again the points of difference are very pronounced. Scott is full of life and action, George Eliot of thought and reflection. Both can individualise character, but Scott at his best is a finer character-painter than George Eliot. And with regard to making us realise the historic scenes and personages of the past, Scott had no compeer. It may be conceded that George Eliot has written two—perhaps three—works which entitle her to a place

in the first rank of novelists, but considering her life's work as a whole, there are several names which must remain higher than her own. However, such pitting of novelists against each other is like comparing Homer with Virgil, Byron with Tennyson, or any others whose genius presents as wide a dissimilarity.

When the *Scenes of Clerical Life* appeared, competent judges at once perceived that the originalities had received an accession—though it was left for the authoress's next work to create that popular fervour which ever afterwards attended the publication of her various novels and poems. The power of the *Scenes of Clerical Life* lies, I think, beyond doubt in their absolute truthfulness—a truthfulness which embraces situation and character alike. The artist is seen carefully at work, labouring with the minuteness of a Flemish painter, and only in *Middlemarch* is there to be witnessed the same Teniers-like detail and effect. The picture is complete. Behind the observant eye, which has preserved for us all the minutiæ of natural scenery, there has been the heart engaged in sympathy and fellowship with the human character. Shepperton church, with its vicar, its clerk, and its choir, is as real to the reader as that little village church or meeting house of his own, of which he has reminiscences stowed away in some far corner of his memory. But better than this, the finest emotions of our nature have been stirred by the pitiful fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton and of Janet Dempster. The book thrills us, saddens us, almost makes us partake in the agony of its subjects, yet we cannot lay it down. We must go on till we have seen each character drink its last drop of the cup of bitterness. Probably no story in real life ever moved us more than did that of 'Janet's Repentance.' Yet many such tragic lives are being led around us every day, of which the world has no cognisance—perhaps does not care to have cognisance. But the terrible individualisation of suffering in these sketches moved the most careless. This achievement of art remains

one of the most indelible of the kind in the language. George Eliot in these *Scenes* established herself as a writer from whom the very highest work might be expected; and she had done this with a choice of topics in themselves decidedly unpleasant. Treated by most other writers, such fearfully painful experiences would have proved a failure; here they were sublimated by genius. Thus it was that George Eliot laid the broad basis of her career. This work formed one epoch in her literary life.

The promise held forth in these sketches was fully redeemed in *Adam Bede*. 'The large conception, the vivid colouring, the earnest purpose, the austere and noble ethic, the marvellous humour, the ample culture, the delicate selective and creative talent of the new novelist'—all testified to the truth of the prediction that a writer of great and unusual power had arisen. Yet how simple, nay even commonplace, are the incidents and characters in this novel! An impulsive and ignorant girl with a pretty face; a high-souled and high-tempered workman; a selfish young squire; an enthusiastic female evangelist; a betrayal; a quarrel; a homicide; a reprieve—these are the every-day elements into which genius has breathed a vital force. They become the constituents of a moving tragedy, whose various acts, as enthralled spectators, we see passing before us. The lesson or retribution for human deeds, first taught in the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, is again enforced. 'We reap what we sow,' observes the author; 'but nature has love over and above that of justice, and gives us shadow and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours.' In *Adam Bede* there is that jostling of comedy with tragedy which is so characteristic of real life. The wit and the pathos are alike human. If the book were to live for nothing else, it would be immortal for the sweet Methodist saint, Dinah, and for that unapproachable humourist, Mrs. Poyser.

The Mill on the Floss, notwithstanding its tragic scenes, its strongly-marked characters, and its many passages charged with true poetic beauty or with human passion, leaves the

reader in a sad and despondent state. This may be life, but is it the whole of life? 'In Maggie of Dorlcote Mill,' says a writer in *Blackwood*, 'we find revealed many of the feelings and stages of thought and temperament through which George Eliot herself must undoubtedly have passed. The imaginative girl, seeking for a more refined sympathy than that which she found around her; disposed to quarrel with surface conventionalities; full of love to all, but too sensitive to show it; happy in her own world, but still striving after a more ideal life, of which she gets fitful glimpses through the few books that come to her hand—Maggie Tulliver must surely have been of kindred blood to the girl that was to be one day George Eliot.' Despair, which seems to be written by our author upon all human life and all human endeavour, broods over Dorlcote Mill. Nothing is allowed to end happily. Poor, crippled Philip, with his keen susceptibilities and brilliant talents, sees in Maggie Tulliver the goal for which his spirit craves: but the great compensation of life is snatched from him. He is brought near enough to have a glimpse of Paradise, and then thrown back into the vortex of bitter disappointment. And Maggie, with all her wild impulses, fares little better. But for a few brilliant gleams of sunshine, her life is one of continuous gloom. All the characters in this terrible drama seem from their first appearance to be working against each other for evil. The cross purposes of the world are displayed in all their wretched and calamitous perfection. Little by little, the meshes are wound about that large-souled, noble, good-desiring, but wrong-doing Maggie Tulliver, till at last there is but one ending for her failures and mistakes. She asks in her agony for death—'But how long it will be before death comes! I am so young, so healthy. How shall I have patience and strength? Am I to struggle and fall, and repent again?—has life other trials as hard for me still?' No, the end comes, though in real life this is not always the case when the soul feels that it has touched the extreme limit of suffering.

It is sometimes left to perfect itself in resignation. This story conveys the impression that the author swerved from her original purpose—that as it progressed she drifted into that current of sadness which is all-potent with her. One rather desires an ending which should leave the spirit of Maggie Tulliver to purify itself, and grow strong in the same world which had witnessed her failures. Moral strength had already begun to return to her, and her fine spirit might have worked out its fuller conclusions; but her history is abruptly closed, and the real heroism of her nature is not suffered to manifest itself.

After a brief story called *The Lifted Veil*—which revealed extraordinary insight—the mastery of George Eliot in depicting broken lives, and the affection with which she hovers round them, were again exhibited in *Silas Marner*. From a literary point of view, this is a beautiful and almost perfect idyll. The pathos of common life is here admirably illustrated, while the elements of the story are simple in the extreme. It is the record of a humble weaver, belonging to a small Dissenting community which assembled in Lantern Yard, in the back streets of a manufacturing town. This lonely man has lost his faith in everything, human and divine: but see how he is recovered. 'In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand, and led them away from the City of Destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men *are* led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.' Such is the story of the weaver of Raveloe: a little child is to lead him back again to the faith which he has lost—is to be the connecting link between him and an over-ruling Providence, whose existence he had begun to doubt. The golden head of Effie, as he sees her lying upon the floor, seems to him to be his gold, which had been stolen, come back to him again. This is a fantastic idea, yet it is very

striking. But the child was something more than Silas Marner's gold; it was a messenger from the Unseen, and stirred in him feelings which had long lain dormant. The whole gist and philosophy of the history of Silas Marner is given in these words, spoken by one of the characters: 'It's the will o' Them above as a-many things should be dark to us; but there's some things as I've never felt i' the dark about, and they're mostly what comes i' the day's work. You were hard done by that once, Master Marner; and it seems as though you'll never know the rights of it; but that doesn't hinder there *being* a rights, Master Marner, for all it's dark to you and me.'

This brief but finished work—which bears in its chief incident a remarkable resemblance to a Polish story—was the prelude to a much greater venture. A second epoch in George Eliot's literary career was reached with the publication of *Romola*. Upon this the authoress had expended enormous labour, and an almost unexampled wealth of erudition. It is undoubtedly true that this is the most ambitious, the most rich in culture, the most daring in effort, and the most Miltonic in conception, of all the writer's works. While readers differ very much as to the masterpieces of George Eliot, all must agree that *Romola* is one of two or three works upon which her fame will chiefly rest. Yet with all the lavish effort bestowed upon this novel, the authoress has not been quite successful in transferring us into the midst of that Italian life which she professes to depict. Mazzini found fault with the introduction, and the handling, of the great figure of Savonarola. He considered that it compared unfavourably with the character of Adam Bede. Another competent judge, Dante Rossetti, expressed himself to a similar effect. He did not think that the tone and colour of Italian life in the fifteenth century were caught with that intuitive perception of a bygone age which distinguished a Walter Scott or a Meinhold. Yet it is a marvellous book, notwithstanding; and its profound, its un-

dying interest centres in the painting of Romola and Tito. In these individualities George Eliot surpassed herself, and she scarcely approached them in power in her later works.

Tito is probably the most subtly-devised and most consistently developed of all George Eliot's creations. 'His serpentine beauty, his winning graciousness, his esthetic refinements, his masculine energy of intellect, his insinuating affectionateness, with his selfish love of pleasure and his cowardly recoil from pain, his apparent serenity and treacherous calm, as of a faithless summer sea, make up a being that at once fascinates and repels, that invites love, but turns our love into loathing almost before we have given it.' Selfishness and treachery gradually encrust his spirit, and he who seemed a beautiful personification of spring becomes a hateful and a pitiable thing. The suffering which such an evil spirit entails upon others is painfully shown in the cross which Romola is called upon to bear. But it brings out the true nobility of her spirit; and the degradation of the one thus becomes the crown of glory of the other. But the lesson is bitter. The guilt of Tito is not only the curse of his own soul, but it draws others into misery, despair, and vengeance. Baldasarre, who had made an idol of the youth, it transforms into a murderer. With Romola the ending was different; but she only came off bearing the scars of sanguinary moral battles. She conquered, as by her life. And when the tumult of existence subsided, and she was able to take up the thread of her history and interpret its significance to the world, this is what she said to the youth Lillo: 'It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as for ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because

our souls see it is good. There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world that no man can be great -he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking much about pleasure or reward and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful. My father had the greatness that belongs to integrity ; he chose poverty and obscurity rather than falsehood. And there was Fra Girolamo—you know why I keep to-morrow sacred—he had the greatness which belongs to a life spent in struggling against powerful wrongs and in trying to raise men to the highest deeds they are capable of. And so, my Lillo, if you mean to act nobly, and seek to know the best things God has put within the reach of man, you must learn to fix your mind on that end, and not on what will happen to you because of it. And remember, if you were to choose something lower and make it the rule of your life to seek your own pleasure and escape what is disagreeable, calamity might come just the same ; and it would be a calamity falling on a base mind, which is the one form of sorrow that has no balm in it, and that may well make a man say, "It would have been better for me if I had never been born." ' It seems to me that this speech is as noble as though pronounced by a monarch over his fallen crown and dismantled palaces—one who has lost the material symbols of royalty, but preserved the richer sceptre of a conquering spirit.

English provincial life formed the basis of George Eliot's next novel, *Felix Holt.* In this story, aided by an address to working men by Felix Holt, we can arrive at some understanding of the writer's social and political principles. While she heartily rejoiced in progress of every kind, and welcomed the enfranchisement of the operative class, she laid great stress upon the development of the individual—his mental and moral growth. As we are the sufferers for the wrong-doing of our ancestors, she earnestly implores every man to leave behind him a better inheritance for posterity. Even the most advanced political privileges would be unable to cure all the evils of the

body politic—it rests with the man himself, by constant and laborious effort and by noble living, to lift the race in the scale of being. The novel of *Felix Holt* is entertaining as a link between a dying and a coming generation ; and the way in which social revolutions affect village existence is told with much humour, shrewdness, and truthfulness. The acerbities of Felix are softened by the sweet influence of the refined Esther ; while, on the other hand, the unsuspected heroism of Esther is made manifest by the power of the vigorous intellect and iron will of the Radical workman. Rufus Lyon, the saintly old minister, is powerfully drawn ; his large heart shines through his quaint religious phrases. But in spite of its many excellences, the novel is but an adumbration of the power which produced *Romola*. From the general, and also from the artistic point of view, it is the least successful of all George Eliot's works.

It was followed, however, by a novel which deservedly ranks as her greatest literary offspring, *Middlemarch*. This signalises the third and crowning epoch of George Eliot's literary career. It is to its authoress what *Hamlet* is to Shakespeare. In reading it one scarcely knows which to admire most—its literary execution, its philosophy, or its profound studies of character. It is one of the finest and most finished productions of our time. The whole of its parts may be taken as eight separate canvases, on which the most admirable and perfect paintings have been executed—each a complete representation in itself, but, if desired, forming a series around which as a whole the most intense interest clings. As a portrait gallery alone, without any reference to the narrative, what high rank does this work take ! Dorothea Brooke, the heroine, is worthy to rank with Romola and Fedalma, and in all these we find lofty and stately souls—women more after the type of the grand Greek heroines. Dorothea viewed life from the highest possible standpoint. She was 'enamoured of greatness and intensity, and rash in embracing whatever seemed to

her to have those aspects ; likely to seek martyrdom, to make retractions, and then to incur martyrdom after all in a quarter where she had not sought it.' Such a combination of talent and aspiration as met in Dorothea Brooke is rarely found in human life. With all her failures—and she had her failures—she was moved by grand ideas, and such a nature must always shine upon the race like some splendid star. Next in vigour of drawing comes Mr. Casaubon, the learned rector—a man who fulfilled to the letter one of the cardinal principles to be deduced from George Eliot's writings—'Plain living and high thinking.' It is amusing to note the attitude of the two sisters with regard to Mr. Casaubon.

'"It is so painful in you, Celia, that you will look at human beings as if they were mere animals with a toilette, and never see the great soul in a man's face."

'"Has Mr. Casaubon a great soul?" Celia was not without a touch of naïve malice.

'"Yes, I believe he has," said Dorothea, with the full voice of decision. "Everything I see in him corresponds to his pamphlet on Biblical Cosmology."

'"He talks very little," said Celia.

'"There is no one for him to talk to."'

The result is inevitable : Dorothea accepts the fusty student, with his moles, his deep eye-sockets like those of John Locke, and his unfinished Key to all the Mythologies. Nay, she almost idolises Mr. Casaubon for taking her, and perhaps her enthusiasm is not altogether wrong—it is only a little blind. Her mistake finds her out. She discovers that learned researches, however elevating and satisfying in themselves to the person chiefly concerned, are not sufficient to meet the cravings of a warm and enthusiastic nature. Dorothea cared little for what the world might say about her marriage, but to learn that her ideal was not so lofty as she had anticipated, was, to her, like drinking of the Wells of Marah. It is said that an undiscriminating friend once condoled with George Eliot on

the melancholy experience which, from her knowledge of Mr. Lewes, had taught her to depict the gloomy character of Casaubon. There was really nothing in common between the two, and when the novelist laughingly assured her friend of his mistake, he asked—'From whom then did you draw Casaubon?' She pointed with earnestness to her own heart.

We will say over Dorothea Brooke what she herself said to the brilliant but shallow artist, Ladislaw, 'Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have had a striving good enough to be called a failure.' I cannot linger over the other inhabitants of the town of Middlemarch—but many of them are indelibly stamped on the memory: Lydgate, with his lofty ideal, shattered by the frivolous Rosamond; Sir James Chetham, blessed with all the blessings of mediocrity; Bulstrode, the banker, a marvellous creation; Bambridge, the horse dealer, who was given to indulgence—chiefly in swearing, drinking, and beating his wife; and certainly not least, Caleb Garth, one of the most admirable, solid characters in fiction—an upright and downright Englishman.

Middlemarch, like other novels from the same hand, has repeated references to religious beliefs; and there is the utter scorn of cant, which distinguishes George Eliot, visible again and again. The satire is not malicious, but it is very effective. There is also a deep sympathy for those who are fighting inwardly with the deepest of soul-problems: yet the lesson of the whole work for such is dispiriting. With all its compassion and sympathy, there is little substantial aid in clearing away the dark clouds of doubt. There are but a few vague references to some kind of faith. Dorothea herself is without an anchor, and although there are comparisons to St. Theresa, this is only the more surprising; for who can conceive of an exalted woman without that higher kind of religiosity which lifts her away from the world and up to the Highest? Woman is naturally more reverential than man—taking the sex as a whole—and accepting George Eliot's portrait of Dorothea—and she has nothing

better to offer us—it does seem strange, remembering her cravings after the highest good, that she should not have turned to that Fulness, whose existence and accessibility George Eliot teaches in works which are in every other respect inferior to this.

No life with Faith can be a failure. I do not mean by Faith, belief in any special, dogmatic creed, but that influence operating upon the human soul, which causes it to say in the moments of its supremest anguish,—

> 'Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> To pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;
>
> That nothing walks with aimless feet;
> That not one life shall be destroyed,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete.'

And, indeed, in the closing words of her masterpiece in fiction, George Eliot points almost to the same thing, though in a shadowy and indistinct manner. This is the passage, beautiful and eloquent in expression, referring to Dorothea, as we lose sight of her in the two concluding sentences—possibly correcting an opinion which the authoress herself might think she had previously germinated as to the aimlessness of life:—'Her finely-touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not widely visible. Her full nature, like that river of which Alexander broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive: for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number of those who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.'

The wit and the profound philosophy of *Middlemarch* must have been appreciated by every reader, as well as that marvel-

lous faculty of being able to get at the heart of things. And all this reflectiveness is united to practical talent. The novelist has not only the power of thought, but the genius of interpretation. The happy blending of these two was never seen in greater perfection. This study of provincial life remains almost unequalled. It shows again the old power of true genius touching with undying interest the people of common life. Master-spirits need never go in search of the bizarre or the extraordinary: their materials are at hand; they are found in the daisy, the cornfield, the woods, the cattle, and in unnoted and unnoticeable fellow-men. Potentially, human nature is not greater than its poorest unit: the emotion of the peasant is as true and touching as that of the king; and our masters are those who can make us feel the dignity of the one as truly as that of the other. George Eliot conspicuously possessed this power. It shines forth, with other qualities I have named, in *Middlemarch*—and I think that work is worthy to be called the great epic of English middle-class life.

Daniel Deronda, the last of the brilliant series of novels by this writer, has fine qualities, but it was not the equal of its predecessor. The remarkable impression, however, upon the Jewish mind was 'a strong testimony to the author's power, from a race that has never been easily influenced by Gentile writings; while their acknowledgment of the accuracy and thoroughness with which she had grasped Jewish sentiment and culture, was a striking tribute to the breadth and depth of her studies.' A Jewish professor wrote, that 'in the Valhalla of the Jewish people, among the tokens of homage which the genius of centuries has offered and laid down, *Daniel Deronda* will take its place as the proudest testimony of English recognition.' There are many people who never think of the Jews without collateral ideas of usury and extortion, forgetting that this ancient race can lay claim to one of the most illustrious of human records. George Eliot resolved that a Gentile should do full justice to their noble aspirations and their unswerving

faith, and eloquently did she fulfil her task. Yet the book in which she achieved this is in some other respects disappointing. The character most cleverly drawn—the cruel and supercilious Grandcourt—is the most repulsive. He combines the maximum of pride with the minimum of humanity. In Gwendolen, the authoress herself states that she wished to draw a girl of the period. 'Fascinating, accomplished, of syren-like beauty, she has every outward grace, combined with a singular inward vacuity. The deeper aspects of life are undreamed of in her philosophy. Her religion consists in a vague awe of the unknown and invisible, and her ambition in the acquisition of rank, wealth, and personal distinction. She is selfish, vain, frivolous, worldly, domineering, yet not without sudden impulses of generosity and fits of affection.' Deronda himself is no doubt clever, and moved by the highest aspirations and emotions, but he poses too much, and creates a suspicion that he is something of a prig. He has a bad habit—or at least this is the result of the way in which he is drawn—of calling attention to his own surpassing perfections. As Lord Beaconsfield said of Mr. Horsman, 'He is a very superior person indeed.' But for this defect, Deronda would have been a great character. Mordecai is in many respects more finely drawn, and affords scope to the authoress for her apotheosis of the Jewish race. But the work as a whole is too psychological for a novel—its analytical skill is astonishing, but minute almost to painfulness. It is a record of inner life long drawn out, and of the fight with opposing circumstances. There are also inconsistencies of character, especially in regard to Deronda and Gwendolen—but then, George Eliot delights in cross-purposes; and in avoiding the semblance of partisanship sometimes sins against probability. Several individuals in *Daniel Deronda* are, nevertheless, worthy of the highest praise, on the ground of their truth and faithfulness in delineation Lapidoth, for example, Mirah, and Mrs. Glasher.

But the book is due to a philosophical rather than to a

spiritual influence, and this will account for its partial failure. The reader gets no help toward the solution of moral and spiritual problems. There is no vital, permeating faith in the work. In its philosophy it is suggestive, discriminating, acute; but it is not helpful, satisfying, and triumphant. The highly gifted should not only prove a fountain of wisdom, but a source of consolation to mankind. The streams which have flowed from George Eliot's genius have rather been those of wisdom. If her spiritual force had been equal to her intellectual, then indeed she would have ranked with the greatest writers of the time. To take a parallel in illustration of my meaning. The astronomer may impart to me his knowledge—may tell me the properties of the sun, may even measure its distance from the earth, and its dimensions, with the greatest accuracy—but while I am lost in wonder at his facts, I feel they are little after all compared with that other knowledge I possess—that the sun gives to the myriad beings who inhabit this earth, their light, their power, and their life; and that he is the everlasting re-creator of all the multitudinous forms of being.

One more volume, *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such*, closed the list of George Eliot's prose works. In this series of papers, which, on the whole—notwithstanding their brilliant wit—are hard and laboured in thought and expression, is one beautiful essay, entitled, 'Looking Backward.' With some little necessary change, the writer gives here tender reminiscences of her own life, as it first opened out with its great possibilities. There is also a second admirable study, 'Debasing the Moral Currency,' which enters a wholesome protest against the degradation of whatever is noble in art and heroic in action.

The poetry of George Eliot now demands some attention. High as she herself ranked this class of effort, and deep as was her affection for the poetic offshoots of her intellect—I for one cannot regard her as a fine poet, much less a great one. A calm study of her most ambitious poem, *The Spanish Gypsy*,

must, I think, inevitably lead others to the same conclusion. It is not spontaneous and natural. Neither, too, is there that fire which should burn through the form of words in which a poet's ideas are clothed. Strong as the assertion may seem, a few lyrics of Shelley or of Burns, or of any others who possessed the real bardic fire, are worth the whole of *The Spanish Gypsy*. George Eliot was too self-possessed to be a poet: she lacked the abandonment, I had almost said that touch of divine madness, necessary to the production of that character. Her poems stand in the same relation to true poetry as statues do to living, breathing human beings. The form is there, graceful and regular, the features are beautifully chiselled, but the soul is absent. Her creations are like the marble, cold; they are life-*like*, but without life. The fact is she was too critical, and her ear was not attuned to the eternal harmonies of the heavenly choir. Poetry is very largely melody, song—and a poet without music may be compared to a lark without voice—only the name of the thing for which we have sought. It is not perfect measure even that makes the poet, else George Eliot would come into that category. Her blank verse is perfect as regards form; it is also in some instances sonorous and majestic—but it never masters us. She does not reach the deepest chords of our being, whereas the real singer can play upon them at will. Occasionally, there is a passage to remind us of the quaint old poets, for its conceit and beauty, as when Fedalma says:—

> 'Perhaps the wind
> Wails so in winter for the summers dead,
> And all sad sounds are Nature's funeral cries
> For what has been and is not.'

But if *Hamlet* be a great poem, or *Faust* be a great poem, then assuredly *The Spanish Gypsy* is not. The rush of life is absent from the drama as a whole, and the lyrics, though carefully constructed, lack spontaneity. *Jubal* and *Armgart* come nearer to the true inspiration; but even these are rather con-

tinuous bursts of rhetoric, which, having one grand idea as their basis, seem now and then to glow with poetic fire. When their writer attempts more she fails. She begins to construct and ceases to create. It is this creative power which singles out the great poet. It never fails of recognition. The illiterate can perceive it as well as the learned. It is the patent of the Divine. All lofty singers have it, and it becomes their passport to immortality. This patent George Eliot did not possess.

I pass on now to a consideration of the main characteristics of this gifted woman as a writer, and also to the ethical value of her works. And first the fact of her varied culture is borne in strongly upon us. She was not only acquainted with the literatures of various modern languages, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, but she had high classical attainments. Homer, the great Greek tragedians, Plato, and other philosophers, and the Latin poets, were all familiar to her. Yet this wealth of erudition is never offensively obtruded in her works, while in her conversation also she wore all her 'weight of learning like a flower.'

As regards the salient features of her genius or spirit, I have already touched upon that dominant element of sadness which broods over all her works. She is moved with a profound sorrow for the whole human race: she individualises humanity, and declares it to be miserable and unhappy. Her books are almost overweighted with sadness. Do what she will, the world's burden is ever pressing heavily upon her—till her wit is now and again tinged with bitterness, and more frequently still with melancholy. The projection out of self, which should distinguish the highest artist, is only rarely exhibited in George Eliot. I do not say that her yearning and her deep sympathy are not very true and very beautiful. Moreover, it is only the good or the great who know how to feel the 'infinite pity and the pain.' The sadness of a philanthropist or a philosopher is a very deep feeling—one of the strongest of all emotions. George Eliot is a mixture of the philanthropist and the philosopher:

she perceives the weight of human misery, and her powerlessness to lift it from the sufferers afflicts her. Many writers are able to strike the principal chords of human feeling, but she possesses the uncommon power of touching those minor subtle tones out of which springs the truest pathos. At one time there gleamed through all her sadness the bright star of faith: when she was less philosophical she was more hopeful. Two characters are strongly typical of these states of feeling—Janet Dempster and Dorothea Brooke. Janet was no learned woman, no sophist, but a simple, suffering human being. Yet when old Mr. Tryan, the dying minister, said to her, 'I shall not look for you in vain at the last,' she could reply, 'I shall be there. God will not forsake me.' This was a higher condition of mind than Dorothea—that yet grand and noble character—ever attained. It is some such looking for the light, and not apprehending it, which has begotten in all readers such a sublime pity for her. If Dorothea Brooke, in addition to her splendid nature, had possessed that one element given to Janet Dempster, she would have been one of the most perfect, as she is now one of the very noblest heroines in fiction.

Another striking characteristic of George Eliot, scarcely less conspicuous than her sadness, is her power of observation. Although she makes no parade of this faculty, nothing escapes her, and her skill is equally noticeable when dealing with the aggregate or the single. The scenery of the Midlands affords little scope for sublime descriptions: the massive is almost entirely absent, but the beautiful is everywhere, and of this George Eliot is cognizant. What better descriptions can be found than those of Raveloe, Milby, Stone Court, and Shepperton? And this remarkable faculty is equally apparent when she deals with village life. Yet this power of description is equalled if not transcended by a more extraordinary endowment still, namely, her humour. Its quality is entirely her own, as in the case of every genuine humorist. We should never, for instance, confound the humour of Dickens with that of

Thackeray, or that of George Eliot with either. In her pages, it is generally like a silver stream, meandering through the lovely meadows of her thought—bright, pleasant, and beautifying. Now and then it is deep, scathing, and searching, but never coarse. We laugh without malice at the weaknesses of her creations, and at their personal and distinctive qualities. Mrs. Poyser is in her way equal to any humorous conception in the language. She is truer than Mrs. Gamp, and quite as original. Her sayings alone suffice to make *Adam Bede* one of the most mirth-suggestive books in the language. I will add here a few examples of the wit of George Eliot:—

'There's allays two 'pinions,' observes one character; 'there's the 'pinion a man has o' hissen, and there's the 'pinion other folks have on him.'

'I aren't like a bird-clapper,' says Mrs. Poyser, 'forced to make a rattle when the wind blows on me. I can keep my own counsel when there's no good i' speaking.'

'I'm not denyin' the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men.'

'I know what the men like, a poor soft, as 'ud simper at 'em like a pictur' o' the sun, whether they did right or wrong. That's what a man want's in a wife mostly: he wants to make sure o' one fool as 'ull tell him he's wise.'

'Some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside.'

Such examples could be multiplied a hundredfold. And there is nothing forced in this writer's wit: it seems to flow as naturally from her mind as music does from the throat of a bird. Occasionally she gives us a whole scene which is saturated with humour, as when she describes the conversation at the Rainbow, in *Silas Marner*. Her humour is nearly always of the rich and mellow kind.

Among other distinguishing features of George Eliot is her marvellous insight into the character of women, for there are few

types of her own sex which are not to be found in her pages. Then there is her exquisite touch in depicting children and their ways. Mr. Swinburne expressed but the general sentiment when he said that no man or woman, so far as he could recollect, outside the order of poets, had ever written of children with such adorable fidelity of affection as the spiritual mother of Totty, of Effie, and of Lillo. And through all her creations, with their reflex action upon each other, there breathes that one great lesson of charity which all should learn to translate into action. The novelist beseeches us, in the name of this noble charity, not to hand over our fellow-men to God's mercy while we show none ourselves.

My last word shall be upon the great ethical value of her works. Although she has the power of stirring the human soul to its depths without being able completely to satisfy it, she is yet not without her rich consolations. Her ideal of life is an exalted one, and she tells us, improving upon a sentiment of Emerson, that what makes life dreary is the want of motive. 'I am lord of this moment,' she exclaims, 'and will fill it with good and honest work. None can afford to be idle in this age. Deeds are the pulse of time, and the Godhead in us wrings our noble deeds from our reluctant selves.' To those who are slack in the race she says :—

> 'The time is great. What times are little? Royal deeds
> May make long destinies for multitudes.'

The striving, the aspiring soul chooses to walk high with sublimer dread rather than to crawl in safety. Again, all have work to do, and in God's war slackness is infamy. And that which is best for the individual is best for the State. 'The eminence, the nobleness of a people, depend on its capability of being stirred by memories, and of striving for what we call spiritual ends—ends which consist not in immediate material possession, but in the satisfaction of a great feeling that animates the collective body as with one soul.' And in doing right, men

must be prepared for opposition. Copernicus and Galileo were immovably convinced in the face of hissing incredulity, and we must cultivate their heroic spirit. 'Let my body dwell in poverty, and my hands be as the hands of the toiler, but let me not yield up my courage and my efforts after the right and the true. Let my soul be as a temple of remembrance where the treasures of knowledge enter, and the inner sanctuary is hope. And, moreover, let the excellence I see in others encourage me about life generally, for it shows the spiritual wealth of the world. But in all this striving do not let men forget that there is in him a higher than mere love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof he may find blessedness.' Such is my brief epitome of the teaching of this eminent writer, who held it to be nobler to suffer and to conquer than never to suffer at all. We may well emulate her charity, her breadth of human sympathy, her tenderness towards all human shortcomings, and that aspiring spirit which caused her to exclaim:—

'O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.'

The grand influences of a writer like this are imperishable. If she has no new gospel to communicate, she has illumined old truths with vivid and matchless skill. Humanity, too, with all its stern reality, endeavour, and failure, she has realised with truthfulness and power. She will leave an indelible impression upon the century, for her work has been uniformly pure, true, and noble. While England has had no other age which in lofty genius can compare with that of Shakespeare—'the spacious

times of great Elizabeth'—we yet live in an era which may fairly be called illustrious, whether in respect to the domain of science, of art, or of letters; and in the eyes of posterity no small share of the glory that must attach to the Victorian age of literature will gather round the name and the works of George Eliot.

JENNY LIND.

JENNY LIND

One can scarcely conceive of a career which left a higher personal impress than that of the Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind. In the records of musical and dramatic art such a pure and lofty realisation of the greatest artistic success with the noblest ideal of womanhood is probably unexampled. We marvel how one who sprang from the ranks of the poor should have risen to give the keenest delight to all who were privileged to listen to her, from the monarch to the peasant, and yet have preserved the same child-like and beautiful simplicity of character with which she set forth on her marvellous and adventurous course. The sceptic, who believes nothing of a future existence, and accepts only the philosophy of selfishness in this, may discover another object lesson in the life of Jenny Lind; for here he will find the Christianity he so much deprecates the moving spring of her actions, the tempering force when she had attained the giddy heights of public recognition, and the strength and consolation of her soul until it left its earthly tenement of clay. Her smile was heavenly at all times, and, according to Dean Stanley, was only 'equalled by Pusey's.' The elevation of her moral character and her deeply religious nature impressed all who knew her. The endowments of Nature she held in trust for others; as she made she gave, so that her life was twice blessed—it was blessed in the dower of song and blessed in the sacred gifts of philanthropy.

The power of Jenny Lind's genius was such, that while she

became one of the most popular artists that ever lived, and carried by storm such musical centres as Berlin, Leipzig, Copenhagen, Munich, Vienna, and London, she also fascinated the highest and best minds of Europe. As her biographers, Canon Holland and Mr. Rockstro, have pointed out, in their admirable narrative of her early art-life and dramatic career, men of genius recognised in her something akin to themselves. In her native land her warmest admirers included Geijer, the historian, and the highest intellectual authority in Sweden, Topelius, the poet, Fredrika Bremer, Bishop Thomander, and Lindblad, 'the Schubert of Sweden;' in Copenhagen they included Hans Christian Andersen, Thorwaldsen, Jensen, Melbye, and Œhlenschläger; in Berlin Tieck and Kaulbach; and in other cities Meyerbeer, Moscheles, Thalberg, Taubert, Schumann, Grillparzer, and last, but not least, Mendelssohn, who declared, 'she is as great an artist as ever lived, and the greatest I have known.' She was not merely one of those musical luminaries who appear for a season, or at the most two or three seasons, and whose comet-like splendour is soon extinguished, but a brilliant fixed star in the higher regions of dramatic art. She not only more than maintained her own upon the lyric and operatic stage, but attained a supremacy in the domain of sacred oratorio which has never been questioned or rivalled.

Jenny Lind was born of poor parentage at Stockholm, on the 6th of October, 1820. Her father, Niclas Jonas Lind, was the son of a lace manufacturer, but he had been unable to continue this business, and acted as accountant or clerk to a private merchant. He was only twenty-two years of age when his daughter was born. At her baptism she received the names of Johanna Maria. Lind was a shiftless kind of character, but with some talent for music, and he joined with great gusto in the musical festivities associated with the song-writer, Bellman, who was a kind of Swedish Burns, and whose stirring compositions were held in high honour long after his death. The best practical qualities in the Lind household were furnished by

Jenny's mother, who came of a good stock, and who had already been married at the age of eighteen to a Captain Radberg. He was a worthless and vicious character, and she obtained a divorce from him, the court granting her the custody of her child Amelia Maria Constantia. Mrs. Lind was energetic and intelligent, and at the time of Jenny's birth was keeping a day-school for girls. She boarded two of her pupils, and one of them, Louise Johansson, who was nine years older than Jenny, afterwards became of great service to her as a companion and friend.

For the first three years of her life, Jenny Lind was placed under the care of Carl Ferudal, organist and parish clerk of Sollentuna, which was about fifteen English miles from Stockholm. As a child she seems to have imbibed some of the best of the national characteristics of Sweden—its home-love, its music, its simplicity, depth, and dignity—and she revelled in the natural beauties of the country. In 1824 she was taken back to her home in Stockholm; and during the next few years those profound spiritual influences which ruled her throughout life were first stirred and moulded within her by her grandmother, who was also the earliest to discover her musical gifts. This is how the child Jenny's talent was first made known: 'Coming up from the country to the town, she was struck by the music of the military bugles that daily passed through the street; and one day when she fancied herself alone in the house, she crept to the piano on which her half-sister used to practise her music, and, with one finger, strummed out for herself the fanfare which she had caught from the soldiers. But the grandmother was at hand, and hearing the music, called out the name of the half-sister, whom she supposed it to be; and little Jenny, in her terror at being found out, hid under the square piano; she was so small that she fitted it perfectly; and the grandmother, getting no answer to her calls, came to look, and presently discovered her and dragged her out, and was astonished, and said,

'Child, was that you?' and Jenny, in tears at her crime, confessed; but the grandmother looked at her deeply, and in silence; and when the mother came back she told her, and said, 'Mark my words, that child will bring you help.' And, after that, the neighbours used to be called in to hear her play. As she told the story in later years, she would reproduce most vividly the frightened look of the child creeping away to hide; and the significant look of the wonder-struck grandmother as she took in that it was indeed the tiny creature of three years' old who had played the tune.

Mrs. Lind, being driven to go out as a governess in 1828, her daughter was taken care of by the steward of the Widows' Home and his wife, a childless couple who had advertised for such a charge; and as Jenny's grandmother had rooms in the home, this suited admirably. Mdlle. Lundberg, a dancer at the Royal Opera House, heard of the child's wonderful singing which was generally addressed to a pet cat with a blue ribbon round its neck—and desired her mother to bring her to sing to her. When she had heard her she said, 'The child is a genius, you must have her educated for the stage'; but Mrs. Lind had an inveterate prejudice against the stage. 'Then you must, at any rate, have her taught singing,' said Mdlle. Lundberg; and the mother was at length persuaded to accept a letter of introduction to Herr Croelius, the Court Secretary and singing master at the Royal Theatre. How Jenny Lind was at length launched upon a musical career has thus been told by herself. Off with the letter they started; but, as they went up the broad steps of the Opera House, the mother was again troubled by her doubts and repugnance. She, no doubt, had all the inherited dislike of the burgher families to the dramatic life. But little Jenny eagerly urged her to go on; and they entered the room where Croelius sat. And the child sang him something out of an Opera composed by Winter. Croelius was moved almost to tears, and said that he must take her in to Count Puke, the head of the Royal Theatre, and

tell him what a treasure he had found. And they went at once; and Count Puke's first question was, 'How old is she?' and Croelius answered, 'Nine years' old.' 'Nine!' exclaimed the Count; 'but this is not a *crèche!* it is the King's Theatre.' And he would not look at her, she being, moreover, at that time, what she herself (in her letter to the *Biographical Lexicon*) called, 'a small, ugly, broad-nosed, shy, *gauche*, under-grown girl!' 'Well,' said Croelius, "if the Count will not hear her, then I will teach her gratuitously myself, and she will one day astonish you!' Then Count Puke consented to hear her sing; and when she sang, he too was moved to tears; and, from that moment she was accepted; and was taken, and taught to sing, and educated, and brought up at the Government expense.

One sentence alone will show the natural bias of Jenny Lind. 'As a child,' she said, 'I sang with every step I took, and with every jump my feet made.' The directors of the Royal Theatre made an immediate offer to relieve the mother of her child's education and maintenance, taking her into the School for Pupils, and looking to her future success for repayment; and this offer was accepted. In the letter—written late in life—to the editor of the *Biographical Lexicon*, Jenny Lind said, 'the person whom alone I have to thank for the first real discernment of my gift of song, was the Court Secretary Croelius. He told me all that which in latter years came to pass.' And in 1842, when the little nursling of the Drama had already become famous, he wrote to his early *protégée*, 'Your honour, your success will be the comfort of my old age and a balm for my sufferings.'

It was in 1830 that Jenny Lind passed under the charge of the authorities of the Royal Theatre, and two years later a contract was made for her as an actress-pupil, from which she could not be released until by her after efforts she had 'made restitution for the care and expense bestowed on her education.' Jenny Lind appears as the formal name, even in the

official document. The artiste herself said she was never called anything else, and only in her confirmation certificate in 1836 did her full name of Johanna Maria Lind appear. There was something both humorous and touching in the articles of Jenny's engagement with the Theatre directors. 'During her growing years, and until she is competent to be allotted a fixed salary, she is to receive at the expense of the theatre, food, clothes, and lodging; together with free tuition in singing, elocution, dancing, and such other branches of instruction as belong to the education of a cultivated woman, and are requisite for the theatrical profession.' The carrying out of this instruction was committed to Jenny's mother, who engaged to teach her the piano, religion, French, history, geography, writing, arithmetic, and drawing. She was also to see to all the matters of food, fire, furniture, and clothing, bedding, and washing; and was 'to have a mother's tender care.' For these purposes she would receive from the directors twenty guineas, while Jenny herself would be given about three shillings and sixpence every month for pocket money, out of which she was to pay, poor child, for her own needles and tape, as well as for silk and cotton towards the mending of her clothes. It may be imagined that this left very little for girlish treats or purchases. But on the other hand she was to be allowed the use of a pianoforte belonging to the Royal Theatre, of which her mother pledged herself to take proper care; while after the 1st of July, 1835, she was actually to be supplied with a chest of drawers, as well as a bedstead and bedclothes at the special cost of the Royal Theatre. The mother, on her part, was to see to it that the actress-pupil carefully observed the hours for lessons, rehearsals, and representations. The directors were to judge when the little creature would become competent to enter as actress with a salary from the Civil List, after which a new contract would be made, by which she would be pledged to remain for ten years in the service of the Royal Theatre, for

such a salary as the directors, having proper regard to her talent and usefulness at the time, should decide to grant her; but in case 'the actress-pupil Lind, contrary to the good hopes entertained on her behalf, were for one reason or another to prove of no use to the Royal Theatre, or, again, if she were to fail in that obedience she owes to the Royal Directors, they shall have full right to discharge her from the theatre after three months' notice, in which case the contract is to lapse.' It will be seen that Jenny was pretty well hemmed in by restrictions and obligations, though of course the patronage of the Royal Directors was of the utmost importance to her artistic development. There is no doubt that the completeness of her early theatrical training left excellent and indelible results upon Jenny Lind. Her extraordinary musical gift was supplemented by a grace of motion and dignity of carriage which remained with her throughout life, constituting her the finished artist.

Although the object of the training was to impart to Jenny Lind 'the full education of a cultivated woman,' there were a few aspects of course in which this phrase of wide meaning could scarcely be carried out. Her intellectual studies were not conducted on a systematic and scientific basis, so that her judgments on books, for example, in later years, depended on her own rapid perceptions, and were not the outcome of accurate knowledge or trained intellectual discipline. But in all essential matters her training was perfectly satisfactory. For the rest, it really did not matter, and wholly irrelevant studies remind me of an answer with which a candidate electrified his examiner on one occasion. Being asked how many millions of miles the sun was from the earth—which had about as much connection with the post he was seeking as the history of Julius Cæsar or the siege of Troy—the candidate replied, 'I don't know, and I don't care a brass farthing; but I *do* know that it is so jolly far away that it cannot possibly interfere with the discharge of my duties.'

While some of the branches of study imposed upon Jenny Lind were, therefore, touched on in an elementary manner, in others she was thoroughly grounded. Religion, for instance, which was oddly placed between French and the piano, was so well taught that she passed her confirmation ordeal, 'with distinction;' over the piano she gained a complete mastery; her study of literature and drawing was fairly good; but in one womanly accomplishment, sewing, she was highly successful, and years afterwards her maid paid her the best possible compliment on this when she said, 'Madame's stitches never come out.' French she learnt quickly and fluently, but it was only by slow degrees that she acquired proficiency in German and English.

Jenny Lind got on well with her instructors and fellow-pupils, but alas! trouble from an unexpected quarter shadowed her young life. Her mother became harsh and severe, and if there be a mitigating excuse to be found for her, it must be sought in the fact that life had been one long and hard struggle with her. She had been compelled for years to fight for herself, and circumstances had embittered her existence, making her tenacious of her rights and unkind in her treatment of her daughter. Some of the pupils left Mrs. Lind's rooms, in consequence of her stern treatment, and boarded with Mdlle. Bayard, the lady superintendent, at the top of the Theatre. Jenny visited them there, and the contrast between their happy lot and her own led to her throwing in her lot with them. The Directors approved of this, but Mrs. Lind demanded her return, and at last applied the pressure of the law against the Directors. She was aided by her husband, and together they made good their parental claims over the child. The Royal Upper Town Court decided that she must return to the custody of her mother, and the matter ended. From letters which were afterwards written by mother and daughter there must have been many happy seasons in the family, notwithstanding the miserable incidents just referred to. With her girl-friend,

Mina Fundin, Jenny soon forgot her sorrows, and entered into the youthful enjoyments of life. Before leaving this delicate subject, I must refer to the death of Mrs. Lind, which occurred in 1851, while her daughter was in America. After that melancholy event, Jenny Lind thus wrote to an old friend in Sweden, Herr Carl Forsberg, of the War Office: 'My mother's death I have felt most bitterly; everything was now smooth and nice between us; I was in hopes that she would have been spared for many a long year . . . and that, now she was quieter and more reasonable, I might have surrounded her old age with joy, and peace, and tender care. But the ways of the Lord are often not our ways. Peace be with her soul!'

When only ten years old, Jenny Lind gave evidence that her dramatic gift was as original and spontaneous as her musical. On the 29th of November, 1830, she appeared at the Royal Theatre in a play called *The Polish Mine*. In the character of Angela, a child of seven, she had to take part in a series of exciting adventures, during which she assisted her father to escape from the mine, and to fly to a place of safety with his wife. The play was 'full of occasions for the brilliant little dancer, whose ingenuity and skill were the key to the plot.' In the following year, she made a still more marked sensation as Johanna in *Testamentet*, or *The Will*, a drama by Kotzebue. One of the leading literary and art periodicals referred to the extraordinary significance of her child-efforts. 'She shows, in her acting, a quick perception, a fire of feeling, far beyond her years, which seem to denote an uncommon disposition for the theatre.' The part was one exactly suited to her arch and winning manners, and the play altogether depended more for its success on this one character than on any other. 'Every word in it would suit her—the merry quickness of the child, the sudden turns from gaiety to tears, and back again to gaiety, the mysterious confidences, the prattling innocence, the brimming affection,—in all this she

would instinctively revel.' For several succeeding years she now appeared frequently in dramas and comedies, astonishing her auditors by her skill and precocity. Occasionally the authorities were to blame for choosing pieces tainted with French corruption; but though perilous was her path she moved along scatheless, safe in her innate purity of heart.

Herr Berg, who succeeded Croelius as head of the School of Singing, took great pride in Jenny's musical training. Berg was a clever and cultivated musician, and he had more to do with preparing her for the Swedish stage than her first master, though he had not of course the merit of discovering her. They were friends to the end, and in 1849 Jenny Lind wrote, 'Herr Berg is one of my nearest friends, and gratitude is a feeling that I love, and desire to cultivate. . . Old friend Berg is interwoven with the history of my whole life.' In 1837 the talented young artist was awarded a regular salary—about £60 per annum, with a bonus added for each performance. But she had a great deal of work to do, and appeared ninety-two times during the year, in twelve new characters. In addition to lighter parts, she sustained *rôles* in dramas by Delavigne, Victor Hugo, and Schiller. Although she was thus gaining wide dramatic experience, the critical moment which comes to every great actor or actress, had not yet arrived in her own career. It came on the 7th of March, 1838, when she was in her eighteenth year. 'I got up that morning one creature,' she often said afterwards; 'I went to bed another creature. I had found my power!' The character in which she achieved this, and in sustaining which she first felt the full flow of that inspiration which never afterwards left her, was that of Agatha in Weber's *Der Freischütz*. The Directors of the Royal Theatre themselves were so astonished and delighted by her triumph that they presented her with two silver candlesticks, suitably inscribed in memory of the event. This was the first of thousands of gifts showered upon her, but nothing ever touched her like this. She always held these

silver candlesticks in especial affection, and bequeathed them to her daughter.

Her appearances now became fewer because she assumed more important parts. The event of the year 1839 was her assumption of the traditional part of Alice in *Robert le Diable*. By this *rôle* she was 'destined to win her most memorable triumphs. It was a character in which her splendid dramatic power fused itself with her gifts of voice, so as to leave an indelible impression of force and beauty on the imagination of those who saw and heard. It was a part which drew on her own vivid personality, with its intensity of faith, its horror of sin, its passionate and chivalrous purity. Voice, action, gesture, and living character were all combined into a single jet of dramatic individuality.' She opened in this part on May 10th, 1839, with overwhelming effect, and from that date until Dec. 30th, 1843, when she gave her last performance of it in the Royal Theatre, she appeared in it altogether sixty times. She now appeared at concerts in Stockholm, Gothenburg, and Upsala. It was at the last-named place that she enjoyed for the first time the fascinating delight of an escort home, accompanied by the students' song; but it was here also that attention was drawn to the danger of over-straining her voice until it had had time to range itself.

The conduct of Mrs. Lind now made it extremely difficult for Jenny to conduct her labours with comfort and success. While the daughter was thinking how she could best cultivate her divine gift, the mother was wrapped up in such questions as raising the price of seats. She had pride in her daughter, but her wonderful success seemed rather to aggravate than to soothe her sense of wrong, her irritability, and her suspicion. There was nothing for it but to leave the old home-life entirely, but the initiative came finally from her mother, who told Jenny and her friend Louise Johansson that they were welcome to leave her roof. This they accordingly did, and Jenny found a home near the theatre, in the house of Adolf Fredrik Lindblad,

the chief of Swedish song-writers, and her warm admirer and friend. Into his family she was received : she found in Madame Lindblad a second mother ; and from Herr Lindblad himself, and from the society into which he brought her, she inhaled an influence which affected her entire development, artistic, intellectual, and moral. She remained with the Lindblads until her departure for Paris in July, 1841, and she again found her home there on her return to Stockholm in 1842. As her biographers have pointed out, there was something in Jenny Lind's nature which ardently called for sympathy. She was passionately domestic, and greatly needed an atmosphere of affection to encourage her genius and give her confidence and security. She indulged such a lofty idealism, that the assurance of love was necessary to her, to save her from the miseries of suspicion and distrust. 'It was not that she did not have affection for her parents ; on the contrary, she held them very deep in her heart. But it was impossible for them to enter into her motives and aims.' Her daily surroundings were now no longer in collision with her artistic inspiration, and her spirit breathed a congenial and bracing air.

In 1840 she added two important characters to her score—Donna Anna in *Don Juan* and Lucia in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The latter became one of her famous *rôles*, and she appeared in it twenty-eight times in the course of twelve months. After the thirteenth performance, June 19, 1840, the actors, orchestra, and chorus gathered before her dressing room and serenaded her ; and on her return home she was presented with a silver tea and coffee service, which was highly valued by her, and was left, by specific direction in her will, to her eldest son. Among the subscribers were a number of the most distinguished men in Sweden.

The personal character of Jenny Lind, as she now steps forth upon the world's stage, is of profound interest. Canon Holland well observes with regard to this : 'There is a universal consent, in all who record her influence, that what they ex-

perienced was the effect of a character, whose genius penetrated every corner of her being, so that her unique gift of song appeared but as an incidental illustration of the originality which was everywhere in her. Even those who felt her singing most profoundly, felt ever as she sang, that she was more than her singing, while those whose lack of musical perception made them impervious to her special talent, experienced as much as any the full fascination of her personality. This impression of her belongs to her early, as well as to her after years; and it cannot be better given than in an expressive phrase, used long after our present date, indeed, but, which vividly and exactly embodies what was already so characteristic of her. "After all, I would rather hear Jenny talk than sing, wonderful as that is," writes Mrs. Stanley, the wife of the Bishop of Norwich, to her sister, Mrs. Augustus Hare, in September, 1847, after a rapturous account of what her singing had been. Surely, a most striking remark to make, and one which cannot be too emphatically reiterated, as giving a cue to the indescribable impression left by this great artist on the memory and the hearts of those who came nearest to her. "I would rather hear her talk than sing!" And at the very moment when the words were written there was another person in that palace at Norwich who gave a cordial adhesion to this sentiment. There could be no better instance of Jenny Lind's social impressiveness than her intercourse with Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, son of the Bishop of Norwich, afterwards the famous Dean of Westminster. He was a man of the highest type of culture, of sensitive imagination, of most delicate intellect—a man, too, who was habitually in contact with all the finest minds and the richest experiences of his day—and yet he was absolutely excluded from even the slightest sympathy with all that made her "the greatest artist whom Mendelssohn had ever known," for he was unable to enjoy one note of her music; and still, though her voice is no more to him than an inexplicable interruption to their conversation, he was absorbed under

the sway of her personal fascination, and became her life-long and intimate friend.'

Jenny Lind, therefore, was not just a woman with a wonderful voice, and nothing more. Her nature was full and rounded, her sympathies keen and wide. N. P. Willis, in his volume on *Famous Persons and Famous Places*, has given his impressions of her as she appeared in the first flush of her career. Like everyone else, he was enthralled by the magic of her singing, but when he came to know her personally, he was unable to resist the impression that she could have written as brilliantly as she sang. He notes her 'singularly prompt and absolute power of concentration,' and laments a 'poetess whose song has hindered and misled.' After listening to a speaker, 'the graphic suddenness with which she would sum up, could receive its impulse from nothing but genius.' Finally, writing as he did in 1850, he owns to 'a conviction that her present wonderful influence is but the forecast and shadow of a different and more inspired exercise of power hereafter. Her magnetism is not all from a voice, and a benevolent heart. The soul while it feels her pass, recognises the step of a spirit of tall stature, complete and unhalting in its proportions. We shall yet be called upon to admire rarer gifts in her than her voice.'

There was something in her which appealed to universal humanity, and it was through her voice that she spoke to humanity, as great poets have done through their writings. Music was the medium by which she expressed her feelings and ideas, and she was able to use that medium of interpretation in a way such as few artists have ever rivalled. Men of the highest stamp of intellect found kinship in her; and at Stockholm, where her humble upbringing was known to all, she was able to break down the barriers of social caste by the innate strength and depth of her character, and to pass unquestioned into circles where birth and position were supposed to be of vital importance. A lady who witnessed her reception at a *soirée* given in 1839 by the first leader of society in

Stockholm, published an account of it years afterwards in a periodical published by the Fredrika Bremer Association—an Association whose object is to further the cause of women who are anxious to obtain their own livelihood. After describing the entry of Ministers of State, of beautiful patrician ladies, or bearers of historical names, the writer proceeds to say: 'On the threshold stands the host, and by his side, shaking hands with him, a young girl, with an abundance of curls round the pale cheeks; a gown in simple style softly clings round the maiden figure, and there is a dreamy, half absent, and fascinating look in the deep-set eyes.

'The hum is increasing still more when the old nobleman leads the visitor into the midst of his guests, but he has not time to pronounce her name, it is already on everybody's lips, and is now flying round the room with a subdued sound: *Jenny Lind! Jenny Lind!*

'The beauties of the season are forgotten, and, what is more, they forget all about themselves; flirtation is suppressed; etiquette is sinned against unpunished; and as soon as the new guest has been cordially welcomed by the hostess, and by, her, personally, introduced to the principal ladies, a crowd of the high assembly gathers round the plain-looking young girl, thus for once justly conceding the preference of genius to birth—of beauty of soul to beauty of features.

'A singular liveliness is breathing through the hitherto rather formal company. The hostess attracts the young and old to her animated conversation with the honoured guest; and everyone is gratified who catches a word or a look from this Jenny Lind, who for the last few weeks has, as Alice in *Robert le Diable* and Agatha in the *Freischütz*, captivated and enchanted both themselves and the whole Stockholm public.

'In the memory of the writer of this paper, Jenny Lind stands out a unique apparition—like no one else, simple, unpretending, but dignified—penetrated by a sort of sacred

responsibility for her mission—the mission of Art in its lofty *purity* and which she felt that God had confided to her.'

It has been truly remarked that it was the lofty sense of her artistic mission which placed Jenny Lind at her ease in these as in other circles. She never lost her spiritual sense of responsibility; indeed she told Mrs. Stanley that 'every morning when she got up she felt that her voice was a gift from God, and that, perhaps, that very day might be the last of its use.' This invested life with solemnity for her, and gave her that aspect of independence and of detachment that was so vital to one in her position. For the society of mere fashionables and flatterers she had a wholesome detestation, but for the companionship of those of kindred sympathies, or those who could help her morally, intellectually, and spiritually, she had a ceaseless yearning. Yet in some respects 'her soul was like a star and dwelt apart,' independent and self-contained.

'In this temper of moral independence,' observes Canon Holland, 'she passed up, out of the struggles and clouds of her childhood, into the full sunlight of success, with absolute ease, without a shadow of encumbering consciousness, without a breath of worldliness ever crossing her spirit. She retained, without even an effort, all her inherent and native simplicity, her freshness, her undaunted sincerity. Never did she slacken, for a moment, her demand that the worth of men should be estimated, wholly and utterly, according to their moral value. Never, for one instant, did the mists of conventionalism dim her vision, or confuse her insight. She had one set of balances, and one only. She never even seems to have been tempted to exchange them. Swept up in the sudden rush of an overwhelming success, out of obscurity into the company and the friendship of princes and kings, this girl, in her simple-hearted virginity, kept a conscience as true and firm as steel. No illusion bewildered her, no worldly splendour ever succeeded in beguiling her. Failings of another type might be laid to her charge. She could be hasty, and hard, sometimes, in

her judgments. She was liable to misunderstand people. She had vehement impulses, and equally vehement reactions, which were apt to gain for her, from those who knew her little, the character of capricious fitfulness. She could magnify slight lapses into great sins. A certain spiritual haughtiness there was in her; a certain suspicion of the motives on which she, by bitter experience, learned that men too often act. All this might be said. But one thing it was for ever impossible, even for an enemy, to imagine, that Jenny Lind ever condescended to lower the steady standards by which she tested all human worth, high or low, rich or poor.'

Those whom Jenny Lind liked she could make at home immediately, those whom she disliked for their frivolousness or hollowness, on the contrary often wished themselves at their own home. In conversation she was direct, simple, pure. She was not one of the talkers of society, who can go on in a never-ending stream, but she would drop out a vivid sentence or a pungent epithet which spoke volumes. She was, in truth, in her conversation as in her performances, dramatic, abrupt, intense. In personal appearance she was homely,—plain some would have called it, until her face was irradiated by the ideas at work within. Her features were far from being of a classic order, indeed, they were large and homely, but also pliable and expressive in an unusual degree, so that when she became animated there was such a grace about her that all thought of plainness was lost. It was a face that could express vividly either the humorous or the tragic emotions. In height, she was from five feet three to four inches, but her carriage was such that in standing and walking she appeared to be considerably taller. The elements of her character were typically Swedish. 'She was fond of dwelling on the artistic capacities of her people, to whom she owed her own quick sensibilities, her alert and receptive imagination, her vivacity of temperament. She believed them to have all the artist's possibilities in them, with all the attendant perils. And, in view of these

perils, to which all such gifted natures must be liable, it is remarkable that she should have included within this national groundwork of her character, a profound moral stability, a depth of seriousness, such as would be rare in any race ; and moreover, with this she had a persistence, a stubbornness, which, among Scandinavian races, is traditionally attributed to the Finn. And if she had the vivacity of her people, she inherited also from it the strong passionate feelings and affections which make the home-relationships in Sweden so rooted and so deep ; and also that undertone of melancholy, into which such artistic sensitiveness is prone to react,—an undertone which seems to creep, like the sighing of a wounded spirit, out of the black heart of Swedish pine-woods, and to hover over the wide surfaces of her inland waters. Such notes of pathos underlie the songs of her people : and she was a true Swede when she wrote of herself, "When I am alone, you have no idea how different I am—so happy, yet so melancholy that tears are rolling down my cheeks unceasingly."

Jenny Lind's residence with Lindblad produced the happiest results. Besides the fatherly care which he exercised over her, he introduced her to the best instrumental music then being produced in Europe, and it was he who opened up a new world to her in the music of Mendelssohn, whose *Songs without Words* had just taken everyone by storm. What she owed to Lindblad she thus expressed in 1882, after the appearance of his biography : 'I have to thank him for that fine comprehension of Art which was implanted by his idealistic, pure, and unsensual nature into me, his ready pupil. Subsequently Christianity stepped in to satisfy the moral needs, and to teach me to look well into my own soul. Thus it became to me, both as an artist and as a woman, a higher chastener.' But while she received much from Lindblad she also returned not a little. She impressed the individuality of her genius upon his songs, and conferred upon them a European fame.

In 1840 she was made member of the Royal Swedish

Academy of Music, and the same year was appointed Court singer. Her musical preceptors had nothing more to teach her, and the directors of the Royal Theatre, now that her popularity was at its height, were unwisely anxious to use her great powers to the full. They proposed a new contract, under which she would receive £150 per annum, a benefit, and other advantages. But Jenny Lind had already taken her resolution for the future. She declined the offer of the directors on the ground that she had decided upon a journey to, and a sojourn at, some place abroad, which, through furnishing the finest models in art, would prove to her of the greatest profit. While she had herself felt the necessity for this step, she had been chiefly moved to it by that eminent man of letters, Geijer, who insisted that she belonged to mankind rather than to Sweden, and pressed upon her the necessity of widening her range of knowledge and skill. Belletti, also, the famous baritone at the Royal Theatre, impressed upon her vividly 'what scientific singing in the great Italian manner really meant.' Besides doing her work at the theatre, in 1840 Jenny Lind gave a provincial round of concerts to help her to pay for her projected studies in Paris, and this too-constant use of her voice unfortunately somewhat strained it. While she was half-way through this tour, we find her writing to a friend in Stockholm, begging her to go and search out a painter named Bruhn, a poor sick man, who had been ill in bed for fourteen years. She was to give him on her behalf eight rix-dollars banco, and to tell him this was for the months of July and August. This little incident throws light upon the noble benevolence of Jenny Lind, which began thus early, and continued throughout life. Her charity was natural and spontaneous, and the source of her deepest happiness. She delighted in it when she received her first humble stipend, and it brought joy to her when wealth enormously increased.

Reaching Paris in the summer of 1841, with introductions to several influential personages, Jenny Lind was received by

the Duchess of Dalmatia, wife of Marshal Soult. At a little *réunion* at the duchess's house, at which Signor Manuel Garcia, the most renowned singing master in Europe, was present, she sang a number of Swedish songs. Owing to her nervousness, however, and the real injury done to her voice by its ceaseless use, and the fatigues of travel, she came through the ordeal so unfavourably that Garcia afterwards told a friend she was at that time altogether wanting in the qualities needed for presentation before a highly-cultivated audience. Soon after this Jenny Lind called by appointment at Signor Garcia's residence, and as she now formally requested the great *Maestro* to receive her as a pupil, he thoroughly examined and tested her voice. After putting her through the usual scales, he requested her to sing the well-known scena from *Lucia di Lammermoor*—'*Perche non ho.*' Although she had rendered this scena brilliantly no fewer than thirty-nine times at the Stockholm Theatre, she now, from some cause or another, broke down completely. Thereupon Garcia pronounced his terrible verdict—'It would be useless to teach you, Mademoiselle; you have no voice left.' This sentence was frequently misquoted to the effect that she had no voice at all, a statement which would neither be just to master nor pupil. Garcia's exact words were: '*Mademoiselle, vous n'avez plus de voix.*' She had once possessed a voice, but it had been so strained by over-exertion and a faulty method of production, that for the time being she practically had one no longer. The blow was a bitter one to the *artiste*, but she knew that the power was there, though not now available, and she promised the *Maestro* to give her voice six weeks of perfect rest. At the end of this period, Garcia found the voice so far re-established that he was able to give good hope of its complete restoration, provided that the faulty method of production which had nearly destroyed it were abandoned; and he agreed to give her two lessons weekly, for which she was unfeignedly grateful.

She learned quickly under Garcia, and although into the

higher life of her art no master could enter, in other respects his training was invaluable. 'Of the management of the breath, the production of the voice, the blending of its registers, and a thousand other technical details upon which the most perfect of singers depends, in great measure, for success, she knew nothing—and but for Signor Garcia in all probability never would have known anything.' But the inner part of her art, the soul-training if I may so express it, was all her own. She did but sing as the bird does, because it must, and she had ever before her the ideal which God had plainly written upon her heart. Her studies under Signor Garcia lasted for ten months, and by that time she had assimilated all technical instruction which any master could give her. The *artiste* was now complete, and the goal was in sight.

Mdlle. Lind made a new and slightly better arrangement with the directors of the Royal Theatre, Stockholm, but her friends regretted this when they found that the great composer Meyerbeer was manifesting a special interest in her career. Having arrived in Paris for the purpose of making arrangements for the production of *Le Prophète*, Meyerbeer heard her sing, and predicted great things for her in the future. His only doubt was whether her voice would be powerful enough to fill the *salle* of the Grand Opéra. A trial was consequently made, and Meyerbeer was still more enthusiastic, although the singer was nervous, and by no means did justice to herself. The composer felt that Berlin would offer a better field for Jenny Lind than Paris; and in this his judgment was perfectly correct, for besides the fact that no Northerner could hope perfectly to satisfy a Parisian audience—especially on the score of pronunciation—neither the style nor the tastes of the singer would have found a congenial home at the Grand Opéra. Many false reports subsequently arose out of these circumstances—such as that Jenny Lind had vowed a profound artistic dislike to France in remembrance of the check she had experienced there, that she constantly refused engagements in

Paris because she had been heard there without success, &c. These reports were afterwards publicly contradicted on the highest authority. Jenny Lind was persuaded that she was not fit for Paris, nor Paris for her, and therefore she decided not to make an appearance there. This is the whole case, and the story of the famous *début* that was a failure was a myth. Nor, on the other hand, did the *artiste* ever make such a declaration as that often attributed to her, that she would never sing in France. In 1866 she gave a concert at Cannes for the benefit of the Hospital, and the enthusiastic reception accorded to the singer was equal to that awarded to her in other countries.

Returning to Stockholm, she appeared at the Royal Theatre in October, 1842, in *Norma*, when the critics were amazed at her musical development. She had not only acquired a soprano voice of great sonority and compass, capable of adapting itself with ease to every shade of expression, but a technical command over it great enough to be regarded as unique in the history of the musical world. Before the close of June, 1843, she had made one hundred and six appearances in thirteen important operatic parts. In her usual spirit of forbearance and generosity, she now effected a settlement of her domestic difficulties. Establishing her father and mother in a home of their own in the country, she obtained their consent to transfer the guardianship over her which the law allowed to a duly-appointed official guardian. The gentleman chosen was Herr Henric M. Munthe, Judge of the Court of Second Instance, a man of high character and distinguished position, on whose judgment she could rely with absolute confidence. He was also a man of strong musical proclivities. From this time forth Jenny Lind's domestic troubles ended. The spring of 1843 witnessed a national event of deep interest, viz., the celebration of the twenty-fifth year of the reign of King Carl Johan. The musical and dramatic celebrations, in which Jenny Lind took the leading part, were in every sense worthy of the occasion,

and the Royal Family showed their high appreciation of them. A visit to Copenhagen confirmed the impression she made at Stockholm. Her success was so tremendous that she gained in Denmark a second Fatherland. 'The ice was broken,' wrote her early friend, Bournonville, the composer. 'Jenny Lind discovered that she could get her living out of Sweden; and also she learned that the artist, in reality, should not settle down on the native soil, but, like the bird of passage, should go there only in search of rest.' Copenhagen marked an eventful period in her destiny; and Bournonville, in emphasising this, said: 'Her name soon became of European fame; gold and praise were showered upon her; princes and nations vied with one another in their offerings to her; poets sang of her; in the midst of winter she never wanted flowers.' Hans Christian Andersen, who heard her at this time, was absolutely fascinated by her. Passages in his *Life* are devoted to recording her triumphs; and in one place he observes: 'On the stage she was the great artist, towering above all around her; at home, in her chamber, she was a gentle young girl, with the simple touch and piety of a child. . . . The spectator laughs and weeps, as she acts; the sight does him good; he feels a better man for it; he feels that there is something divine in Art. One realises, at her appearance on the stage, that the holy draught is poured from a pure vessel.'

In the following extract, M. Bournonville has not only described the hopelessness of his own efforts to write something worthy of the celebrated vocalist, but he has enshrined an anecdote which will deservedly keep Jenny Lind's name green for ever:

'Again and again have the delights of Nature, the glory of Art, the enthusiasm for the true and the beautiful, inspired in me some attempts at verse. How, then, is it, that to-day the sweet singing of Jenny Lind has left my lyre mute? How is it that I fail to find even an echo within me which might pass on into the distance the sound of that music which laid open

to my soul a world as yet unknown? Alas! To paint in words the tones of a voice steeped in all the uttermost tenderness of the human heart is as vain as to seek shadows in the darkness. Moreover, the sound of my voice would be lost in the thunders of a people's praise. The little flower that alone I could offer to the artist, in the midst of her triumphs, would be crushed under the feet of the crowds that press round her. No! Rather let me treasure up the memory of her gifts, and of her story within my home, and let me leave, as a legacy, to those that come after, one trait of her life, which will serve to bring her honour in the day when the loud applause will have died away, and when the poets will be singing the praises of other and newer names.

'I had a friend who enjoyed all the privileges of happy comfort, of public esteem, of cultivated taste, of the affection of his family, of the love of his fair, young wife. A cruel sickness brought him down to the very edge of the grave; but by God's mercy he was saved. He was lying, still weak and faint, in his bed, when the thrill of excitement which Jenny Lind had kindled in Copenhagen reached even to his sickroom; and bitter were the regrets of the young wife at the sick man's loss of that which would have been to him such a delight. Jenny heard of her desire, and offered, at once, to sing to the invalid. And so, in the very heart of her triumphs, when the Court and the town were anxiously craving to know whether they could yet keep her one day more, she found time to charm, with her heavenly voice, the hearts of the two young people. It was on a Sunday, the 16th of September, 1843, at the hour when all the churches were filled with the praises of God, that Jenny, without any strangers to observe her, without any public notice, did this act of charity; and the tears of gratitude which flowed from the eyes of Mozart and Mathilde Waage Petersen were the waters in which they christened her with the name of "Angel." The emotion, and the pleasure of the visit, served to help the recovery of my friend.

'May God ever bless Jenny Lind!

'May she receive the reward of her charity, if, one day, she be wed.

'And if God grant her children, may it be given them to know of this, their mother's act.'

From October 4, 1843, to July 5, 1844, Jenny Lind made sixty-six appearances at the Stockholm Theatre, in sixteen different characters. Six of these were new, and included Armida, in Gluck's famous work, and Anna Boleyn, in Donizetti's opera of that name. She also gave a concert for the benefit of the Swedish composer, J. Axel Josephson, who had long been yearning for such an opportunity of placing his works before the public. Soon afterwards she set out for Dresden in order to perfect her German before appearing in one of Meyerbeer's new pieces. At a farewell audience the Queen Dowager of Sweden presented her with portrait medals of herself and the late king, and with a watch, which, she said, 'is to remind you not to forget the time of your return to us.' In less than two months, however, she was recalled to Stockholm, to assist, in her capacity of Court singer, at the festivities which marked the coronation of King Oscar I. Returning to Germany in October, she went to Berlin to meet Meyerbeer, and through him was privately presented to the Royal Family. At a reception given by the Princess of Prussia (afterwards the Empress Augusta) her singing gave unbounded delight and satisfaction. On the 21st of October, at an evening party, she met Mendelssohn for the first time, and this meeting laid the foundation of a friendship which terminated only with the death of the composer.

Meyerbeer had intended that Jenny Lind should assume the part of Vielka in his new opera of *Das Feldlager in Schlesien*, written for the opening of the Court Theatre. He had expressly designed the part for her, but unfortunately it was claimed by Fräulein Tuczec, the privileged *prima donna*, who was ill-suited to the character. Jenny Lind, therefore, chose for her *début* the part of Norma, in Bellini's masterpiece. It

was a bold choice, for the part was associated with all the mighty operatic stars, from Pasta to Grisi. But the performance was an unequivocal success. The public was in raptures—the critics were disarmed. The heroines of the past and present were forgotten. Mdlle. Lind gave an entirely new reading to the character, and 'presented the impassioned Druidess before the world in the character of a true woman. The critics of Berlin, familiar with every tradition of the stage, yielded at once to the logical consistency of this beautiful though unfamiliar conception, and accepted the new ideal as the highest impersonation of the character of Norma that had as yet been presented to the public.' The part became one of her three most perfect creations, the other two being Alice, in *Robert le Diable*, and Amina, in *La Sonnambula*. She was now accepted as the greatest singer and actress then living; and Meyerbeer would not rest content until she had interpreted the part written for her in his new opera as she only could interpret it. Accordingly, *Das Feldlager in Schlesien* was reproduced, and so far from being a comparative failure it was now an astonishing success. The most influential critic of the day declared that Mdlle. Lind, in Vielka, had proved that her talent fulfilled the highest conditions, not in one direction only but in many. Sontag herself had not enjoyed so great a triumph.

Mdlle. Lind performed seven times in *Norma* and five in *Das Feldlager in Schlesien*, and then appeared in Weber's remarkable opera, *Euryanthe*. This strange composition, with its many brilliant and moving passages, is a curious blending of the natural with the supernatural. When Madame Schroeder-Devrient undertook the interpretation of the title *rôle* she sang the music splendidly, but treated the heroine as moved by human passions only, and entirely ignored the supernatural element. The Swedish actress, on the contrary, seized upon it as the leading motive of the whole impersonation, and thus gave to the character the significance which the composer originally intended. She next appeared in *La Sonnambula*

and created such a profound sensation that when a repetition was announced the prices of admission rose to an unprecedented figure. Finally, in February, 1845, she made her first public appearance in the concert-room, and achieved a success as brilliant as that won on the operatic stage. Three Court performances followed, with flattering attentions from the King and Queen, and she took her farewell for the season at a concert given in aid of the Asylum for Blind Soldiers. Among the friends whom she made in Berlin were the Earl and Countess of Westmoreland, who ever affectionately cherished her memory, the aged poet Tieck, and Prof. Ludwig Wichmann, the well-known sculptor, who, with his wife, afterwards received her into relations of genuine sympathy and affection.

After singing at Hanover, and also at Hamburg—where her whole figure was so bestrewn with flowers that she stood upon an improvised carpet of blossoms—she reached home once more, and gave eighteen performances at Stockholm. But we are told that while there was the wildest excitement on one side, there was feverish yearning for retirement on the other. It was the quiet of home that the wanderer longed for—not the shouts of the admiring multitude.

From Sweden, however, she was speedily summoned again, and by no less a personage than King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, who was preparing to entertain Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort at Brühl, and afterwards at Schloss Stolzenfels, a restored castle on the banks of the Rhine. She accordingly journeyed thither, and her singing filled with gratified astonishment an exacting connoisseur, the late Lord Liverpool. The Queen and Prince Albert also were enchanted over the treat provided for them. Her Majesty paid Jenny the most cordial compliments, expressing a 'hope of seeing her one day in England.' Mdlle. Lind descended the Rhine as far as Cologne, from whence she travelled to Frankfort. During this journey she first met Mr. and Mrs. Grote, of whom she had frequently heard through Mr. Edwin Lewin and others.

Mrs. Grote and Jenny Lind soon became attached friends, and the former wrote an unpublished *Memoir* of the songstress, which contained many passages of genuine interest. Almost from the first, Jenny assured her friend that her earnest desire was to have done with the stage, and to retire into private life as speedily as was consistent with pecuniary independence. Frankfort was scarcely less enthusiastic over the singer than Berlin, and further successes awaited her at Darmstadt, Copenhagen, and Christiansborg. Andersen and Œhlenschläger celebrated her in verse, and artists and musicians in the kindred arts.

Returning to Berlin in the autumn of 1845, she took up her abode with Professor Wichmann and his wife. In a room of their house in the Hasenheger Strasse she frequently sat up till late in the night conversing with Mendelssohn and Taubert. During the five months from November, 1845, to April, 1846, she appeared at the Opera House twenty-eight times. Among her new characters was Donna Anna in Mozart's *Il Don Giovanni*, which was rendered with such independent judgment and skill that it was at once accepted as one of her most striking impersonations. Again in Weber's *Der Freischütz* she created an equally favourable impression, for she gave to the character of Agatha a rounded fulness and completeness which even she had not associated with it before. Jenny Lind conceived a deep admiration for Mendelssohn. Writing to her guardian in January, 1846, she says: 'Felix Mendelssohn comes sometimes to Berlin, and I have often been in his company. He is a *man*, and at the same time he has the most supreme talent. Thus should it be.' It has been observed as absolutely certain that 'these two artistic spirits exercised a notable influence over each other in all that concerned the Art they worshipped; insomuch that the *Elijah* itself owed something to Mendelssohn's familiarity with her ideal treatment of the voice, while her interpretation of his loveliest melodies was undoubtedly penetrated with the spirit he infused into the harmonies with which he accompanied her

on the pianoforte.' The two artists appeared together in concerts given at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, and rarely have mortal ears listened to such glorious sounds as those which thrilled the enraptured audiences. Herr Brockhaus, referring to these concerts in his *Diary*, says: 'Soul and expression so intimately associated with so beautiful a voice and so perfect a method will never be met with again; the appearance of Fräulein Lind is, therefore, truly unique.' And so nobly did the character and the genius blend together that her fellow artists, male and female, were among the most enthusiastic in loving and admiring her.

Spontini's opera, the *Vestale*, in which Jenny Lind had appeared on a few occasions at Stockholm, was a very favourite work in Berlin, and the principal character of Julia had been sustained by all the leading *prime donne* for twenty-five years past. Jenny Lind now undertook this arduous part, the opera being produced on the 30th of December, 1845. The critics recorded that the close of the year had witnessed a true elevation of the artistic spirit, as well as one of the most memorable achievements which ever graced the annals of the Berlin stage. On the evening after this splendid triumph, Jenny Lind and her friend and companion, Louise Johansson, prepared a Christmas-tree for Hans Christian Andersen, who was then staying at Berlin. His Christmas had been lonely, and they resolved to surprise him; so Jenny dressed a little tree, with lights and pretty presents, for her 'brother,' as she called him. Andersen observes in his *Autobiography*: 'We three children of the North met together on that Sylvester-evening, and I was the child for whom the Christmas-tree had been lighted up. With sisterly feeling she rejoiced over my success in Berlin, and I felt almost vain of the sympathy of so pure, so womanly a being. Her praises were sounded everywhere, the praises not of the artist only, but of the woman. The two united awoke for her a true enthusiasm.' The friends met again at Weimar, both having been invited thither by the Grand Duke, and Jenny made five

appearances in this city so closely associated with the immortal poets, Goethe and Schiller.

Returning to Berlin in February, 1846, she appeared in her last new part for this season, that of Valentine in Meyerbeer's powerful opera of *Les Huguenots*. In the first and second acts she does not seem to have deeply impressed the critics; but 'her third act was a touching prayer in view of her bitter fate; her fourth a mighty battle waged against it; her fifth a splendid victory over it. She sang the last scene under the truest inspiration of faith.' She rivalled in the originality and merit of her interpretation her great predecessor in this character, Madame Schroeder-Devrient. Later performances of the opera were suspended owing to an accident which befell the singer and which enforced a complete rest for several weeks. She was cheered during this illness by charming letters from Mendelssohn and other friends, and Professor Magnus, at her request, utilised the time by painting a fine three-quarter length portrait of her, which she presented to her friends the Wichmanns. This important work is now one of the treasures of the Berlin National Gallery.

After some further performances at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig—where she sang with Madame Clara Schumann, accompanied by Mendelssohn—Mdlle. Lind proceeded to Vienna. She was to appear at the great theatre, but its dimensions so startled her that her nerves were quite shaken, and she felt that she could not appear. The representations of Herr Hauser, however—a friend to whom Mendelssohn had given her an introduction—convinced her that her refusal to appear would be seriously mis-interpreted, and she bravely went through the rehearsals. The regular performances proved an unexampled success, and never within the memory of the Viennese had such crowds assembled at the theatre. A clique of three *prime donne* was formed against her, which was cleverly satirised by the poet Grillparzer. She appeared in *Norma*, and triumphed over all opposition, critics who came with hostile purpose being

completely disarmed and carried away by her artistic power and genius. The audience were so excited that they called her back sixteen times at the close, and twelve or fourteen before that. Various other operas followed, and for her benefit night she chose *La Sonnambula*, when every available seat in the house was filled with the *élite* of the Austrian capital. The ablest representatives of Art and Literature, the highest of the nobility, and the various members of the Imperial family assembled *en masse* to do honour to the occasion. When flowers fell in showers upon the stage, the Empress mother, with her own hand, dropped a wreath at Mdlle. Lind's feet. After the performance crowds thronged the streets near to her residence until day broke.

In May and June, 1846, Mdlle. Lind and Mendelssohn assisted at the Lower Rhine Musical Festival, held at Aix-la-Chapelle. In the *Creation* and *Alexander's Feast* the Swedish vocalist was heard at her best; but the greatest success she achieved was in Mendelssohn's *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges* and *Frühlingslied*. She produced in these an effect wholly unparalelled, insomuch that the meeting became known as the *Jenny Lind-Fest*. Mdlle. Lind next appeared at Hanover, where she was brought into the most friendly relations with the Crown Prince and Princess — subsequently the unfortunate King George V. and Queen Marie. Bremen, Hamburg, Darmstadt, and Munich were afterwards successively taken.

England had for some time been looming in the distance as a field for Mdlle. Lind's efforts before arrangements were finally made for her *début* in London. In 1845 Mr. Alfred Bunn, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, made overtures to her for his next season. Mr. Bunn was a very astute gentleman so far as the interests of Mr. Bunn were concerned, and he managed to get Jenny Lind's signature to a contract which she afterwards regretted, and desired to be absolved from. She was inexperienced in contract-making, and offered generous terms for her release, but Mr. Bunn was obdurate, and at length

took the matter into court, when he was awarded a solatium somewhat higher, though not a great deal, than Mdlle. Lind had offered him. But he had the satisfaction, as I suppose it must have been to him, of having caused great pain and annoyance to the sensitive *artiste*.

Later on, being pressed thereto by Mendelssohn, Mrs. Grote, and other friends—who were most anxious for her appearance in London—Mdlle. Lind concluded a contract with Mr. Lumley, of Her Majesty's Theatre. The vocalist would not enter into the question of money, regarding only her art; but Lumley had a larger soul than Bunn, and he gave her splendid terms. Here are the main points of the Lumley-Lind contract, which was formally signed on October 17, 1846:—1. An honorarium of 120,000 francs (£4,800) for the season, reckoned from the 14th of April to the 20th of August, 1847. 2. A furnished house, a carriage, and a pair of horses, free of charge, for the season. 3. A further sum of £800 if Mdlle. Lind wished to spend a month in Italy before her *début*, for the purpose of studying the language or for rest. 4. Liberty to cancel the engagement if, after her first appearance, she felt dissatisfied at the measure of its success and wished to discontinue her performances. 5. Mdlle. Lind was not to sing at concerts, public or private, for her own emolument. This contract was the prelude to the finest episode in the career of the great vocalist.

At Munich, Mdlle. Lind was welcomed into the family of Professor Von Kaulbach, the famous Bavarian painter. She appeared at the Theatre in four of her favourite operas, but it was impossible for her to sing at Court, as the reigning spirit in the household of King Ludwig I. was the notorious Lola Montez. Between this woman and Jenny Lind lay a moral gulf that was impassable, and the pure young *artiste* could not have accepted an invitation to a Court Concert where contact with her would have been inevitable. So no appearance was made at Court, and the visit proved a happy as well as a

successful one. In deference to the strongly-expressed wishes of Mendelssohn and Herr Hauser, she now abandoned her project of going to Italy in order to study the language. She had already acquired a sufficient familiarity with the Italian language to answer all necessary purposes, and any difficulty which might arise in London could easily be overcome with the aid of Signor Lablache. Mr. Lumley generously met the singer on a point in the contract raised by Mendelssohn. He agreed that the clause forbidding her appearance at concerts should not extend to any concert given by the Queen, or to gratuitous singing at private parties of friends.

Towards the close of 1846, Mdlle. Lind appeared at Stuttgard, Carlsruhe, Heidelberg, Mannheim, Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Munich once more. The reception was everywhere marked by the same enthusiasm; and at her rooms in the picturesque old town of Heidelberg she was greeted with a serenade, and by a torchlight procession of students. When she left next day the inhabitants of Heidelberg presented her with a poetical address, printed on a long narrow filet of delicate sea-green satin, fringed at each end with gold. Wherever she appeared her songs seemed to make poets of her auditors. In January, 1847, she returned to Vienna, and the opera chosen for her re-appearance was the ever popular *La Figlia del Reggimento*. She never gave a performance in this bright and graceful opera without exciting thunders of applause for her charming and natural rendering of the principal character. She also appeared at several concerts, one of which was given by Madame Schumann, and another for the benefit of the little Wilhelmina Neruda—now Lady Hallé—who had made a great reputation in Vienna as a child-violinist, although she was then little more than six-and-a-half years old. On both these occasions her singing was gratuitous, as it was also at a third concert, arranged for the benefit of the Children's Hospital and the Home for Little Children. On the 18th of February, 1847, Meyerbeer produced his *Das Feldlager in*

Schlesien for the first time in Vienna. It had been revised for the purpose, and achieved a triumphant success. The Viennese art-lovers were so enthusiastic that they had struck a valuable medal, with a portrait of Jenny Lind on the obverse, and a swan, the emblem of song, with a branch of laurel, on the reverse. This was presented to her, together with an address encircled by a silver laurel wreath. By command of the Emperor Ferdinand, she was invested with the title of Imperial Royal Chamber Singer. As an example of the singer's generosity, although the Vienna season was short, she made no fewer than ten gratuitous appearances on behalf of charities and private individuals.

Meantime, the period was approaching for Jenny Lind's first appearance in England. Things were in a somewhat critical condition operatically at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mesdames Grisi and Persiani, and Signori Mario and Tamburini, had thrown up their connection with the old house, and started the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden. Signor Lablache was the only great singer who had remained honourably faithful to Mr. Lumley; and it was with the liveliest feelings of hope mingled with anxiety that that worthy manager now looked forward to the appearance of Mdlle. Lind. The singer arrived in London in April, 1847, where she found Mendelssohn had preceded her for the purpose of conducting four performances at Exeter Hall of his new oratorio, the *Elijah*. Again, the old feeling of nervousness overcame Jenny Lind for a time, and she begged her friend Mrs. Grote to intercede with Mr. Lumley for a withdrawal of the contract. However, the feeling passed away when she attended the rehearsals, and realised what was expected of her, and that her non-appearance would involve the absolute ruin of the house.

The part she chose for her first essay was Alice in *Robert le Diable*, partly because it was one of her most successful *rôles*, and partly because her first entrance upon the crowded stage in the dress of a pilgrim, with no important passages to

sing until after the departure of the chorus, would give her time to collect her energies. The performance was fixed for the 4th of May, and on that evening the excitement of the public exceeded anything that had ever been witnessed by the oldest frequenter of Her Majesty's Theatre. In two or three minutes after the doors were opened the vast theatre was filled. Ladies were carried off their feet and pressed against the barriers in their efforts to obtain admission, and the theatre might have been filled three times over. The Queen, the Prince Consort, the Queen Dowager, and the Duchess of Kent occupied the Royal boxes to the left of the stage. Mendelssohn sat in the stalls with his friend George Grote, the historian. The house was crowded with the most brilliant representatives of the talent, the fashion, and the wealth of London. Mdlle. Lind enjoyed the greatest triumph of her life. The most experienced critics were taken by surprise by the new *prima donna's* conception of the part of Alice, which exceeded in poetic beauty no less than in genuine dramatic power, the finest impersonation of the character that had hitherto been seen on the stage. 'Her sudden transition, in the third act, from the childlike simplicity of the little Norman peasant-girl, half jealous at the imaginary inconstancy of her humble brother, to the devoted courage of the woman who had vowed to rescue her Royal foster-brother from the toils of the Evil One; the terror of the mysterious being whose secret she had surprised by listening to the unholy sounds that issued from the cavern; her faith in the power of the wayside Cross to which she clung for protection; her dread of involving her lover and her aged father in the destruction with which she herself was threatened by the Fiend; all the stronger emotions successively called forth by the development of the situation, no less than the subordinate traits needed to unite them into a consistent whole, were delineated with a truthfulness that carried everything before it, reaching its natural climax in the terzetto which immediately precedes the finale to the fifth

act—a scene which Mdlle. Lind made peculiarly her own, by singing the thrice-recurring phrase in B major, *Sommo Iddio che, appien comprendi, quale a lui sovrasti orror*, not in the *cantabile* style in which it is usually delivered, but, with a breathless eagerness which almost took away the hearer's breath as he listened to it.' Many years afterwards, the writer ventured to remind Madame Goldschmidt that she had sung this passage with an expression with which he had never heard it invested by any other artist. "How could I tell how I sang it?" she said, "I stood at the man's right hand, and the Fiend at his left, and all I could think of was, how to save him."'

The Queen was profoundly impressed by the performance. Her Majesty is well known as an accomplished musician and a sensitive critic, and she appreciated to the full the qualities of Mdlle. Lind's voice, at once delicate and powerful, round, soft, flexible; the charm of her appearance, her touching natural acting, and the grace of her movements. When the fair *cantatrice* was summoned before the curtain, the Queen, carried away like the rest, cast a superb bouquet, which lay before her in the Royal box, at the feet of the *débutante*. Again and again during the evening she had expressed her admiration to the manager, and Mr. Lumley states in his *Reminiscences of the Opera*, that he had never seen Her Majesty moved to such enthusiasm.

Describing the memorable scene, and the singing of Mdlle. Lind, one of the leading critics of the day wrote: 'If the expectations were great, we must say that they were more than realised. The delicious quality of the organ—the rich gushing tone—was something entirely new and fresh. The auditors did not know what to make of it. They had heard singers over and over again; but here, that wondrous thing, a new sensation, was actually created. The sustained notes, swelling with full richness, and fading down to the softest *piano*, without losing one iota of their quality, being delicious

when loud, delicious when whispered, dwelt in the public ear, and reposed in the public heart. The shake, *mezza voce*, with which she concluded the pretty air, "*Quand je quittais la Normandie*," was perfectly wonderful from its rapidity and equality. This air was rapturously encored, with the most enthusiastic waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Even the way in which she uttered the first two or three notes of her romance, "*Va dit-elle*," so completely took the audience by surprise, that they interrupted her progress, and forced her to stop by their tumultuous applause.

'While Mdlle. Lind raised her audience to enthusiasm by the exquisite nature of her organ, and her perfect execution, the impression she made as an actress was no less profound. There is no conventionality about her, no seizing the strong points of a character and letting the rest drop. She acts thoroughly, with a perfect naturalness, and an infinite variety of gesture. All seems dictated by the moment, yet all is graceful. There is no stereotyped form for love, or anger, or what not, but all the impulse of immediate inspiration. As striking points, we may mention the clinging to the cross when attacked by Bertram, and the expression of rapture just before the final descent of the curtain, when she feels that she has saved Robert from perdition. Her whole conception of Alice is a fine histrionic study, of which every feature is equally good.'

Another critic of equal eminence thus recorded his impressions: 'An excitement almost unparalleled in theatrical annals has prevailed as to the appearance of the Swedish *cantatrice*. The highest expectations were formed; while on the other hand, there was a fear—not an unnatural one—that she could not equal her immense reputation, or come up to the ideal of those with whom she had been for so long a period the topic of conversation, and the object of extraordinary interest.

'This fear has proved to be groundless. Jenny Lind has surpassed all expectation, because it had been impossible to be prepared for something so startlingly new—so unlike all we have

heard before. Each one, it is true, formed his own idea of the vocalist, yet this always bore a certain resemblance to some by-gone favourite, or to some existing *prima donna*. Most people expected, indeed, a marvellous superiority in *degree*, but were unprepared for the superiority in *kind* of talent which she possesses.

'To have attained the perfect control over her voice—that faultlessness, purity, and delicacy of execution that she possesses—Mdlle. Lind must have studied arduously; but, to such profit have been her studies, that there is nothing in her singing to remind one of them. Everything she does appears spontaneous, and yet there is never a fault. The same thing is remarkable in her acting. Every movement seems the impulse of the moment; yet, not for a second does she lose sight of the identity of the character she impersonates—not for a moment are her gestures otherwise than expressive, and graceful. *Art, by her, has been only used to cultivate nature—not for a moment to disguise it.* Were it even possible to detect a flaw in the voice, or a slip in the execution of Jenny Lind, her singing would still be resistless; for it reaches the heart and touches the deepest chords of human feeling; but she has, perhaps, never a weak moment. At the instant the listener, from the habit of hearing other artists, expects the voice to become weak and fatigued—at that moment it bursts forth in greater beauty than ever. Her voice is astonishing. To the fullest, purest, sweetest tone imaginable, it unites a vibrating and penetrating quality, that makes its softest whisper audible, no matter where the listener is seated, and that, when exerted to its full extent, is truly glorious; and it may be distinctly heard above the loudest din of the orchestra and of the voices of the other artists.

'We are not afraid of being considered extravagant in our praise, at least by those who have witnessed Mdlle. Lind's performances; for the delight of hearing something so new and so natural has taken the most phlegmatic by storm. Seldom

has any theatre presented such a scene of excitement and enthusiasm as Her Majesty's on the night of her *début*. Her reception was overpowering. That said much for the fame that had preceded her; and also, we think, for the universal good-will which Mdlle. Lind, as an individual, has succeeded in inspiring. The feeling of enthusiasm, warmed, as it was, by the striking, timid attitude of the young artist, as she was led forward to receive such an unusual welcome, continued unabated all the time that she remained upon the stage, showing that public expectation, after being raised so high, was fully gratified, and even surpassed.'

The 'Swedish Nightingale,' as she was now called, settled down in a picturesque residence at Old Brompton, called Clairville Cottage, but the whole district has since made way for the bricks and mortar of London. The name of the singer became a household word at a bound. Not alone the metropolis raved about her, but the 'Jenny Lind fever' spread to the remotest parts of the kingdom. Portraits of the 'Nightingale' were sold on snuff-boxes, on match-boxes, on bon-bon boxes, on tea-boards, and on pocket handkerchiefs. Horses, dogs, cats, singing-birds, were all named after her; little children gave her name to the objects dearest to them in the world; songs were sung about her in the streets of London. Night after night crowds collected round the theatre, and the struggles for admission were violent beyond precedent. Albert Smith drew a humorous but by no means exaggerated picture of an enthusiast who, appearing first in all the glories of irreproachable evening costume, passed afterwards through a succession of changes which caused him to figure, in the final *tableau*, with his dress-coat torn open from top to bottom, the bow of his cravat protruding behind his neck, his *lorgnette* crushed beneath a fellow-enthusiast's foot, and his *Gibus*—represented in six successive stages of deterioration—reduced to a wiry skeleton. Through all this popular *furore*, the singer herself pursued her way 'unaffected by the admiration lavished upon her;

as modest, as gentle, as thoughtful for others, as conscientious in her endeavour to do justice to the music she sang, as she had been in the early days of her student life.'

Jenny Lind's next great triumph was as Amina, in *La Sonnambula*, and critics and public alike thought that in this she had surpassed herself. Lablache assured the Queen that he had never seen such acting in his life, and Her Majesty, as appears from the notes in her *Diary*, cordially agreed with him. From first to last of this performance the Queen was rapt in her attention, and unable to take her eyes from the singer, whom she felt to be speaking from heart to heart. After this came that wholly different work, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, in which the vocalist thoroughly entered into the spirit of the merry and the innocently child-like *vivandière*. She even removed this creation out of the conventional and the commonplace by her thorough and original treatment. The picture of Mdlle. Lind as Maria was shortly to be met with everywhere, and no portrait was ever more familiar to the English populace than this. On the 15th June, 1847, the Queen and the Prince Consort paid a State visit to Her Majesty's Theatre. By Royal command Mdlle. Lind appeared for the first time in England in the opera of *Norma*. The entertainment was a magnificent and a memorable one. But a considerable portion of the press and the public were disappointed with the *prima donna's* rendering of the character of Norma. Mdlle. Lind made her a woman with a human heart in her bosom, but Grisi had always represented her as a beautiful tigress, and the public were so accustomed to the latter rendering, that the part was not one of Jenny Lind's unquestionable triumphs.

Mendelssohn had long desired to write an opera in which Jenny Lind should sustain the chief character, but their mutual friend Madame Birch-Pfeiffer failed to produce a satisfactory *libretto*. Lumley now suggested a new plan, in accordance with which M. Scribe, the well-known French author, prepared a *libretto* on the subject of Shakespeare's *Tempest*. Writer

and composer, however, differed as to the way in which the subject should be treated—Scribe making changes against which the artistic conscience of Mendelssohn rebelled—and the project was abandoned. Lumley now applied to Verdi, who produced a new opera under the title of *I Masnadieri*. It was based on the plot of Schiller's *Robbers*, and was full of horrors, while the heroine was made entirely subservient to the aged nobleman Maximilian, whose cruel wrongs form the pivot of the story. Nevertheless, the opera achieved a complete triumph. Verdi, who conducted, received an ovation, but the manager was not satisfied with the opera, and his judgment received corroboration in that it was never successful on any Italian stage. The last new part in which Mdlle. Lind appeared during this famous season of 1847 was that of Susanna in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*. Here again she studied the part in the spirit of the composer, abandoning mere tradition, and finding out for herself the vocal treasures which Mozart had to offer. The consequence was another genuine success, and it was seen from her rendering that there was a great deal more in Mozart's opera than in the comedy of Beaumarchais. The latter gave a brilliant and witty picture of manners only, but Mozart evoked sympathy with his characters by inspiring them with feeling and passion.

Between the 28th of May and the 9th of August, Mdlle. Lind sang twice, by command of Her Majesty, at Buckingham Palace, and once at Osborne; besides taking part in a concert given by Queen Adelaide at Marlborough House, at which Her Majesty and the Prince Consort were present. Her Swedish songs were new to the Royal audience, and the exquisite softness and finish of the execution went home to every heart. After the concert at Osborne, the *cantatrice* was greatly moved when the Queen, calling her aside, presented her with a bracelet, saying as she did so, 'I must again express not only my admiration but my respect for you'—words which were more precious far to her than the costliest present. Jenny

Lind's biographers have well shown that, brilliant as were her stage triumphs, these were not really what won for her the heart of all England: 'The admiration for the artist, the respect for the pure and holy life she was known to be living, the reverence for her as a true and noble-hearted woman, all these were won for her on the night of her first appearance before an English audience—and she never lost them to the day of her death. But, the *Love* that made the name of Jenny Lind a "household word" in every English homestead, by every English hearth, in every dwelling in which the English language was spoken—the long-enduring *Love* was won in the concert-room and at the Oratorio. Not even '*Ah non credea*,' or '*Deh vieni non tardar*,' commanded, on the stage, the depth of affection that was yielded, in an instant, to the 'Swedish Songs,' in the concert-room, or the still deeper feeling born of *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, and 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' in the Cathedral. It was through the *Elijah* and the *Messiah*, through the *Lieder* of Mendelssohn and Lindblad, and the *Swedish Melodies*, and the thousand treasures that appeared later on, in the concert programmes—that the beloved "Swedish Nightingale" sang her way into the great heart of the British public, and it is therefore of peculiar interest that it should be through the warm and glowing words of our Queen that we now hear of the first concert at which she ever sang in the country in which she was naturalised.'

Mdlle. Lind gave a series of provincial performances during the months of August and September, 1847, undertaken on her own responsibility. She was accompanied by Gardoni, Lablache, Balfe, and a competent orchestra. After appearing in all the leading English towns, she extended the tour to Scotland. Everywhere she was received with the same extraordinary fervour and enthusiasm. The visit to Norwich during this tour, led to the formation of a cordial friendship between Jenny Lind and the Bishop of Norwich (Dr. Stanley) and his wife. So deeply moved was Mdlle. Lind by the kindness

extended to her everywhere, that on leaving our shores, she was able to speak of her 'beloved England.' On crossing over to the Continent new triumphs awaited her at Berlin. Then she said farewell to a city in which she first met so many kindred spirits, though she never wrote of Berlin with the same affectionate warmth that she did of London and Vienna. King Frederick William IV. of Prussia himself conferred the distinction of Royal Chamber Vocalist upon her, instead of leaving it to be done by the chamberlain. The Queen of Prussia was so beloved by Jenny that she assured her friend Madame Wichmann she could pass through fire for her, if she desired it.

Returning to her native land, Mdlle. Lind made many appearances at the Stockholm Theatre, and all the monies she received she set aside for the purpose of founding a college where young minds should be consecrated to both art and virtue. She also sang at many concerts for various noble charities; and on the 12th of April, 1848, she made her last appearance on the Swedish stage, taking her favourite character of Norma. During this season Södermark painted his famous picture of her as Norma, and the portrait is now one of the most cherished possessions of Sweden. It was subscribed for by the employés of the Royal Theatre, and presented to the Theatre, to be placed there, on January 6th, 1849.

For some time back her spirit had been heavy by reason of Mendelssohn's death. He passed away November 4th, 1847, and for a long period she could neither write nor speak of the melancholy event. At length, after two whole years had elapsed, she thus wrote to her 'Austrian mother,' Madame Jäger:—'Ah! mother, what a blow for me was the death of Mendelssohn! That is why I have been silent so long. For the first two months after it, I could not put a word down on paper: and everything seemed to me to be dead. Never was I so happy- so lifted in spirit, as when I spoke with him; and seldom can there have been in the world two beings who so

understood one another as we. How glorious and strange are the ways of God! On the one hand, He gives all! On the other, He takes all away! such is life's outlook.'

Mdlle. Lind's return visit to London in 1848 was an immense triumph. She appeared first on the 14th of May, at Her Majesty's, in *La Sonnambula*. Chopin, who was present, wrote to a friend: 'This Swede is indeed an original from head to foot. She does not show herself in the ordinary light, but in the magic rays of an *aurora borealis*. Her singing is infallibly pure and true; but, above all, I admire her *piano* passages, the charm of which is indescribable.' The songster's voice at this time has been described as a soprano of bright, thrilling, and remarkably sympathetic quality, with wonderfully developed length of breath, and perfection of execution. She could sing up to high D, in rich, full tones, and even touch higher notes; she literally warbled like a bird, and especially striking was her rendering of the weird Swedish melodies.

The year 1848 was the year of Revolution, and the Queen's appearance at the opera, on the occasion of Jenny Lind's initial performance, was the first time for some weeks that she had mingled with her subjects. She was received with overwhelming demonstrations of loyalty. On May 25th, Mdlle. Lind appeared for the first time in England in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The opera was a favourite one with her, and she invested the part of Lucy Ashton with such force, that the immense audience was roused to the highest enthusiasm. Next came *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and then on the 29th of July, Bellini's fine work *I Puritani*, in which, in the character of Elvira, she achieved one of her most brilliant successes.

Jenny Lind took a deep interest in the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, and after visiting it, she gave a grand morning concert to augment the funds for building the eastern wing. The concert took place on the 31st of July, in the great concert-room of Her Majesty's Theatre. It was eminently

successful, and the recipients of the vocalist's bounty presented her with a memorial of the event in the shape of a beautiful silver salver, bearing an impression of the unfinished building, and the following inscription. 'In the name of the sufferers relieved by her bounty, this humble memorial of one of her noble actions is presented to Jenny Lind, by the committee of management of the Hospital for Consumption at Brompton, London, as a slight token of their esteem and gratitude and in commemoration of the concert given by her on the 31st day of July, 1848, on which occasion, through the exertion of her unrivalled talents, £1,766 were added to the funds of the charity, and a solid foundation laid for completing the fabric, the unfinished condition of which had excited her generous sympathy. "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."' In pleading the cause of the Hospital, in the following year, Mr. Disraeli passed an eloquent panegyric upon Jenny Lind in connection with this beneficent act. 'It almost reaches the high ideal of human nature,' he remarked, 'when we portray to ourselves a youthful maiden, innocent and benignant, in the possession of an unparalleled and omnipotent charm, alternately entrancing the heart of nations, and then kneeling at the tomb of suffering, of calamity, and of care. To me there is something most beautiful in this life of music and charity—a life passed amid divine sounds and still diviner deeds. A great artist sustained by virtue, upheld by self-respect, and full of the magnificence of her mission, ranks in the highest class of human beings and human benefactors.'

During the later months of 1848, Mdlle. Lind made a provincial tour, one of her principal objects being to assist in founding Mendelssohn Scholarships in honour of the eminent composer. A performance of *Elijah* was given with the same object at Exeter Hall on the 15th of December. Mdlle. Lind and others gave their services on this noteworthy occasion, and the production was faultless. A handsome sum was raised, and this was placed out at interest. A committee

was formed, with Sir George Smart as Chairman, and it is specially interesting to note that the first Mendelssohn scholar elected was Mr. (now Sir Arthur) Sullivan, who has so worthily justified his choice. Mdlle. Lind generously gave other charitable concerts for such deserving institutions as the Birmingham General Hospital, the Manchester Royal Infirmary, the Liverpool Southern Hospital, the Worcester Infirmary, and the Norwich Charities. The proceeds of the last named concert were subsequently applied to the Jenny Lind Infirmary for Sick Children. The singer was unresting in her good deeds.

Early in 1849, Mdlle. Lind gave numerous provincial concerts in England, but she had now resolved to abandon the operatic stage, and to devote herself to the music of the oratorio, in which she stood equally pre-eminent. Long before the season of 1849 opened, the sole topic discussed in the operatic world, was the hoped-for re-appearance of Jenny Lind at Her Majesty's. But she had made her decision, and resolutely adhered to it. It was a serious decision for Mr. Lumley, for neither Mdlle. Alboni nor Mdlle. Sontag, whom he was fortunate enough to engage, could make up for the popular favourite. After prolonged negotiation, a compromise was arrived at, by which Mdlle. Lind consented to appear at six grand classical performances at the Theatre, at which the music of her favourite operas was to be sung, without the attractions of the stage. The experiment was tried on the 12th of April, with Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*, but, as might have been expected, it proved a complete failure. The public wanted an opera with all the accessories natural to it, and it would have nothing else; so the remaining performances were abandoned. Sympathising with the disappointed manager, Jenny Lind sank her own feelings, and consented to appear in a few more operatic performances. Accordingly, when *La Sonnambula* was produced on the 26th of April, she was received with all the old fervour and enthusiasm. The opera was given

once after this, and *Lucia di Lammermoor* was also given twice, and *La Figlia del Reggimento* and *Roberto il Diavolo* once each. It was as Alice, in the last-named opera, that she had made her first appearance on the London stage, and it was in the same character that she now took her leave. The performance came off on the 10th of May; the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Duchess of Kent being present. At the close the plaudits were so universal and so continuous that they blended with each other into one prolonged volume of sound. The vocalist was deeply moved when she responded to the last call. Afterwards, when all was over, and the audience had departed, the members of the chorus presented her with a gold bracelet, as a token of their esteem and admiration. This touching tribute was much valued by the recipient.

Between Jenny Lind's first appearance on the operatic stage in *Der Freischütz* on the 7th of March, 1838, and her last in *Roberto il Diavolo*, on the 10th of May, 1849, she performed 677 times, in thirty operas, her appearances thus averaging a little over sixty per annum. The opera in which she appeared most frequently was *La Sonnambula*, with 98 representations. Then came the following—*Lucia di Lammermoor*, 78; *Norma*, 75; *Roberto il Diavolo*, 73; *La Figlia del Reggimento*, 62; and *Der Freischütz*, 51. The rest of her appearances ranged from 27 in Berwald's *Divertissement National* to three in Rossini's *Semiramide*—both of which she never performed out of Sweden; indeed this was the case altogether with fourteen of her operas. After Stockholm, she appeared more frequently in London than in any other city.

In reply to the question, how one with a dramatic genius of the highest order thus came to leave the stage, the manuscript *Memoir* of Mrs. Grote seems to furnish the clue. Jenny Lind quietly confided her intention to Mrs. Grote, to whom she spoke of her intense dislike to the *entourage* which a theatre necessitated; of the exhausting fatigue involved in dramatic singing; of the physical risks; while over against all this dis

tracting environment, she set her own simple tastes and humble needs, as well as her spiritual aspirations. She saw nothing wrong or disreputable in the drama itself, but she felt that the conditions which belong to a triumphant dramatic career were to her intolerable. Then, she had an intense longing for the happiness and tranquillity of domestic life; whereas the operatic star, though courted and applauded by the world, is practically without a home.

Henceforth, Jenny Lind's appearances in public were confined to the concert room. After a visit to Sweden, where she made arrangements respecting her poor pensioners, she returned to England and sang in London and other places, preparatory to making a tour in the United States. She accepted a brilliant engagement offered her by Mr. Barnum—the most enterprising caterer for the public the world has probably ever seen—and in August 1850 she set sail for America. Jenny Lind did not retire from the operatic stage from any feeling of excessive Puritanism, but that her nature had undergone a profoundly religious change is shown by a letter she wrote before leaving England to the little daughter of Professor von Jäger. 'I have for long,' she said, 'had the most eager wish to earn, somewhere, a great deal of money, so as to endow a school for poor, lost children, in my own country, and the invitation to America came as a direct answer; so that I go there in this confidence; and I pray God in Heaven, out of a full heart, that he will guide me thither, as ever before, with His gentle hand; and will graciously forgive me my sins, and my infirmities. I shall have much to encounter; it is a very arduous undertaking. But since I have no less an aim before me than to help in widening God's kingdom, the littlenesses of life vanish in face of this!

'My dearest Gusti, my Bible was never more necessary to me than now—never more truly my stay! I drink therein rest, self-knowledge, hope, faith, love, carefulness, and the fear of God, so that I look at life and the world in quite another fashion to what I did before. Would that all men could come

to this knowledge, and that we all daily feasted on this Divine Book ; and would that my own Gusti would take all her trouble to this Book. Then first should we all know how to taste the true life ! '

The American tour proved an extraordinary success, Jenny Lind's own share of the profits amounting to £35,000. All this and more she afterwards spent in founding and endowing musical scholarships and charities in her native country.

It was not to be expected that Jenny Lind had reached this stage of her life without all thought of marriage. On the contrary, in 1847, she had become engaged to Herr Julius Günther, the leading tenor at the Theatre Royal, Stockholm. But as she began to feel an increasing desire to quit the stage, he became all the more enamoured of it. They at length recognised that there was not sufficient harmony between them as to the motives and principles by which life should be directed, and the engagement was broken off by the consent of both. Then, while singing at Newcastle in the autumn of 1848, Jenny Lind became acquainted with Claudius Harris, a young captain in the Indian army. They had religious interests in common, but in Harris they were so strong that he not merely asked her to abandon her profession, but to be ashamed of it. Matters progressed so far, however, that marriage settlements were discussed. But Captain Harris was too exacting. He desired to prevent her from ever appearing in public, and objected to her considering her own earnings as a sacred trust. Eventually, through negotiations conducted by Mrs. Stanley, there was a mutual release from the engagement. But a happy union was still in store for Jenny Lind, and her marriage took place during her American engagement. The bridegroom was Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, a young pianist whom she had known and encouraged in Europe, and who went out to the United States as a pianist and accompanist to Jenny Lind, on the retirement of Julius Benedict from that post. Mdlle. Lind was married to Mr. Goldschmidt, at the house of Mr. S. Grey

Ward, in Boston, by Bishop Wainwright of New York, according to the service of the Episcopal Church, on Feb. 5, 1852. The bride subsequently spoke of the new strength which had been brought to her by the 'chosen companion of her life,' whom she found to be 'all that her heart ever wanted and loved.' So that rest and home affections came to her at last.

From this time forward she received the active co-operation of Mr. Goldschmidt in her performances. These were very frequent, both in England and abroad. From December 1855 to June 1856 she made an especially successful round of England, Scotland, and Wales, accompanied by a strong band of supporters which included F. Lablache, Weiss, Ernst, Sainton, Swift, and Piatti. In 1861-62 she made a tour with Belletti, Sims Reeves, and Piatti; in 1863 she took part in the revival of Handel's music to Milton's *Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*; and in succeeding years she appeared on many special occasions, including the production of Mr. Goldschmidt's *Ruth*. From 1876 to 1883, her main musical interest lay in leading and training the female chorus of the Bach Choir, of which her husband was conductor; and from 1883 to 1886 she laboured energetically in connection with the School of Singing attached to the Royal College of Music. The closing years of her life were spent at Wynds Point, her picturesque cottage on the Malvern Hills; and her last public appearance was at a concert given for the Railway Servants' Benevolent Fund at the Spa, Malvern Hills, on July 23rd, 1883. It cannot always be said of a public singer, but in the case of Jenny Lind her voice retained its old sweetness and fascination to the end. She died on the 2nd of November, 1887, and a medallion portrait of her in Westminster Abbey—appropriately placed under the statue of Handel—will perpetuate her fame to future generations.

A noble life, is the verdict one must conscientiously pronounce upon the career of Jenny Lind. From its opening to its close the artist was swayed by pure and lofty principles. She

showed by her example that it was possible to belong to the stage and yet to take away the reproach from the stage. She gave delight to millions, and yet kept her soul white and unsullied through a myriad of temptations. The dazzling success she achieved never disturbed her inward serenity. Her gift she recognised as coming from God, and the wealth which that gift brought she laid at his feet, to be used on behalf of His weak, suffering, and erring children. Verily, her name is blessed.

MARY SOMERVILLE.

MARY SOMERVILLE.

Of all women who have devoted themselves to the cause of scientific research Mary Somerville was the most distinguished. There was something sublime in her arduous zeal, and the annals of her sex can show no parallel to it; for in her ninetieth year her intellectual faculties were still unimpaired, and she was actively engaged in prosecuting her investigations into one of the most abstruse branches of scientific learning. When we add to this that she preserved all through her long career an earnest and devout mind, which was undismayed and undisturbed by the advances of scepticism, and that the close of her life was marked by a firm faith in the glorious future of humanity, it must be confessed that her life was almost unique in its simple greatness and nobility.

The even tenor of that life was interrupted by no startling events. It had its personal joys and sorrows—for none born of woman is without them—but there were no violent convulsions to throw the soul from its moorings, and whatever changes or vicissitudes overtook her, they were only instrumental in building up her character, and in enabling her to meet the future with greater endurance and fortitude. Mary Somerville herself, in her *Personal Recollections*, has related in clear and effective language—but without a trace of vanity or exaggeration—the main features of her life and work; and the slight additions necessary to complete her narrative have been made by her daughter Martha, the worthy daughter of a worthy mother.

Mary Somerville was the daughter of Admiral Sir William Fairfax, whose wife was the daughter of Samuel Charters, Solicitor of the Customs for Scotland. The Fairfaxes were descended from the Fairfaxes of Walton, in Yorkshire, the main branch of which were created Viscounts Fairfax of Emly, in the peerage of Ireland, now extinct, and a younger branch Barons Fairfax of Cameron, in the peerage of Scotland. One of the latter branch was the great Lord Fairfax, Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Parliament during the Civil War. Admiral Fairfax saw a good deal of active service, and was once made prisoner by the French, the result of attacking a vessel vastly superior to his own. He was afterwards engaged in the War of American Independence, and in 1797 distinguished himself greatly at the Battle of Camperdown. Lady Fairfax seems to have been a close reader of the Bible, sermons, and the newspaper; but it need scarcely be said that the newspaper has changed much in character since last century. Strong good sense and great strength of expression in writing and conversation were among the further qualities possessed by her ladyship, and these and other characteristics she transmitted to her daughter, who also inherited her father's cool composure in moments of danger.

In the winter of 1780, Lady Fairfax, who had accompanied her husband to London, set forth on her return journey to the north. She had proceeded as far as the manse of Jedburgh, the home of her sister Martha—wife of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Somerville, minister of Jedburgh—when she was taken ill, and gave birth to her daughter Mary on the 26th December. By a singular coincidence, Mary Somerville was born in the house of her future husband, and nursed by his mother. The permanent home of the Somervilles was at Burntisland, and thither the mother conveyed her son Samuel and her newly-born infant as soon as she had recovered strength. Burntisland was a quiet seaport town on the coast of Fife, immediately opposite to Edinburgh. It was here, while quite young, that she imbibed

her taste for natural history. Her mother taught her to read the Bible and to perform her daily devotions, but otherwise she was suffered to grow up comparatively wild. At seven or eight years of age she began to be useful—gathering the fruit for preserving, shelling the peas and beans, feeding the poultry, and looking after the dairy. Mary did not care for dolls, but she soon made friends with the birds, and knew their habits and times of flight. In winter the robin would come in at the window, and hop about the breakfast-table picking up crumbs. It was a time of severe trial for the girl when she was set to learn the catechism of the Kirk of Scotland, for it was unconscionably dry, and she had a bad memory. She saw a good deal of the old women of Burntisland, who were an acute race, and sometimes a match for the minister himself. A capital story is told of one of them. 'Peggie,' said the minister, 'what lightened the world before the sun was made?' She reflected for a minute, and then replied, 'Dear sir, the question is mair curious than edifying.'

When Admiral Fairfax returned home from sea in 1789 he was shocked to find his daughter somewhat of a savage, who could only read such books as the *Arabian Nights* and *Robinson Crusoe*; so he set to work on the *Spectator*, making her read a paper aloud every morning after breakfast. The consequence of this discipline was that in after life she never opened the book; and for similar painful disciplinary reasons she did not regard Hume's History of England as the brightest book in the world. At the age of ten she was sent to a boarding school at Musselburgh, kept by a Miss Primrose, where she was utterly wretched, and wept copiously. Perpetual restraint she found a miserable exchange for perfect liberty. Here is a picture of boarding-school life a hundred years ago: 'A few days after my arrival, although perfectly straight and well-made, I was enclosed in stiff stays with a steel busk in front, while, above my frock, bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder-blades met. Then a steel rod, with a semi-circle which went

under the chin, was clasped to the steel busk in my stays. In this constrained state I, and most of the younger girls, had to prepare our lessons. The chief thing I had to do was to learn by heart a page of Johnson's Dictionary: not only to spell the words, give their parts of speech and meaning, but as an exercise of memory, to remember their order of succession. Besides I had to learn the first principles of writing and the rudiments of French and English grammar. The method of teaching was extremely tedious and inefficient. Our religious duties were attended to in a remarkable way. Some of the girls were Presbyterians, others belonged to the Church of England, so Miss Primrose cut the matter short by taking us all to the kirk in the morning and to church in the afternoon.'

Mary Somerville was released from this kind of slavery in twelve months, and returned, to her inexpressible delight, to Burntisland. Here she wandered about at her own sweet will, becoming quite learned in fish, bird, beast, and plant lore. She also studied conchology, as well as the flora of the district. In wet weather every moment that could be spared from her domestic duties she spent in devouring Shakespeare; but she was also sometimes set to work a sampler. Somewhat later she studied history. Strange to say, her reading memory was defective, yet she could play long pieces of music on the piano without her book, and she never forgot her mathematical formulæ. When on a visit to her uncle, Dr. Somerville, of Jedburgh, she began to read Latin with him. The doctor was the first person to encourage her passion for learning, and he early discovered her rare intellectual qualities, which he took a keen delight in developing. A little love episode went on at this time relating to one of her girl cousins. The writing master of this girl was David Brewster, afterwards the celebrated philosopher. He fell in love with his pupil, but never told his love, while she afterwards became attached to an officer in the army, but was not allowed to marry him because her mother would not

permit her to go out to such 'an outlandish place' as Malta with him; so she lived and died unmarried.

The French Revolution, as is well known, created great alarm and excitement in England. Many Liberals supported it in its origin, though they lamented its after excesses; but the English Tories became more violently Tory still after the Revolution. The most frightful and exaggerated abuse was heaped upon the Liberals, and Mary Somerville records that it was very largely owing to this that she became a Liberal. 'From my earliest years,' she remarks, 'my mind revolted against oppression and tyranny, and I resented the injustice of the world in denying all those privileges of education to my sex which were so lavishly bestowed on men. My Liberal opinions, both in religion and politics, have remained unchanged (or, rather, have advanced) throughout my life, but I have never been a Republican. I have always considered a highly educated aristocracy essential, not only for government, but for the refinement of a people.'

Her scientific bent received its first impetus by her accidental discovery of certain problems in algebra in an illustrated *Magazine of Fashions*. She wanted to know more, and thought that Robertson's *Navigation* would assist her, but was disappointed. However, she was helped to what she wanted by overhearing a conversation between her drawing-master, Nasmyth, and the Ladies Douglas, touching perspective. He said, 'You should study Euclid's *Elements of Geometry*—the foundation not only of perspective, but of astronomy and all mechanical science.' Shortly afterwards she procured Euclid, and Bonnycastle's *Algebra*, which she began to study alone with courage and assiduity. It would astonish many young ladies of the present day to hear of the various branches of knowledge, as well as accomplishments, to which Mary Somerville devoted herself. Besides the severer studies just mentioned, she had made herself proficient in Latin, and acquired enough Greek to read Xenophon and part of Herodotus. She was an ex-

cellent dancer, a fair artist, and a good performer on the pianoforte, taking pieces by Pleyel, Clementi, Steibelt, Mozart, and her favourite Beethoven. At the same time she took her share in the work of the household. She was an excellent Shakespearean scholar, and it was the greatest treat she enjoyed when in Edinburgh to see Mrs. Siddons and her brother John Kemble, Charles Kemble, Young, and Bannister in the most famous of the great dramatist's plays. Her father seems to have been alarmed about her mathematical studies. 'Peg,' said the gallant old tar to his wife, 'we must put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a strait-jacket one of these days.'

I must pause here to quote an amusing anecdote about the elder Mrs. Somerville, which Mary Somerville gives as follows: 'My mother was so much afraid of the sea that she never would cross the Firth except in a boat belonging to a certain skipper who had served in the Navy and lost a hand; he had a hook fastened on the stump to enable him to haul ropes. My brother and I were tired of the country, and one sunny day we persuaded my mother to embark. When we came to the shore, the skipper said, "I wonder that the leddy boats to-day, for though it is calm here under the lee of the land, there is a stiff breeze outside." We made him a sign to hold his tongue, for we knew this as well as he did. Our mother went down to the cabin and remained silent and quiet for a time; but when we began to roll and be tossed about, she called out to the skipper, "George! this is an awful storm, I am sure we are in great danger. Mind how you steer; remember I trust in you!" He laughed and said, "Dinna trust in me, leddy, trust in God Almighty." Our mother, in perfect terror, called out, "Dear me! is it come to that?" We burst out laughing, skipper and all.'

At the age of seventeen, Mary Somerville captivated all spectators by her rare and delicate beauty, both of face and figure. She was called the 'Rose of Jedwood,' and she kept her beauty to the last day of her life. When she had become

celebrated, and artists wished to commemorate her, she would laughingly say that 'it was very hard no one ever thought of painting her portrait when she was young and pretty.' She always looked younger than her age, and even at ninety she did not appear old. This was owing to her simple habits of life, and her freshness of heart and mind. Those who danced with her at Edinburgh in her teens said she had a graceful figure, slightly below the middle size, a small head well set on her shoulders, a beautiful complexion, bright, intelligent eyes, and a profusion of soft brown hair. Hear it and tremble, O ye ruinous damsels of London society at the present day, that she made all her own dresses, even for balls! Mary entered heartily into the fun of all the little parties and the dances, did not disdain a little flirtation, and was much sought after and admired. This blue-stocking, at any rate, was evidently of the right sort, thoroughly girlish, beautiful, and human.

There is, perhaps, little wonder that Mary Somerville was confirmed in her Liberal opinions by the harshness of the political legislation of the time, by the infamous way in which the army and navy were recruited, and by the cruelty of the penal code. As she very justly says, 'The oppression and cruelty committed in Great Britain were almost beyond endurance. Men and women were executed for what at the present day would only have been held to deserve a few weeks' or months' imprisonment. Every liberal opinion was crushed, men were entrapped into the army by promises which were never kept, and press-gangs tore merchant seamen from their families, and forced them to serve in the navy, where they were miserably provided for. The severity of discipline in both services amounted to torture.' As an example of the severity of the penal laws, Mr. Justice Coltman said that when he first went the Northern Circuit, he saw more than twenty people hanged at once at York, chiefly for horse-stealing and such offences. Happily, owing to the efforts of the noble-hearted Romilly, a great amelioration was secured in the criminal code.

In 1804, Mary Somerville's cousin, Samuel Greig, commissioner of the Russian Navy, and Russian Consul for Great Britain, paid a visit to Burntisland, and ultimately married Mary Somerville. She had no fortune, for her parents were obliged always to live economically, but on going away her mother gave her £20 to buy warm wraps for the ensuing winter. But instead of this, she bought with it a portrait of her father, painted immediately after the battle of Camperdown, by Sir M. A. Shee, president of the Academy. The bride's parent would not allow the marriage until Mr. Greig had obtained the Russian Consulship and settled permanently in London. Russia was then governed in the most arbitrary and tyrannical manner —as indeed, when has it not been?—and it was neither a safe nor a desirable place of residence. A brother of Mr. Greig, Sir Alexis Greig, commanded the Russian naval force in the Black Sea for more than twenty years. It was through his interest that Mary Somerville, many years after her marriage—and at the request of Dr. Whewell, master of Trinity College, Cambridge —obtained the promulgation of an order by the Russian Government for simultaneous observations to be made of the tides on every sea-coast of the Empire. It was stated in many of the biographies current after Mary Somerville's death, that Mr. Greig, conscious of the latent powers of her mind, took a keen pleasure in initiating his wife into the mysteries of mathematics and general science. This was utterly erroneous. She was only able to continue her mathematical and other pursuits under great disadvantages. Although her husband did not prevent her from studying, she met with no sympathy whatever from him, as he had a very low opinion of the capacity of her sex, and had neither knowledge of nor interest in science of any kind. After three years of married life in London, Mrs. Greig was left a widow with two sons. One died in childhood, and the other, Woronzow Greig, became a barrister and Clerk of the Peace for Surrey, but died suddenly in 1865, to the great grief of all who knew him.

Returning to Burntisland, the young mother divided her time between her children and her mathematical studies. She had already studied plane and spherical trigonometry, conic sections, and Fergusson's *Astronomy;* and she now endeavoured to read Newton's *Principia.* She found it very difficult at this time, but at a later period her assiduous study was rewarded, and she wrote numerous notes and observations on that wonderful work. But mathematical science was at a low ebb in Britain at the beginning of the nineteenth century; and few experimenters had yet adopted the calculus, which had already enabled foreign mathematicans to carry astronomical and mechanical sciences to the highest perfection. It may, perhaps, be noted here that the differential calculus is the method of differencing quantities, or of finding an infinitely small quantity, which, being taken an infinite number of times, shall be equal to a given quantity. The exponential calculus is a method of finding and summing up the differentials of exponential quantities. The integral calculus is a method of integrating or summing up differential quantities. Although Professors Ivory and de Morgan had adopted the calculus, it was some time before it came into general use with mathematicians. Mary Somerville exchanged problems and solutions with Mr. Wallace, who became professor of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh. On one occasion she solved a prize problem, and was awarded a silver medal cast purposely with her name upon it. At the instance of Professor Wallace, who supplied her with a list, she studied all the French works of the first order bearing on mathematica and astronomical science, even the highest and most abtruse branches. These and other valuable works belonging to Mrs. Somerville were presented after her death to Girton College, Cambridge. When the *Edinburgh Review* was at its most brilliant period, about ten years after its foundation, Mrs. Greig —as she then was—became personally acquainted with Henry Brougham, Sydney Smith, Professor Playfair, and other eminent contributors.

In 1812 came her marriage with Dr. William Somerville, son of her uncle the Rev. Dr. Somerville, who represented the ancient family of Somerville of Cambusnethan. The younger Somerville had been a great traveller, but could never be persuaded to write an account of his wanderings. He was present at the taking of the Cape of Good Hope, and penetrated further into the Caffre country than any white man had yet done, but with imminent peril to his life. He was proud of his wife's researches, and regarded no trouble or labour as too great if he could be of service to her. The union was one of affection on both sides, and now Mary Somerville was thoroughly happy in her work and in her home. Her father-in-law was likewise deeply attached to her, and warmly admired and encouraged her talents. After a stay at the Cumberland Lakes, Dr. and Mrs. Somerville proceeded to London, and, while there, witnessed the entry of the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia and his sons, Blucher and Platoff, &c., into the city. When Dr. Somerville was appointed head of the Army Medical Department in Scotland, they returned to Edinburgh, where they settled. While attending to her domestic concerns, Mary Somerville found time to read Homer, and to begin the systematic study of botany, to which she afterwards added geology and mineralogy. In 1813, to her great grief she lost her father. He had been sixty-seven years in the British Navy, was present at the taking of Quebec by Wolfe, in 1759, and also at the battle of Camperdown, as we have seen, and he died Admiral of the Red.

Sir Walter Scott, Lord Somerville, and Mrs. Somerville's father-in-law, were near neighbours and friends; and Mary Somerville gives these extremely interesting reminiscences of Abbotsford and its master:—'There was great intimacy between the three families, and the society was often enlivened by Adam Ferguson and Willie Clerk, whom we had met at Raith. I shall never forget the charm of this little society, especially the supper parties at Abbotsford, when Scott was in the

highest glee, telling amusing tales, ancient legends, ghost and witch stories. Then Adam Ferguson would sing the "Laird of Cockpen," and other comic songs, and Willie Clerk amused us with his dry wit. When it was time to go away all rose, and standing hand-in-hand round the table, Scott taking the lead, we sang in full chorus:

'Weel may we a'be,
Ill may we never see,
Health to the King,
And the gude companie.'

At that time no one knew who was the author of the Waverley Novels. There was much speculation and curiosity on the subject. While talking about one which had just been published, my son Woronzow said, "I knew all those stories long ago, for Mr. Scott writes on the dinner table. When he has finished, he puts the green cloth with the papers in a corner of the dining room; and when he goes out, Charlie Scott and I read the stories." My son's tutor was the original of Dominie Sampson in *Guy Mannering*.

A quaint old chronicle, entitled *Memorie of the Somervilles*, written by James, eleventh Lord Somerville, who died in 1690, was edited by Sir Walter Scott, who also found in it passages for his novels which he could not have discovered elsewhere. In addition to many curious anecdotes and pictures of Scottish life, the *Memorie* gave ample details concerning all the branches of the Somerville family. When Sir Walter was ordered to go abroad for relaxation, he kissed Mary Somerville—who went with her husband to take leave of him—and said, 'Farewell, my dear; I am going to die abroad like other British novelists.' Upon this Mrs. Somerville remarks, 'Happy would it have been if God had so willed it, for he returned completely broken down; his hopes were blighted, his sons dead, and his only remaining descendant was a granddaughter, daughter of Mrs. Lockhart. She married Mr. James Hope, and soon died, leaving an only daughter, the last

descendant of Sir Walter Scott. Thus, the "merry, merry days that I have seen" ended very sadly.'

Dr. Somerville was appointed a member of the Army Medical Board in 1816, and it became necessary for him to reside in London. He and his wife accordingly left Scotland to take up their abode in the metropolis, where they had a house in Hanover Square. On the way to London they broke their journey at Birmingham, in order to see Watt and Boulton's manufactory of steam engines at Soho. Boulton showed his visitors the engines in action, and they thought the power exhibited was almost fearful; yet the locomotive was only then in its infancy, and Mrs. Somerville lived to see 'this all but omnipotent instrument change the locomotion of the whole civilized world by sea and by land.' Not long afterwards they visited Sir William Herschel at Slough, when the celebrated astronomer explained the mechanism of his telescopes, and showed them the manuscripts in which he had recorded his important discoveries. They were all arranged in most perfect order, as was also his musical library. The son, Sir John Herschel, afterwards became one of Mrs. Somerville's most valued friends and advisers.

In London the Somervilles were near the Royal Institution, where they attended the lectures, and met many distinguished scientists. Sir Humphry Davy's discoveries made this a memorable epoch in the annals of chemical science. The following extract recalls a very tragic incident: 'There was much talk about the celebrated Count Rumford's steam kitchen, by which food was to be cooked at a very small expense of fuel. It was adopted by several people, and among others by Naldi, the opera singer, who invited some friends to dine the first day it was to be used. Before dinner they all went to see the new invention, but while Naldi was explaining its structure it exploded, and killed him on the spot. By this sad accident his daughter, a pretty girl and a good singer, was left destitute. A numerously-attended concert was given for

her benefit, at which Somerville and I were present. She was soon after engaged to sing in Paris, but ultimately married the Comte de Sparre, a French gentleman, and left the stage.

During the year 1817 the Somervilles made a Continental tour. At Paris they became acquainted with the brilliant men of science who shed lustre upon this period. At the Observatory M. Arago showed Mary Somerville all the instruments of that magnificent establishment in the minutest detail—an experience that was afterwards most serviceable to her. He also introduced her to the Marquis de la Place, who, 'though incomparably superior to Arago in mathematics and astronomical science, was inferior to him in general acquirements, so that his conversation was less varied and popular.' Arago was the most brilliant of the French savants, and was well versed in politics and current events. When La Place understood that Mrs. Somerville had read his *Mécanique Céleste*, he entered into conversation with her about astronomy and the calculus, and presented her with a copy of his *Système du Monde*, bearing his inscription. Among others whom she met were Biot and Humboldt, and she had several entertaining conversations with the great Cuvier, who took her over the Jardin des Plantes. Cuvier was surprised that scientific inquirers were to be found in British towns in the far north. While science was highly cultivated in France, it was confined to the capital. Here is a glimpse of a different character, descriptive of the French stage :—

'The theatre was at this time very brilliant in Paris. We saw Talma, who was considered to be the first tragedian of the age, in the character of Tancrède. I admired the skill with which he overcame the disagreeable effect which the rhyme of the French tragedies has always had on me. Notwithstanding his personal advantages, I thought him a great artist, though inferior to John Kemble. I am afraid my admiration for Shakespeare, my want of sympathy with the artificial style of French tragedy, and perhaps my youthful remembrance of our

great tragedian Mrs. Siddons, made me unjust to Mademoiselle Duchênois, who, although ugly, was certainly an excellent actress, and a favourite of the public. I was so fond of the theatre that I enjoyed comedy quite as much as tragedy, and was delighted with Mademoiselle Mars, whom we saw in Tartuffe. Some years later I saw her again, when, although an old woman, she still appeared handsome and young upon the stage, and was as graceful and lively as ever.'

At Geneva the Somervilles became acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. Marcet, and through them with De Candolle, the first botanist of Europe, and Sismondi, the historian. It was Mrs. Marcet's *Conversations on Chemistry* which first opened out to Faraday's mind 'that field of science in which he became so illustrious, and at the height of his fame he always mentioned Mrs. Marcet with deep reverence.' De Candolle subsequently wrote Mrs. Somerville an elaborate letter of advice on the scientific aspects of botany. At Venice the Somervilles saw Lord Byron, and at Florence they were presented to the Countess of Albany, whose proud and insolent manners, however, greatly disconcerted and wounded the gentle Englishwoman. The latter could not converse in Italian at this time, but she acquired the language later. Rome brought many artistic delights and distinguished acquaintances, the latter including Thorwaldsen, Canova, and Pius VII. Mrs. Somerville thus records her impressions:—'During this journey I was highly gratified, for we made the acquaintance of Thorwaldsen and Canova. Canova was gentle and amiable, with a beautiful countenance, and was an artist of great reputation. Thorwaldsen had a noble and striking appearance, and had more power and originality than Canova. His bas-reliefs were greatly admired. I saw the one he made of Night in the house of an English lady, who had a talent for modelling, and was said to be attached to him. We were presented to Pope Pius the Seventh, a handsome, gentlemanly, and amiable old man. He received us in a summer-house in the garden of the Vatican.

He was sitting on a sofa, and made me sit beside him. His manners were simple and very gracious; he spoke freely of what he had suffered in France. He said, "God forbid that he should bear ill-will to anyone; but the journey and the cold were trying to an old man, and he was glad to return to a warm climate and to his own country." When we took leave, he said to me, "Though a Protestant, you will be none the worse for an old man's blessing." Pius the Seventh was loved and respected; the people knelt to him as he passed. Many years afterwards we were presented to Gregory the Sixteenth, a very common-looking man, forming a great contrast to Pius the Seventh.'

Though there was much brigandage at this time, the travellers managed to journey from Rome to Naples without any encounter. They ascended Vesuvius, obtained a fine collection of volcanic minerals at Portici, and a bronze statuette of Minerva, and a very fine rosso antico Terminus—the Roman god of boundaries—at Pompeii. At Bologna they made the acquaintance of the celebrated Cardinal Mezzofanti, the man of many tongues. The whole tour had been a most instructive one for Mary Somerville from the scientific and artistic points of view, and she returned to England with her receptive mind still further embellished and reinforced from the stores of knowledge.

Profoundly interesting were Mary Somerville's interchanges of thought with distinguished English scientists after her return from abroad. One of the foremost of these was the chemist Dr. Wollaston, whose discoveries were the greatest up to the time of Faraday. Amongst other things he invented an admirable sliding rule of chemical equivalents, and for his great discovery of the malleability of platinum he was awarded the gold medal of the Royal Society. By the invention of the Wollaston goniometer he was enabled to measure the angle formed by the faces of a crystal by means of the reflected images of bright objects seen in them. One sunny morning

Wollaston called on Mrs. Somerville, at Hanover Square, and said, 'I have discovered seven dark lines crossing the solar spectrum, which I wish to show you.' Closing the window-shutters so as to leave only a narrow line of light, he put a small glass prism into her hand, through which she saw them distinctly. These lines 'were the origin of the most wonderful series of cosmical discoveries, and have proved that many of the substances of our globe are also constituents of the sun, the stars, and even of the nebulæ.' Among other discoveries by Wollaston was that of palladium ; but, indeed, there were few branches of science with which he was not more or less acquainted. Dr. Young was another scientific friend of Mary Somerville's. He made himself famous by the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics, anticipating Champollion, who was considerably indebted to him in his researches, but ungenerously withheld the tribute due to him. Young proved the undulatory theory of light by direct experiment. His lectures on scientific subjects at the Royal Institution were a mine of wealth to Mary Somerville. In many of the astronomical observations of Sir James South and Sir John Herschel she was also permitted to share.

The attempted discovery of the North Pole and of an open Polar ocean had a great fascination for Mary Somerville. She longed, as many have done before and since her time, for the settlement of this great geographical question, in the interests of science and of humanity. I give one passage from her recollections of the brave Parry, and Lady Franklin :—'Sir Edward Parry, who had brought us minerals and seeds of plants from Melville Island, invited us to see the ships prepared for his third voyage and three years' residence in the Arctic seas. It is impossible to describe how perfectly everything was arranged ; experience had taught them what was necessary for such an expedition. On this occasion I put in practice my lessons in cookery by making a large quantity of orange marmalade for the voyage. When, after three years, the ships

returned, we were informed that the name of Somerville had been given to an island so far to the north that it was all but perpetually covered with ice and snow. Notwithstanding the sameness which naturally prevails in the narration of these voyages, they are invested with a romantic interest by the daring bravery displayed, and by the appalling difficulties overcome. The noble endeavour of Lady Franklin to save her gallant husband, and the solitary voyage of Sir Leopold McClintock in a small yacht, in search of his dear lost friend, form the touching and sad termination to a very glorious period of maritime adventure. More than fifty years after these events I renewed my acquaintance with Lady Franklin. She and her niece came to see me at Spezia, on their way to Dalmatia. She had circumnavigated the globe with her husband when he was Governor in Australia. After his loss she and her niece had gone round the world a second time, and she assured me that although they went to Japan and China (less known at that time than they are now), they never experienced any difficulty. Seeing ladies travelling alone, people were always willing to help them.'

Interesting glimpses are to be obtained of many of Mary Somerville's literary contemporaries and others, including Joanna Baillie, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Fry, Sir Charles Lyell, &c. 'Among many others,' she remarks, 'we were intimate with Dr. and Mrs. Baillie and his sisters. Joanna was my dear and valued friend to the end of her life. When her tragedy of *Montfort* was to be brought on the stage, Somerville and I, with a large party of her relations and friends, went with her to the theatre. The play was admirably acted, for Mrs. Siddons and her brother, John Kemble, performed the principal parts. It was warmly applauded by a full house, but it was never acted again. Some time afterwards *The Family Legend*, founded on a Highland story, had better success in Edinburgh; but Miss Baillie's plays, though highly poetical, are not suited to the stage. Miss Mitford was more successful,

for some of her plays were repeatedly acted. She excelled also as a writer. *Our Village* is perfect of its kind; nothing can be more animated than her description of a game of cricket. I met with Miss Austen's novels at this time, and thought them excellent, especially *Pride and Prejudice*. It certainly formed a curious contrast to my old favourites, the Radcliffe novels and the ghost stories; but I had not come to years of discretion.

'Among my Quaker friends I met with that amiable but eccentric person, Mrs. Opie. Though a "wet" Quakeress, she continued to wear the peculiar dress. I was told she was presented in it at the Tuileries, and astonished the French ladies. We were also acquainted with Mrs. Fry, a very different person, and heard her preach. Her voice was fine, her delivery admirable, and her prayer sublime. We were intimate with Mr. (now Sir Charles) Lyell, who, if I mistake not, first met with his wife at our house, where she was extremely admired as the beautiful Miss Horner. Until we lost all our fortune, and went to live at Chelsea, I used to have little evening parties in Hanover Square.'

It is important to note that as her scientific studies became profounder and deeper, the firmer also became the faith of Mary Somerville in an all-wise and loving Ruler. Nothing, she said, afforded her so convincing a proof of the existence of the Deity as those purely mental conceptions of numerical and mathematical science which had been by slow degrees vouchsafed to man; and which were still granted in latter times by the differential calculus, afterwards superseded by the Higher Algebra. Like every devout student of nature and science, she perceived everywhere the marvellous workings of the Divine Mind. But at one time she was severely attacked for her belief in the now generally-accepted geological truth that the formation of the globe extended through enormous periods of time. She was even preached against by name in York Cathedral. Dr. Buckland combated the new doctrine in

his *Bridgewater Treatise*, but even he was obliged at last to join the heterodox geologists, as they were considered at that time.

Mrs. Somerville was present in Westminster Hall when George IV. was crowned, and seventeen years later she witnessed the coronation of the Queen in Westminster Abbey. On the former occasion the Champion of England, on his horse, both in full armour, rode up the Hall, and threw down a gauntlet before the King, while the heralds proclaimed that he was ready to do battle with anyone who denied that George the Fourth was the liege lord of these realms. For several successive seasons the Somervilles visited Sir John Saunders Sebright at Beechwood Park, Hertfordshire. On one of these occasions, during a battue, Chantrey the sculptor killed two woodcocks at one shot. Mr. Hudson Gurney some years afterwards saw a brace of woodcocks carved in marble in Chantrey's studio: Chantrey told him of his shot, and the difficulty of finding a suitable inscription, and that it had been tried in Latin, and even Greek, without success. Mr. Gurney said it ought to be very simple, as for example —

> 'Driven from the north, where winter starved them.
> Chantrey first shot, and then he carved them.'

At a dinner-party in London the Somervilles met the celebrated but erratic poet, Ugo Foscolo. 'He was extremely excitable and irritable, and when some one spoke of a translation of Dante as being perfect, "Impossible," shouted Foscolo, starting up in great excitement, at the same time tossing his cupful of coffee into the air, cup and all, regardless of the china and the ladies' dresses.' Genius is an inconvenient guest sometimes.

In 1823 Mary Somerville lost her eldest daughter, a child of intelligence and acquirements far beyond her tender age. The blow was a terrible one, but when her grief had in some measure abated, she wrote to her father-in-law a letter which at the same time revealed her unfaltering trust in God and a

spirit of true Christian resignation. 'I do not arraign the decrees of Providence,' she said, 'but even in the bitterness of my soul I acknowledge the wisdom and goodness of God, and endeavour to be resigned to His will. It is ungrateful not to remember the many happy years we have enjoyed, but that very remembrance renders our present state more desolate and dreary—presenting a sad contrast. The great source of consolation is in the mercy of God and the virtues of those we lament; the full assurance that no good disposition can be lost, but must be brought to perfection in a better world. Our business is to render ourselves fit for that blessed inheritance, that we may again be united to those we mourn.' This was a higher plane of faith than many great women have attained to in the presence of the mystery we call Death.

Among the friends of Mrs. Somerville were Lady Noel Byron and Ada, 'sole daughter of my house and heart,' who married Lord King, afterwards Earl of Lovelace. Ada Byron studied mathematics, and kept up a correspondence on this subject with Mary Somerville. There were also Sir Henry and Lady Bunbury, the latter a niece of the celebrated Charles James Fox. She had a turn for natural history, and was an excellent conchologist. Sir William and Lady Napier were also close friends, as well as the popular novelist, Maria Edgeworth. 'She was one of my most intimate friends,' wrote Mrs. Somerville of Miss Edgeworth, 'warm-hearted and kind, a charming companion, with all the liveliness and originality of an Irishwoman. For seventeen years I was in constant correspondence with her. The cleverness and animation as well as affection of her letters I cannot express; certainly women are superior to men in letter-writing.' On her part, Maria Edgeworth thus sketched the portrait of Mary Somerville in a letter to a friend: 'Mrs. Somerville is the lady who, La Place says, is the only woman who understands his works. She draws beautifully, and while her head is among the stars, her feet are firm upon the earth. Mrs.

Somerville is little, slightly made, with fairish hair, pink colour, small, grey, round, intelligent, smiling eyes, very pleasing countenance, remarkably soft voice, strong, but well-bred Scotch accent ; timid, not disqualifyingly timid, but naturally modest, yet with a degree of self-possession through it which prevents her being in the least awkward, and gives her all the advantage of her understanding, at the same time that it adds a prepossessing charm to her manner, and takes off all dread of her superior scientific learning.'

In company with that paragon of learning, Sir James Mackintosh, the Somervilles made a Continental tour in the year 1826. At Brussels they were received by Professor Quetelet, and at Bonn they met Baron Humboldt and August Wilhelm von Schlegel, the translator of Shakespeare. Mackintosh must have been a delightful companion, for he was full of anecdote and historical knowledge, and was intimate with all the political leaders of the day. As the party went up the Rhine he told the history of every place, and of the battles which had been fought. A learned Professor, a friend of Sir James's, invited them to dinner on a certain day, and Mrs. Somerville was considerably astonished to see the lady of the house going about with a great bunch of keys dangling at her side, assisting in serving up the dinner, and doing all the duty of carving, her husband taking no part whatever in it. At the Hague they dined with the late Lord Granville, then British Minister at the Hague. A lady who was present, on hearing one of the *attachés* addressed as Mr. Abercromby, said, 'Pray, Lord Granville, is that a son of the great captain whom the Lord slew in the land of Egypt?'

Mary Somerville's first important contribution to science was made in 1826, when she presented to the Royal Society a paper on the magnetising powers of the more refrangible solar rays, the object of which was to prove that these rays of the solar spectrum have a strong magnetic influence. This paper led to much discussion, which was only terminated, many years later,

by the investigations of the German electricians Riess and Moser, who demonstrated that the action upon the magnetic needle was not caused by the violet rays.

But while scientific men had for some years been familiar with her talents and her researches, to the great body of the public she was as yet unknown. Her popular fame may be said to have been initiated in 1827, when Lord Brougham—on behalf of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—wrote to ask her to prepare for the Society an account of the *Mécanique Céleste*, and also an account of the *Principia*. Such a description of the latter was required as would explain its scope and purport, and unfold or methodise its wonderful truths. While Mrs. Somerville was surprised and gratified by this application, she distrusted her own powers and acquirements. But Lord Brougham went to Chelsea, and Somerville joined with him in urging her to make the attempt. Thereupon she said, 'Lord Brougham, you must be aware that the work in question never can be popularised, since the student must at least know something of the differential and integral calculi; and as a preliminary step I should have to prove various problems in physical mechanics and astronomy. Besides, La Place never gives diagrams or figures, because they are not necessary to persons versed in the calculus, but they would be indispensable in a work such as you wish me to write. I am afraid I am incapable of the task; but, as you both wish it so much, I shall do my very best upon condition of secrecy, and that if I fail the manuscript shall be put into the fire.' It was this wholly unexpected incident which, as she said, changed the whole course and character of her future life.

The work was begun, not without trepidation. She had many interruptions through constant visitors, but being gifted with extraordinary powers of concentration and abstraction, she could always, and at any moment, resume the thread of her investigations. In due time the manuscript was forwarded to Lord Brougham, with a request that it might be thoroughly

examined, criticised, and, if a failure, destroyed according to promise. It was laid before Sir John Herschel, England's greatest astronomer, and one perfectly versed in the calculus. All that this acute critic could discover against the work were one or two trivial obscurities, while the letter of praise which he wrote to the author caused her heart to bound with joy and pride. Premising that he had read the manuscript with the highest admiration, he proceeded to remark, 'Go on thus, and you will leave a memorial of no common kind to posterity ; and, what you will value far more than fame, you will have accomplished a most useful work. What a pity that La Place has not lived to see this illustration of his great work ! You will only, I fear, give too strong a stimulus to the study of abstract science by this performance.' Mary Somerville regarded the great philosopher as her 'truest and best friend, one whose opinion she valued above all others, whose genius and consummate talent she admired, and whose beautiful character she loved.' This deep regard on her part Sir John returned with the most chivalrous respect and admiration.

This first important treatise by Mary Somerville, entitled *The Mechanism of the Heavens*, was published in 1831, and it immediately made its mark both in scientific and general reading circles. Dr. Whewell, in acknowledging copies which had been presented to the Philosophical Society, and to Trinity College, Cambridge, warmly eulogised the work, and said, 'When Mrs. Somerville shows herself in the field which we mathematicians have been labouring in all our lives, and puts us to shame, she ought not to be surprised if we move off to other ground and betake ourselves to poetry.' The Doctor accordingly rendered his impressions of the *Mechanism of the Heavens* and of its author in the following sonnet :

> 'Lady, it was the wont in earlier days
> When some fair volume from a valued pen,
> Long looked for, came at last, that grateful men
> Hailed its forthcoming in complacent lays :

> As if the Muse would gladly haste to praise
> That which her mother, Memory, long should keep
> Among her treasures. Shall such usage sleep
> With us, who feel too slight the common phrase
> For our pleased thoughts of you, when thus we find
> That dark to you seems bright, perplexed seems plain,
> Seen in the depths of a pellucid mind,
> Full of clear thought, pure from the ill and vain
> That cloud the inward light? An honoured name
> Be yours; and peace of heart grow with your growing fame.'

But that which touched Mary Somerville most deeply, and which she regarded as the highest honour, was the fact that Professor Peacock and Dr. Whewell took immediate steps to introduce the work into the course of studies at Cambridge. Professor Peacock was a profound mathematician, and he had a few years before, with Herschel and Babbage, first introduced the calculus, as an essential branch of science, into the University of Cambridge. He now wrote to Mrs. Somerville to the effect that her work must 'contribute greatly to the extension of the knowledge of physical astronomy in this country, and of the great analytical processes which have been employed in such investigations.' The Professor added that he had little doubt the work would immediately become an essential one to those Cambridge students who aspired to the highest places in the examinations. Nearly the whole edition of the *Mechanism of the Heavens*, amounting to 750 copies, was sold at Cambridge. Letters of congratulation from men of science poured in upon the author, and she was elected an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society at the same time as Miss Caroline Herschel. The French Academy of Sciences instructed M. Biot to draw up a report upon the work, which proved to be of a most flattering character; and it was unanimously voted by the Royal Society of London that her bust should be placed in their great Hall, Chantrey being chosen as the sculptor. She was elected an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Dublin, of the Bristol Philosophical Insti-

tution, and of the Société de Physique et d'Histoire Naturelle of Geneva; and last, but not the least interesting, a vessel intended for the China and India trade was called after her name.

A more substantial reward still, followed in the shape of a Civil List pension of £200 per annum. Sir Robert Peel, in announcing the grant, referred to the claims which science and literature had upon the Royal favour, and said: 'In reviewing such claims, it is impossible that I can overlook those which you have established by the successful prosecution of studies of the highest order, both from the importance of the objects to which they relate and from the faculties and acquirements which they demand. As my object is a public one, to encourage others to follow the bright example which you have set, and to prove that great scientific attainments are recognised among public claims, I prefer making a direct communication to you to any private inquiries into your pecuniary circumstances, or to any proposal through a third party. I am enabled to advise His Majesty to grant to you a pension on the Civil List of £200 per annum; and if that provision will enable you to pursue your labours with less anxiety, either as to the present or the future, I shall only be fulfilling a public duty, and not imposing upon you the slightest obligation.' The pension, which was conferred in March, 1835, came not a moment too soon, for the very next day a letter arrived informing the Somervilles that by the treachery of persons in whom they trusted the last remnant of their capital was lost. By the kindness of Lord John Russell, when he was Prime Minister, £100 a year was added to the pension, making it £300 per annum, and for this additional mark of the Royal favour the recipient was very grateful.

Hard work having its effect in shattered health, Mary Somerville went over to Paris in 1833, on a visit, accompanied by her husband. One of the first to renew friendly relations with them was Arago, who was then immersed in party politics;

but he placed at Mrs. Somerville's disposal a mass of useful memoirs and manuscripts, with leave to make extracts. The venerable Lafayette was still living, and he invited the Somervilles to visit him at La Grange, where they found him living like a patriarch, surrounded by his family to the fourth generation. Then follow these interesting reminiscences: 'He was mild, highly distinguished, and noble in his manners; his conversation was exceedingly interesting, as he readily spoke of the Revolution, in which he had taken so active a part. Among other anecdotes, he mentioned that he had sent the principal key of the Bastille to General Washington, who kept it under a glass case. He was much interested to hear that I could, in some degree, claim a kind of relationship with Washington, whose mother was a Fairfax. Baron Fairfax, the head of the family, being settled in America, had joined the independent party at the Revolution. The two daughters of Lafayette, who had been in prison with him at Olmütz, were keen politicians, and discussed points with a warmth of gesticulation which amused Somerville and me, accustomed to our cold, still manners. The grand-daughters, Mesdames de Rémusat and de Corcelles, were kind friends to me all the time I was in Paris.'

On the invitation of the Astronomer-Royal of France, Mrs. Somerville dined at the Observatory, where she was surrounded by illustrious French savants. Subsequently, Dr. Milne-Edwards, the celebrated natural historian, and the first Englishman who was elected a member of the Institute, made her acquainted with MM. Ampère and Becquerel. At the house of the Duchesse de Broglie, Madame de Staël's daughter, she met many personages of distinction, and she likewise was received by M. Dupin, President of the Chamber of Deputies. Talent like hers was a passport to the very highest circles. At a reception at Madame de Rumford's she encountered Fenimore Cooper, the American novelist, who had lost the peevishness he displayed when she knew him in England. 'He

was then so touchy,' wrote Mrs. Somerville, 'that it was difficult to converse with him without giving him offence. He was introduced to Sir Walter Scott by Sir James Mackintosh, who said, in presenting him, "Mr. Cooper, allow me to introduce you to your great forefather in the art of fiction." "Sir," said Cooper, with great asperity, "I have no forefather." Now, though his manners were rough, they were quite changed. We saw a great deal of him, and I was frequently in his house, and found him perfectly liberal; so much so that he told us the faults of his country with the greatest frankness; yet he was the champion of America and hated England.'

Mary Somerville's abhorrence of vivisection comes out in this passage relating to Majendie, the famous or infamous anatomist and physiologist: 'The Marquise de La Place was commissioned by Dr. Majendie to invite me to meet her and Madame Gay Lussac at dinner. I was very unwilling to go, for I detested the man for his wanton cruelties, but I found I could not refuse on account of these ladies. There was a large party of savants, agreeable and gentlemanly; but Majendie himself had the coarsest manners; his conversation was horridly professional; many things were said and subjects discussed not fit for women to hear. What a contrast the refined and amiable Sir Charles Bell formed with Majendie! Majendie and the French School of Anatomy made themselves odious by their cruelty, and failed to prove the true anatomy of the brain and nerves, while Sir Charles Bell did succeed, and thus made one of the greatest physiological discoveries of the age without torturing animals, which his gentle and kindly nature abhorred.'

Mrs. Somerville appears to have been in great request everywhere, and David, the sculptor, executed a medallion portrait of her. She sometimes went to the Chamber of Deputies to hear the debates, and was a witness now and then to amusing and exciting scenes. Once a member happened to mention in the course of his speech the word '*liberté*,' whereupon the

President, Dupin, rang his bell, called out, '*Halte, à propos de liberté,*' jumped down from his seat, sprang into the tribune, pushed out the Deputy, and made a long speech himself. At the residence of Baron Louis, the Somervilles were introduced to Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, and many notabilities. Baron Louis had officiated with Talleyrand at the Champ de Mars when Louis XVI. took the oath to maintain the Constitution. While she was in Paris, Mary Somerville lost her mother. The fine old lady, who was ninety years of age, had always felt the fear of death, but when it actually came, she was perfectly composed, and prepared to meet the grim enemy.

In 1834 Mrs. Somerville published her work *On the Connection of the Physical Sciences*. It was most flatteringly reviewed in the *Quarterly*, and Humboldt some years after its appearance referred to it as 'the generally exact and admirable treatise.' A curious incident is related of this work. The author had given 365 days six hours as the length of the civil year of the ancient Egyptians, but Hallam, the historian, wrote to her, proving from history and epochs of the chronology of the ancient Egyptians, that their civil year was only 365 days. She was grateful for the correction, and the two maintained the most friendly relations until Hallam's death. The second edition of the *Physical Sciences* was dedicated to Sir John Herschel. The work eventually went through nine editions, and was translated into German and Italian. Several editions were published in the United States, though none of them to the profit of the author. However, as the love of science and not the love of money was the author's first object, she does not appear to have felt this hardship very keenly. Mary Somerville was invited by the Duchess of Kent to present a copy of her work in person at a private audience. The Duchess and the Princess Victoria were alone and received her very graciously, conversing with her for a full half-hour.

The *Preliminary Dissertation* on mathematical and astro-

nomical science written by Mrs. Somerville for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was another undertaking which called forth many warm tributes, both from the learned and the unlearned. Maria Edgeworth was so charmed with it that she could not cease from its perusal. It enlarged her conception of the sublimity of the universe beyond all imagining. Some of its passages were particularly striking, as, for example, where the author referred to the propagation of sound: 'At a very small height above the surface of the earth the noise of the tempest ceases, and the thunder is heard no more in those boundless regions, where the heavenly bodies accomplish their periods in eternal and sublime silence.' But science had also its whimsical aspects. 'Pray let me mention to you,' wrote Miss Edgeworth, 'a few of the passages that amused my imagination particularly, viz., 1st, the inhabitant of Pallas *going round* his world—or who might go—in five or six hours in one of our steam carriages; 2nd, the moderate-sized man who would weigh two tons at the surface of the sun, and who would weigh only a few pounds at the surface of the four new planets, and would be so light as to find it impossible to stand from the excess of muscular force! I think a very entertaining dream might be made of a man's visit to the sun and planets; these ideas are all like dreamy feelings when one is a little feverish.' More than one imaginative work has recently been written on the lines indicated by Miss Edgeworth. Joanna Baillie, in acknowledging the *Preliminary Dissertation*, said, 'I feel myself greatly honoured by receiving such a mark of regard from one who has done more to remove the light estimation in which the capacity of women is too often held than all that has been accomplished by the whole sisterhood of poetical damsels and novel-writing authors.' While this tribute to Mrs. Somerville was well deserved, the depreciation of those who laboured in other intellectual grooves was unjustifiable.

Miss Berry, who edited the Walpole letters, wrote a very witty letter touching the *Dissertation*, which she admitted had

improved her moral character in the Christian virtue of humility. 'Humbled I must be,' she said, 'by finding my own intellect unequal to following, beyond a first step, the explanations by which you seek to make easy to comprehension the marvellous phenomena of the universe—humbled, by feeling the intellectual difference between you and me, placing you as much above me in the scale of reasoning beings as I am above my dog. Still, I rejoice with humility at feeling myself in that order of understandings which, although utterly incapable of following the chain of your reasonings, calculations, and inductions—utterly deprived of the powers necessary *sic itur ad astra*—am yet informed, enlightened, and entertained with the series of sublime truths to which you conduct me. In some foggy morning of November I shall drive out to you at Chelsea, and surprise you with my ignorance of science, by asking you to explain to me some things which you will *wonder anyone* can have so long existed without knowing. . . . October we mean to spend at Paris, before we return to the *nebulosities* of London. As my stay at Paris will now be so short, I shall content myself with looking up, at a respectful distance, to all your great fixed stars of science, excepting always yourself, dear Mrs. Somerville. No "disturbing influence" will, I hope, ever throw me out of the orbit of your intimacy and friendship, whose value, believe me, is most duly and accurately calculated by your ignorant but very affectionate friend.'

Mrs. Somerville now began her further investigation into the form and rotation of the earth and planets. Her plan was extensive, for it comprised the analytical attraction of spheroids, the form and rotation of the earth, the tides of the ocean and atmosphere, and small undulations. Having achieved this, she wrote a work of 246 pages on curves and surfaces of the second and higher orders. The manuscript, however, was laid aside for many years.

In 1830 the Somervilles lost the society of Sir John and

Lady Herschel for four years, as the eminent astronomer took his telescope and other instruments to the Cape of Good Hope, whither he went for the purpose of observing the celestial phenomena of the southern hemisphere. There were more than 6,000 double stars in the northern hemisphere, in a large proportion of which the angle of position and distance between the two stars had been measured; and Sir John had now determined, in the same manner, 1,081 in the southern hemisphere; and many additions have been made to this number since his death. In her *Physical Sciences*, Mary Somerville gave an abridged account of Sir John Herschel's most remarkable discoveries in the southern hemisphere.

Although the most intimate friendships formed by Mary Somerville were made in scientific circles, it is astonishing to note the number of friends and acquaintances she claimed in other grooves. Some of these have been already mentioned, but others may now be cited. In literature, besides Hallam, there were Dean Milman, Thomas Moore, Malthus, Sydney Smith, John Murray, Mary Berry, the beautiful Sheridans, Catherine Fanshawe, Lady Theresa Lewis, Samuel Rogers, and Thomas Campbell. An American authoress whose name is not given—but who would seem from internal evidence to be Harriet Beecher Stowe—behaved very brusquely to her at Florence, forming in this respect a striking contrast to Mrs. Browning, who was 'as much distinguished by her high mental qualities and poetical genius as by her modesty and simplicity.' The poet Longfellow, too, she was extremely delighted with. He even surpassed the expectation or ideal of what a distinguished man ought to be; and she was 'as much charmed with his winning manner and conversation as by his calm, grand features, and the expression of his intellectual countenance.' Americans generally greatly honoured Mrs. Somerville. Jared Sparks gave her his finest 'autograph letter of your and our glorious Washington,' for the great first President of the United States was—as already stated—a distant relative of the Fairfaxes.

Admiral Wilkes, Silliman, Dana, and Tuckerman were among her other admirers; and she was elected an honorary member of the Geographical and Statistical Society of New York and of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. At the houses of her French friends, Mary Somerville heard such artists as Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, Rubini, &c., and became acquainted with celebrities like the Bonapartes and Madame de Montalembert. The latter, by the way, was an Englishwoman, and mother of the celebrated philosopher, Auguste Comte. She was very eccentric, and an ultra-Protestant at this period.

Mrs. Somerville was engaged in collecting materials for her important work on Physical Geography when her husband was seized with illness, and they were ordered away for the winter of 1840 to a warmer climate. They accordingly proceeded to Rome, where, after settling down, she was enabled to resume her researches. Rome was her favourite city. She would write in the morning till two o'clock, then go to some picture gallery, take a walk on the Pincio, dine at six, and in the evening either go out or receive visitors. She tells of a party that was arranged to see the statues in the Vatican by twilight, at which Lord Macaulay astonished his friends by his correct knowledge and learning as they passed through the gallery of inscriptions. It was at Rome that Mary Somerville began a life-long friendship with John Gibson, the sculptor, whose tinted Venus made such a sensation. From Rome they went to the Lake of Como, and then crossed the Alps by the St. Gothard to Basle and Baden Baden, where they passed the summer. Once more crossing the Alps, they reached Florence, where they spent the next winter. Mrs. Somerville was elected a member of the Academy of Natural Science at Florence, and she was very graciously received by the Grand Duke, who allowed her the signal favour of having books, at home, from his private library in the Pitti Palace. This enabled her to go on collecting materials for her projected book. The ensuing summer was spent at Siena, the ancient and artistic city. Again they found

themselves in Rome for the winter, and indeed for several winters; and through the intervention of Mountstuart Elphinstone, Mrs. Somerville obtained from the India House works relating to the geography of Eastern Asia, as well as the most recent travels in the Himalaya, Scinde, Thibet, and China.

She was invited to examine the Observatory at Rome, but as she had seen those of Paris and Greenwich, she did not think it worth while to accept the invitation, especially as it required an order from the Pope. 'I could easily have obtained leave,' she remarks, 'for we were presented to Gregory XVI. by the President of the Scotch Catholic College. The Pope received me with marked distinction; notwithstanding, I was disgusted to see the President prostrate on the floor, kissing the Pope's foot as if he had been Divine. I think it was about this time that I was elected an honorary associate of the Accademia Tiberiana.' In the spring of 1841 the Somervilles went to Albano, and at Monte Porzio they spent a day with Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Wiseman, who was head of a college of young men who were being educated for the priesthood. Mary Somerville's life at Albano was industrious in the extreme. She rose soon after six, breakfasted at eight, wrote till three, then dined, and wrote again till near six, when she took a long walk, came home to tea at nine, and went to bed at eleven. Next season at Rome saw the renewal of her friendship with Gibson, the most amiable and guileless of men, who allowed her daughters to overrun his studio, and draw and model to their hearts' content. He was now at the height of his fame, but was as simple as a child. Another friend was the accomplished and intellectual Duke of Sermoneta, whose brilliant and witty conversation was unrivalled.

Here is a description of some renowned Englishwomen whose fascinations were universally admitted: 'There was much beauty at Rome at that time; no one who was there can have forgotten the beautiful and brilliant Sheridans. I recollect Lady Dufferin at the Easter ceremonies at St. Peter's, in her widow's cap,

with a large black crape veil thrown over it, creating quite a sensation. With her exquisite features, oval face, and somewhat fantastical headdress, anything more lovely could not be conceived; and the Roman people crowded round her in undisguised admiration of "*la bella monaca Inglese*." Her charm of manner and her brilliant conversation will never be forgotten by those who knew her. To my mind, Mrs. Norton was the most beautiful of the three sisters. Hers is a grand countenance, such as artists love to study. Gibson, whom I asked, after his return from England, which he had revisited after twenty-seven years' absence, what he thought of Englishwomen, replied, he had seen many handsome women, but no such sculptural beauty as Mrs. Norton's. I might add the Marchioness of Waterford, whose bust at Macdonald's I took at first for an ideal head, till I recognized the likeness.'

Visits were made successively to Perugia, Assisi, Chiusi, Loreto, Ancona, Trieste, Venice, and by the Adriatic coast to Gubbio and Orvieto. Venice suited the travellers better for health than any other city, and they were made much of by the proud though poor descendants of doges and princes. On returning to Rome, Mary Somerville was elected associate of the College of Risurgenti, and in the following April an honorary member of the Imperial and Royal Academy of Science, Literature, and Art at Arezzo. By this time she had been awarded more scientific distinctions than any woman of the age.

In August, 1844, the Somervilles came over to England. One of their first expeditions was to the British Museum, in order to see the antiquities recovered from Babylon and Nineveh. Visits were paid to Turner, the great poet-painter, the Herschels, the Percies of Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire, and then the travellers went on to their beloved Scotland. After a pleasurable stay there, they returned to Rome for the winter. During her researches, which she now resumed with ardour, Mrs. Somerville made some curious experiments upon the effect of

the solar spectrum on juices of plants and other substances, and her account of these experiments was communicated to the Royal Society. The investigations led to the opening up of a wide field of curious and beautiful research.

Mrs. Somerville's *Physical Geography*—the work by which she will probably be most widely known to posterity—was published in 1848. Just before it was issued, Humboldt's *Cosmos* appeared, and the author at once determined to put her manuscript in the fire, when her husband said, 'Do not be rash, consult some of our friends—Herschel, for instance.' Herschel was consulted, and advised immediate publication, and the work was most favourably reviewed by Sir Henry Holland in the *Quarterly*. As its name implies, this treatise comprises the history of the earth in the whole of its material organisation. A copy of one of the later editions was sent to Baron Humboldt, and in response that distinguished savant referred to the manifest superiority of the author in the lofty regions of mathematical analysis, to which was united an intimate acquaintance with physics and natural history. 'The author of the imprudent *Cosmos* ought more than all others to salute the *Physical Geography* of Mary Somerville. I know in no language a work on this subject that is able to endure comparison with yours. I have been surprised at the justness of your views on the geography of plants and animals. You dominate in these regions as in astronomy, meteorology, and magnetism. Why not add the celestial sphere, your patrimony, to the terrestrial sphere? It is you alone who are able to give to your beautiful literature an original cosmological work, a work written with that lucidity and that taste which distinguish all that has emanated from your pen.' The *Physical Geography*, like its predecessor, passed through many editions, and was translated into several foreign languages.

Professor John Couch Adams, of Cambridge University, and M. Leverrier, the celebrated French astronomer, calcu-

lated the orbit of Neptune unknown to each other, and announced it so nearly at the same time that each country claims the honour of the discovery. Mr. Adams told Dr. Somerville that the following sentence in the sixth edition of the *Connection of the Physical Sciences* put him on the track of his important discovery: 'If after the lapse of years the tables formed from a combination of numerous observations should be still inadequate to represent the motions of Uranus, the discrepancies may reveal the existence, nay, even the mass and orbit of a body placed for ever beyond the sphere of vision.' This prediction was fulfilled in 1846, by the discovery of Neptune revolving at a distance of 3,000,000,000 miles from the sun. 'The mass of Neptune, the size and position of his orbit in space, and his periodic time, were determined from his disturbing action on Uranus before the planet itself had been seen.' Mary Somerville enjoyed the close friendship of Michael Faraday, whom she regarded as the greatest experimental philosopher and discoverer next to Newton.

On visiting the Continent in 1853, the Somervilles were unable to go into Italy, as war was raging between Charles Albert and the Austrians. They therefore spent some time at Munich, from whence they proceeded to Salzburg. The picturesque situation of this town reminded them of the castle and old town of Edinburgh. The views were Alpine, and the flora of the district was lovely; while on returning from their natural history expeditions in the evening, the travellers were delighted to find the damp, mossy banks perfectly luminous with glowworms. On leaving Salzburg they went by Innsbruck and the Brenner to Colà, on the Lago di Garda, within five miles of Peschiera, where they spent a month with their intimate friends the Count and Countess Miniscalchi. The Count was a remarkable linguist, especially with regard to Arabic and other Oriental tongues. He published several works, including a translation of the Gospel of

St. John from Syro-Chaldaic—which was probably the language spoken by Christ—into Latin. After the death of Mary Somerville, Count Miniscalchi 'made a beautiful and touching *éloge* on her at the meeting of the Royal Italian Geographical Society, to a numerous audience assembled in the great hall of the Collegio Romano at Rome.' Mrs. Somerville was an honorary member of the Society, and was the recipient of its first gold medal, which was voted to her by acclamation.

At Turin the Somervilles became acquainted with Baron Plana, director of the Observatory. Plana, who was a great analyst, had married a niece of the illustrious mathematician La Grange, who proved the stability of the solar system. He took his visitors to a church, from the cupola of which a very long pendulum was swinging, that they might see the rotation of the earth visibly proved by its action on the pendulum. Through the Baron they obtained apartments in the Casa Cavour, and became acquainted with both the brothers to whom it belonged. 'Count Camillo Cavour, then Minister of the Interior, was,' says Mrs. Somerville, 'the only great statesman Italy ever produced in modern times. His premature death is deplorably felt at the present day. He was a real genius, and the most masterly act of his administration was that of sending an army to act in concert with the French and English in the Crimean War. By it he at once gave Italy the rank of an independent European Power, which was the first step towards Italian unity. He was delightful and cheerful in society, and extremely beloved by his family and friends.' This eulogy of Cavour is perfectly just, and his action with regard to the Crimean War was so bold and independent that Count Usedom declared it was a pistol-shot fired at the head of Austria.

Mrs. Somerville met at Florence Frances Power Cobbe, who afterwards became a close and attached friend. Miss Cobbe is a warm-hearted philanthropist, whose humane efforts have

sometimes caused her to be misunderstood ; but all who have known her will endorse her friend's eulogy as to her ability and excellence of character. There was a certain German professor of physiology at Florence who roused public indignation by his barbarous vivisections, and Miss Cobbe and others drew up a memorial against these practices, which was extensively signed. But Italy was hard to move in this matter ; indeed, while far in advance of Russia and Poland in most aspects of civilisation, those oppressed countries could boast of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals long before such institutions were established in Italy.

The unification of Italy was a subject of the keenest interest to Dr. and Mrs. Somerville. They hailed the Revolution of 1859, but were bitterly disappointed over the peace with France. 'We were keenly interested,' observes Mary Somerville, 'in the alliance between the Emperor Napoleon and the King of Italy, in hopes that the Quadrilateral would be taken, and Venice added to the Italian States. We had a map of Northern Italy spread on a table, and from day to day we marked the positions of the different headquarters with coloured-headed pins. I can hardly describe our indignation when, all at once, peace was signed at Villafranca, and Napoleon received in recompense for his aid Nice and Savoy, which were given up to him without regard to the will of the people. When the peace was announced in Tuscany it caused great consternation and disgust ; the people were in the greatest excitement, fearing that their former rulers, so obnoxious to them, might, by this treaty, be again forced upon them ; and it required the firm hand of Ricasoli to calm the people and induce the King to accept the annexation, which had been voted without one dissentient voice.' But Mary Somerville was glad that she lived to see the Revolution accomplished by the genius of Cavour and the sword of Garibaldi ; and she was greatly moved on learning of the entry of Victor Emmanuel into Rome as King of Italy. Italian unity had seemed at one time to be the mere dream of

poets and patriots, but her faith in its ultimate realisation never wavered.

On the 26th June, 1860, Mrs. Somerville lost her husband, who died at Florence. Their married life had extended over the long period of forty-eight years, and it had been marked throughout by sympathy, affection, and confidence. Dr. Somerville was entirely free from the remotest feeling of jealousy of his wife's great talents. On the contrary, he regarded them with pride, and he even appreciated more than she did herself the numerous honours conferred upon her by English and foreign learned societies. Those who had the privilege of knowing the Somervilles in the home circle were struck by their mutual trust and affection, and their unceasing solicitude for each other's welfare. Mary Somerville regretted that her husband did not live to see the publication of his father's *Life and Times*, which appeared in the year following Dr. Somerville's death. This work amply demonstrated the liberality of the sentiments animating its subject; and these sentiments, both of a religious and political character, he fearlessly avowed at a time when narrow views and bigotry made it even dangerous to assert them.

After her severe loss Mary Somerville could only find solace in work. Accordingly she formed a resolve to write her *Physical Sciences* anew, but she was dissuaded from this by her daughters, with whom she came to agree that it would have been lost time. She therefore began an entirely new work, *On Molecular and Microscopic Science*. It was a formidable undertaking for two reasons—first, its projector was in her eighty-second year; and secondly, because the general character of science had recently undergone a complete change. As she remarked, 'By the improved state of the microscope, an invisible creation in the air, the earth, and the water, had been brought within the limits of human vision; the microscopic structure of plants and animals had been minutely studied, and by synthesis many substances had been formed of the elementary atoms similar to those pro-

duced by nature. Dr. Tyndall's experiments had proved the inconceivable minuteness of the atoms of matter; M. Gassiot and Professor Plücher had published their experiments on the stratification of the electric light; and the series of discoveries by scientific men abroad, but chiefly by our own philosophers at home, which had been in progress for a course of years, prepared the way for Bunsen and Kirchof's marvellous consummation.' But the veteran student of science was not appalled by the magnitude of her task, upon which she entered with all the enthusiasm and energy of youth, taking as her motto the felicitous saying of St. Augustine, '*Deus magnus in magnis, maximus in minimis*,' 'God is great in great things, but greatest in the least.'

The work occupied her from her eighty-second to her eighty-ninth year. If there be an example in literature and science parallel with this I am unacquainted with it. She gathered together the results of researches in all parts of the globe, and systematised them. 'I was now an old woman,' says this ardent devotee of science, 'very deaf, and with shaking hands; but I could still see to thread the finest needle and read the finest print, but I got sooner tired when writing than I used to do. I wrote regularly every morning from eight till twelve or one o'clock before rising. I was not alone, for I had a mountain sparrow, a great pet, which sat, and, indeed, is sitting on my arm as I write.' The remarkable volume, *On Molecular and Microscopic Science*, was finished and published in 1869, and it was found to be a complete conspectus of some of the most abstruse researches of modern science.

Mary Somerville was a strong advocate for the political enfranchisement of her sex. Her name appeared first on the important petition presented to Parliament for the extension of the suffrage to women. For the high character and splendid intellect of the Parliamentary leader of the movement, John Stuart Mill, she had the greatest admiration; and when his work on the *Subjection of Women* appeared she wrote to him

expressing her warm thanks for it. In his letter of reply, dated July 12th, 1869, Mr. Mill said, 'Such a letter as yours is a sufficient reward for the trouble of writing the little book. I could have desired no better proof that it was adapted to its purpose than such an encouraging opinion from you. I thank you heartily for taking the trouble to express, in such kind terms, your approbation of the book—the approbation of one who has rendered such inestimable service to the cause of women by affording in her own person so high an example of their intellectual capabilities; and, finally, by giving to the protest in the great petition of last year the weight and importance derived from the signature which headed it.' Mrs. Somerville lamented 'the iniquity and injustice' of the British laws as affecting women; but the laws of the United States were even worse, for while granting the suffrage to the newly-emancipated slaves, they refused it to the most highly-educated women of the Republic. Much of the unjust legislation affecting women has been abrogated or modified during the last twenty years, and other reforms will follow; but whether the exercise of the political franchise and full political rights by women would prove a national blessing is a question upon which statesmen and others continue to be divided.

However, Mary Somerville was unquestionably right in combating the prejudice in Great Britain against a literary and scientific education for women; and the medical profession and many other callings are now being opened to them. It is only fair, however, to say that many who are opposed to female suffrage hail all other possible reforms for women with delight. They deprecate the suffrage as bringing, 'not peace, but a sword' into English domestic life, and they regard the home as the best safeguard for the nation's happiness and prosperity. But in other respects the field for women can never be too wide. France set the first example in modern times of encouragement to the high intellectual culture of the sex; but England is now abreast of her in her colleges and training schools, &c.

In entering upon her eighty-ninth year, Mrs. Somerville penned some beautiful thoughts upon life, death, and immortality. After expressing her gratitude to God for His innumerable blessings, and stating that she was at peace with all the world, she went on to say: 'The short time I have to live naturally occupies my thoughts. In the blessed hope of meeting again with my beloved children, and those who were and are dear to me on earth, I think of death with composure and perfect confidence in the mercy of God. Yet to me, who am afraid to sleep alone on a stormy night, or even to sleep comfortably any night unless someone is near, it is a fearful thought that my spirit must enter that new state of existence quite alone. We are told of the infinite glories of that state, and I believe in them, though it is incomprehensible to us; but as I do comprehend, in some degree at least, the exquisite loveliness of the visible world, I confess I shall be sorry to leave it. I shall regret the sky, the sea, with all the changes of their beautiful colouring; the earth, with its verdure and flowers: but far more shall I grieve to leave animals who have followed our steps affectionately for years, without knowing for certainty their ultimate fate, though I firmly believe that the living principle is never extinguished. Since the atoms of matter are indestructible, as far as we know, it is difficult to believe that the spark which gives to their union life, memory, affection, intelligence, and fidelity, is evanescent. Every atom in the human frame, as well as in that of animals, undergoes a periodical change by continual waste and renovation; the abode is changed, not its inhabitant. If animals have no future, the existence of man is most wretched; multitudes are starved, cruelly beaten, and loaded during life; many die under a barbarous vivisection. I cannot believe that any creature was created for uncompensated misery; it would be contrary to the attributes of God's mercy and justice. I am sincerely happy to find that I am not the only believer in the immortality of the lower animals.'

In the year 1869 the services of Mrs. Somerville to geographical science were recognised by the award of the Victoria medal of the Royal Geographical Society. During the same year—and following on many other honours conferred upon her by the scientific societies and universities of Italy—she was awarded the first gold medal hitherto given by the Geographical Society of Florence. It was specially coined, with her name on the reverse, and it was transmitted by General Menabrea, President of the Council, and himself a distinguished mathematician and philosopher. At a general assembly of the Italian Geographical Society, at Florence, on the 14th of March, 1870, she was elected by acclamation an honorary associate of that eminent body—the President, the Commendatore Negri, proposing her name.

The remarkable eclipse of the sun, in December, 1870, had no more interested observer than Mary Somerville. She was now ninety years of age, but her intellect was unimpared. She gave her best hours daily to the study of algebra and quaternions, and during the other portion of her time she had recourse to Shakespeare and Dante, and also to more modern light reading, in addition to the newspapers, which always interested her. Her eyesight was wonderful, and she could count the threads of a fine canvas without spectacles. In the evening she either played bézique with her daughter or read a novel, preferring those of Sir Walter Scott, and enjoying the broad Scotch in them. At the same time she was able to follow, with keen appreciation and perfect understanding, the details and arguments of such works as Darwin's *Descent of Man*, the Duke of Argyll's *Reign of Law*, and Tyler's *Researches on the Early History of Mankind, and the Development of Civilization.* In 1871 she was deeply grieved and shaken by the death of Sir John Herschel, who, though twelve years her junior, was taken first. Nearly all her old friends were now removed, and she began to feel her solitary position. Before the year 1871 closed Sir Roderick Murchison also passed away, while another

old friend, Professor Sedgwick—then in his eighty-seventh year—was obliged to resign the chair of geology at Cambridge from old age.

Among the last subjects in which Mary Somerville took an interest was the despatch of Sir Bartle Frere to Africa, by the British Government, with the object of suppressing the slave trade. She was also delighted by the introduction of a Bill into Parliament for the preservation of land birds, though she lamented that 'the lark which at heaven's gate sings,' was still thought unworthy of man's protection. It is beautiful to find a sentence like this in the last pages she ever wrote—'Among the numerous plans for the education of the young, let us hope that mercy may be taught as a part of religion.'

This gifted, we might almost say great, Englishwoman, passed away in her sleep on the morning of the 29th of November, 1872, and her remains repose in the English Campo Santo of Naples. 'Though too religious to fear death,' writes her daughter, 'she dreaded outliving her intellectual powers, and it was with intense delight that she pursued her intricate calculations after her ninetieth and ninety-first years, and she repeatedly told me how she rejoiced to find that she had the same readiness and facility in comprehending and developing these extremely difficult formulæ which she possessed when young. Often, also, she said how grateful she was to the Almighty Father who had allowed her to retain her faculties unimpaired to so great an age. God was indeed loving and merciful to her; not only did He spare her this calamity, but also the weary trial of long-continued illness. In health of body and vigour of mind, having lived far beyond the usual span of human life, He called her to Himself. For her, Death lost all its terrors—her pure spirit passed away so gently that those around her scarcely perceived when she left them. It was the beautiful and painless close of a noble and happy life.'

In addition to the enduring influence of her works, her name has been perpetuated by the establishment of the Somerville

Hall, at Oxford, and the Mary Somerville scholarship in mathematics for women. She could herself have desired no more fitting or lasting tribute of remembrance than an institution for the advancement of the higher education of women. In her the intellectual capacity of her sex was nobly vindicated, while it lost nothing of its womanly tenderness, domesticity, and affection.

GEORGE SAND.

GEORGE SAND.

The life of George Sand was pre-eminently a full life. Into the political history of her beloved France she entered with the keenest sympathy and enthusiasm. She rejoiced over the national triumphs and wept over the national humiliations. Her earliest associations were with the overthrow of the first Napoleon at Waterloo, and her latest with the downfall of the third Napoleon at Sedan. She was fired with all that patriotism which is such a distinguishing feature of the French character. In literature she was a kind of connecting-link between Balzac and Zola, while she hailed with delight the star of Victor Hugo. She was herself one of the most voluminous writers of a voluminous race, and while her permanent influence over French literature is not very great, she exercised an extraordinary personal fascination over her celebrated contemporaries, which was not confined to her own nation. Her charm was felt by such widely-different beings as Chopin and Mazzini, Lamennais and Flaubert, Alfred de Musset and Mrs. Browning. If she could not lay claim to the highest genius or originality, she had yet a power of expression and a fertility of production which are almost unique.

Amantine Lucile Aurore Dudevant, *née* Dupin—who in literature took the pseudonym of George Sand—was born in Paris on the 5th of July, 1804. Her mother was the daughter of a poor bird-seller, but her father, Maurice Dupin de Francueil, had the blood of heroes and kings in his veins. Maurice

Dupin—for he dropped the suffix of de Francœuil—had for his mother Aurore, a natural daughter of the celebrated Marshal Saxe, who was himself the natural son of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. The sister of Marshal Saxe was married to the Dauphin, the father of Louis XVI. Before marrying M. Dupin, Aurore de Saxe had been previously married to the Comte de Horn, a natural son of Louis XV. George Sand's father was in the army. He had already attained the rank of captain of cavalry, and was looking forward to advancement in the Imperial bodyguard, when he was killed by a fall from his horse in returning home late at night from a visit to some friends. The Comtesse de Horn had been deeply attached to her son, although she bitterly resented his marriage as a *mésalliance*. After his death, however, all her affection was transferred to his daughter; and at her request Madame Dupin and her child took up their abode with the Comtesse at Nohant, near La Châtre, in the department of the Indre, part of the old province of Berry. Nohant was destined to become famous for its literary associations.

In his biographical sketch prefixed to the *Letters of George Sand*, M. Ledos de Beaufort states that, until reaching the age of fourteen, George Sand was brought up under the immediate care of her grandmother, at the château at Nohant. Her education was in accordance with the principles laid down in the *Émile* of Jean Jacques Rousseau, of whom the aged countess, a most intelligent, accomplished woman, was an enthusiastic admirer, and who had at one time acted as secretary to her second husband. Existence was not made very pleasant for the little Aurore, as she was the subject of continual disputes between her mother and grandmother. Prayers, fairy tales, and La Fontaine's fables were her earliest mental pabulum, and before she was four years old she could read fluently, but knowledge and appreciation of what she read were to come afterwards. Deschartres, an ecclesiastic, who had been her father's tutor, instructed Aurore in grammar, her grandmother

teaching her music, and likewise unsectarian sacred history. The Comtesse was a Deist, rejecting all religious dogmas, but Madame Dupin was an earnest Christian, though of an independent type, and strongly objecting to priestly domination. In religion Aurore inclined to the views of the latter. The poetic and imaginative side of her nature was stirred by such works as Madame de Staël's *Corinne*, the stories of Bernardin de Saint Pierre, the *Iliad*, Millevoye's poems, and Châteaubriand's *Atala*. But she had a great craving after knowledge, and soon added to her reading Rousseau's works, and Lavater's system of physiognomy. Mother and grandmother at length quarrelled over the child, and it was with intense grief that Aurore parted from her mother for a time, when the latter left Nohant for Paris. The child was always passionately devoted to her mother, as her letters show over and over again ; but she also loved her grandmother, though in a lesser degree, and inherited her property at her death.

When nearly fourteen years of age Aurore was placed in the English convent at Paris, one of the most aristocratic boarding schools in the French capital. Here she remained for more than two years, enjoying school-life, though from the first she threw in her lot with the *diables*, or madcap element. In her *Histoire de Ma Vie*—a work partly fanciful and partly real—she has graphically depicted the convent-school interior. The tuition embraced a little of everything, but, as all the sisters were English, Aurore soon became conversant with the English language and character. A change came over her general behaviour, and the careless, light-hearted girl became known as Saint Aurore. For a time she was a fervent Catholic, and formed the resolution of becoming a nun ; but in the spring of 1820 her grandmother, dreading the hold which monastic ideas were obtaining over her, removed her from the convent. But the Comtesse died shortly afterwards, and Aurore returned to the convent. She now prepared to take the veil, but upon the urgent entreaties of her mother she

renounced her intention. She was a strange girl this Aurore Dupin—always rushing to extremes. Fond of horse-riding and pistol-shooting on the one hand, she acquired the reputation of an Amazon and a Cossack in petticoats; while on the other hand she would plunge into the most abstruse studies, attacking Aristotle, Bacon, Locke, Condillac, Leibnitz, Pascal, Montesquieu, and other philosophers. She said that on reading Leibnitz she became a Protestant without knowing it. She further delighted in the poets—Shakespeare, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Byron, &c.

In 1822, being then not quite eighteen years of age, she married Lieutenant Casimir Dudevant—the natural son of a Colonel and Baron of the Empire—who, like herself, had some small fortune. It was not a love match, and unhappiness soon resulted. The young couple settled at Nohant, and in July, 1823, a son, Maurice—in whom the mother's deepest affections centred—was born to them. But M. Dudevant soon cruelly neglected his wife, in order to indulge in feasting with his friends, with whom he ate and drank enormously, spending the rest of his time in the hunting-field. A visit to the Pyrenees by M. and Madame Dudevant failed to restore the husband's affections, and Aurore sought to drown her grief in the pre-occupation afforded her by the education of her son Maurice, and by the maternal cares required by her daughter Solange, born in 1829. It may be stated here that Maurice Dudevant afterwards took his mother's assumed surname of Sand, and became a man of letters of some note, while the girl Solange married the well-known sculptor Clésinger. By the year 1830 a rupture between the Dudevants became unavoidable. The husband not only so far forgot himself as to ill-treat and strike his wife, but he made the most odious imputations upon her in a letter to M. Jules Boucoiran, the tutor of her son Maurice. Consequently, in January, 1831, she left him, her intention being to reside one-half the year at Nohant and the other at Paris. She had previously given up

her property to him, and he now agreed to allow her an income of about £120 per annum. Maurice was sent to college, and Solange accompanied her mother.

Life in Paris severely exercised Madame Dudevant. Her income was insufficient, and she tried to eke it out with English translations, but without success. Then she took up dressmaking and millinery, but could scarcely earn fivepence a day by working sixteen and even eighteen hours daily. Having learned drawing and painting, she next attempted the decoration of fancy articles, but soon gave up the occupation. Literature, in which she was destined to achieve such glory, came last. Her first effort was a sketch for the *Figaro*, written in conjunction with her friend Jules Sandeau—the future Academician. It was entitled *La Prima Donna*, and other articles succeeded it. Then came a novel by the two collaborators, *Rose et Blanche*, being the story of an actress and a nun, which was sold by the authors for 400 francs, and published under the name of Jules Sand. It was not a very original production, and gave no indication of what was to follow. Madame Dudevant was now launched on a Bohemian life in Paris, serving with Jules Sandeau, Félix Pyat, and others, a brief apprenticeship to literature and experience; and —as Miss Bertha Thomas has observed in her *Memoir* of George Sand—'sharing with the rest both their studies and their relaxations, dining with them at cheap restaurants, frequenting clubs, studios, and theatres of every degree; the youthful effervescence of her student-friends venting itself in such collegians' pranks as parading deserted quarters of the town by moonlight in the small hours, and chanting lugubrious strains to astonish the shopkeepers.' Madame Dudevant had already made the acquaintence of the great but eccentric Balzac, who was amicably disposed towards her, without encouraging her literary ambition.

Having agreed with Jules Sandeau to produce jointly a novel to be called *Indiana*, Madame Dudevant accomplished

most of her task whilst as yet her friend had not written a single line. When she showed him what she had done, he exclaimed, after reading a portion of the work, 'You have written a masterpiece!' She was delighted, but still proposed to publish it as their joint effort. 'Not at all,' replied Sandeau, 'I am too honest to rob you of your glory. My conscience would never fail to reproach me with such an action.'

De Latouche, the director of the *Figaro*, was applied to, who said, 'You wrote *Rose et Blanche*, and gave the name of its author as Jules Sand; Sand is therefore your common property; Madame needs only to select another Christian name. Now, Madame, to-day is St. George's day; call yourself George Sand, and the difficulty is solved!' Madame Dudevant assented, and soon made the new name illustrious. *Indiana* appeared and proved a wonderful success—so much so as to make the authoress herself nervous with regard to her future work. This thrilling love story is very unequal, but it is masterly notwithstanding. The romantic and highly-strung heroine; the heartless, sensual egotist, Raymon; and the noble and chivalrous Ralph, are all creations of flesh and blood, whose sentiments and passions are deeply probed by the writer. Sainte-Beuve, one of the most penetrating of French critics, was enraptured by it, and spoke of George Sand as 'one of those masters who have been gifted by the enchanter's wand and mirror.'

In 1832 *Valentine*, George Sand's second novel, appeared. Like its predecessor, it dealt with the domestic affections, illustrating in the miserable story of its girl-heroine the evils of forced marriages. More sober in style than *Indiana*, it was equally forcible in its analysis of human passion. With these early works began that long campaign which George Sand engaged in against the institution of marriage, as it was generally regarded in French society. Her eloquent and powerful denunciations were stigmatised by some as scandalous, and the authoress was held up to scorn as the pro-

mulgator of subversive ideas. Others, on the contrary, warmly vindicated her, and the controversy became so warm that several duels ensued between her adversaries and partisans.

With regard to the personal appearance of George Sand, Delacroix's well-known portrait of her, painted in 1833, represents her as wearing the semi-masculine attire which greatly astonished the members of her own sex. A later drawing by Calamatta has frequently been reproduced in engravings. George Sand painted a curious half-length portrait of herself at the age of twenty-seven. It is severely stiff and formal, but the face and hair are remarkable. But there is no likeness of her as she appeared in her first youth. 'She has been most diversely described by her different contemporaries,' remarks her English biographer, Miss Thomas. 'But that at this time she possessed real beauty is perfectly evident; for all that, she denies it herself, and, unlike most women, and nearly all Frenchwomen, she scorned to enhance it by an elaborated toilette. Heine, though he never professed himself one of her personal adorers, compares the beauty of her head to that of the Venus of Milo, saying, "It bears the stamp of ideality, and recalls the noblest remaining examples of Greek art." Her figure was somewhat too short, but her hands and feet were very small and beautifully shaped. His acquaintance with her dates from the early years of her literary triumphs, and his description is in harmony with Calamatta's presentation. She had dark, curling hair, a beauty in itself, falling in profusion to her shoulders, well-formed features, pale olive-tinted complexion, the countenance expressive, the eyes dark and very fine, not sparkling, but mild and full of feeling. The face reminds us of the character of "Still Waters," attributed to the Aurore Dupin of fifteen by the Lady Superior of the English convent. Her voice was soft and muffled, and the simplicity of her manner has been remarked on, by those who sought her acquaintance, as a particular charm. Yet, like all

reserved natures, she often failed to attract strangers at a first meeting. In general conversation she disappointed people by not shining. Men and women, immeasurably her inferiors, surpassed her in ready wit and brilliant repartee.'

Like many a great painter who was nothing without his brush, George Sand was nothing, as a rule, without the pen, and when wielding that she became inspired. Yet, either by speech or pen, she could reveal herself to bosom friends, which perhaps would point to the conclusion that she might have gained more repute in conversation with strangers had she cared to do so. But while she bared the inmost recesses of her heart to those whom she loved, she closed that heart to the rest of the world.

George Sand was an indefatigable worker, as the one hundred and twenty volumes of her collected works abundantly testify. This was a gospel of 'silence' calculated to afflict very deeply the heart of a Carlyle, and perhaps it is a very fortunate thing that not every woman is capable of writing a hundred volumes or so. Even in Venice, which she found to be the finest and most fascinating city in the world, she did not relax her efforts. Writing to her half-brother, M. Hippolyte Chatiron, from Venice, early in 1834, she said: 'Love of work is a great boon. I bless the memory of my grandmother for having compelled me to acquire the habit of it. That habit has become a faculty, which itself is for me a necessity. I have now reached such a point that I can, without injuring my health, work for thirteen hours in succession, although the average is from seven to eight hours a day, whether the work be difficult or easy. Work brings me plenty of money, and takes up much time which, had I nothing to do, would be devoted to melancholy and depression of spirits, the natural consequences of my bilious temperament. If, like yourself, I were not fond of writing, I should at least spend a great deal of time in reading. I even regret that my needy circumstances always compel me to take something

out of my brains without ever having the time to acquire fresh knowledge. I long to be able to dispose of a whole year of solitude and complete freedom, in order to hoard up in my head all the foreign masterpieces which I little know, or am entirely ignorant of. I expect to derive great pleasure from their study, and I envy those who can do as they please. But, when I have been scribbling my set task, I am only fit to go and sip coffee and smoke cigarettes on the Piazza San Marco, while murdering the Italian language in conversation with my Venetian friends.'

As soon as George Sand had attained an independent position in literature, her services were retained by the *Revue de Paris* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. At the same time important works followed each other with great rapidity. After the publication of a novelette, *La Marquise*, came the issue of *Lélia*, perhaps the most remarkable work of her first period—that period marked by romantic bias and social polemics. In this novel, however, she assumed great poetic license; indeed the whole thing might be described as a gorgeous fantasy. It created a profound sensation, although its characters had nothing in common with ordinary humanity. But it contained abundance of imagery, psychology, and transcendental philosophy. The authoress herself had always an affection for it, though as a work of art she eventually pronounced it absurd. The truth is that this work, with its successor *Jacques*, was produced at a time of mental and spiritual transition. George Sand was in revolt against the accepted canons of society; she was a kind of female Byron, with her hand against the world, and the world's hand against her. Feeling that the teaching of *Lélia* might be, and indeed had been, misconstrued, we find her writing as follows, some years after its production, to a young Catholic lady who frequently consulted her on moral questions: 'That woman, in order to escape from suffering and humiliation, should keep from love and maternity, is a romantic idea which I have enunciated in a novel of mine,

Lélia, not as an example to follow, but as the picture of a martyr who may awaken thoughts in his judges and executioners, those who declare the law and those who apply it. It was only a poem, and since you have taken the trouble to read it, you will not, I hope, have seen any doctrine in it. I have never preached any doctrine; I do not feel my intelligence to be equal to it.'

That George Sand herself could throw off the trammels of conventional society is shown by the many Bohemian friendships which she formed. These were generally Platonic, and had their rise in a community of thought and literary aspiration; but there were others which the world said were not Platonic. One of the most notable of her friendships was that formed with Alfred de Musset. At the close of 1833 they set out for Italy together, where George Sand remained for six months, and where she laid the scene of several of her best-known novels. The friendship between two such people as De Musset and George Sand was little likely to have the elements of cohesion in it. The gifted but morbid and erratic poet had scarcely anything in common with the woman of strong individuality and methodical habits. De Musset had a finer strain than George Sand when at his best, but he was fitful, volatile, and weak in temperament. Both went through a period of disillusion, and instead of being saved by his guardian angel, the poet returned to Paris broken-hearted. After his death, George Sand wrote her *Elle et Lui*—a kind of vindication of her relations with him; but this produced a slashing reply from Paul de Musset, the poet's brother, entitled *Lui et Elle*, while yet a third work, *Lui*, by Madame Colet, resulted from this unhappy business.

Speaking of her sojourn at Venice, George Sand says: 'There, alone all the afternoon, never going out except in the evening for a breath of air, working at night as well, to the song of the tame nightingales that people all Venetian balconies, I wrote *André*, *Jacques*, *Mattea*, and the first *Lettres d'un Voya-*

geur. These letters show that she, too, suffered in the De Musset affair; but then she had a power of recovery, and this was aided by the two moving passions of her life—love of her children, and love of her art. With regard to the melancholy, sentimental novel *Jacques*, the authoress wrote long after its appearance that its hero 'belonged to the large family of disillusioned thinkers; they had their *raison d'être*, historical and social. He comes on the scene in the novel already worn by deceptions; he thought to revive through his love, and he does not revive. Marriage was for him only the drop of bitterness that made the cup overflow. He killed himself to bequeath to others the happiness for which he cared not, and in which he believed not.' While ostensibly written as a blast against married life, it is not a little curious that the writer seemed to have been called in to bless, for its best passages depict a happy married state, and in other respects the sympathies of the reader are entirely enlisted on the side of the wronged husband. In *André* the authoress 'put together the vulgar elements of inferior society in a commonplace country town, and produced a poem, though one of the saddest. If the florist heroine, Genevieve, is a slightly-idealised figure, the story and general-character treatment are realistic to a painful degree. There is more power of simple pathos shown here than is common in the works of George Sand. *André* is a refreshing contrast, in its simplicity and brevity, to the inflation of *Lélia* and *Jacques*. It was an initial essay, and a model one, in a style with better claims to enduring popularity.'

In 1835 George Sand took legal steps to render the separation from her husband permanent and complete. Pecuniary difficulties and disputes touching the control of their children led to this. She obtained a judicial separation from her husband, and this having been appealed against by M. Dudevant, it was confirmed by the Royal Court at Bruges. Under the terms of this final judgment, George Sand recovered the full possession of her ancestral estate and fortune, on agreeing

to pay her husband a yearly income of 3,800 francs, in addition to his own personal income of 1,200 francs. The guardianship of her daughter Solange was confided to her; and it was arranged that her son Maurice, who was then at the Collége Henri IV., should spend one month of his midsummer holidays with his father, and the other with his mother. M. Dudevant does not seem to have been a very desirable person, and there is not a word to be said for him personally; but it is only right to add that George Sand herself—with whom he had no sympathies in common—could be a very trying person in her turn. Granted that all her friendships were Platonic, they were conducted with a freedom which could not commend itself to a husband. What Englishman, for example, would like to see his wife entering into Bohemian life, smoking, and wearing men's clothes, and when remonstrated with by a friend for her masculine escapades, stigmatising him as impertinent? No, George Sand loved her children deeply, and was passionately devoted to them, but in some respects she was by no means a model wife.

However, I turn from this gladly, to quote the following beautiful letter, which she wrote to her son Maurice while at college in June, 1835: 'Study, be strong, proud, independent, and scorn the little vexations inseparable from your age. Reserve your power of resistance for acts and facts worthy of it. Time will come when resistance will be commendable. Should I be no more, think then of me, who suffered and worked cheerfully. We are alike in body and soul. I know, even now, what sort of intellectual life yours will be. I fear much profound grief is in store for you, but I hope that you will have many pure joys. Keep up within yourself the treasure called kindness. Give without hesitation, lose without regret, acquire without meanness. Should happiness desert you, let that of those whom you love fill your heart, and share in it as though it were your own. Do not give up your hopes of a future life, wherein mothers and sons will meet again. Love all God's

creatures, forgive those who are disinherited by nature, resist those who are iniquitous, devote yourself to those who are great in virtue. Love me! I will teach you many things if we ever live together. Should we not be destined to enjoy that happiness (the greatest which could happen to me, the only cause of my wishing for a long life), you will pray to God for me; and from the bosom of death, should anything be left of me in the whole universe, the shadow of your mother will watch over you.'

It was in this same year, 1835, that George Sand became acquainted with the Comtesse d'Agoult, who, under the pseudonym of Daniel Stern, wrote *La Révolution de* 1848, *Esquisses Morales*, and other works. The novelist had heard much of her from Franz Liszt, the eminent musician. George Sand loved this new friend, whom she described as 'the only beautiful, estimable, and truly noble star which I have seen shining in the patrician sphere.' George Sand had no jealousy of others in the literary sense, and in encouraging the Comtessè to write she said: 'You are young, in the full possession of your intellect, in all the lucidity of your unbiassed judgment. Make haste and write before having thought much. When you have pondered over all things you will feel no special taste for any particular subject, and will write by habit only. Write while you have genius, while the gods and not memory dictate to you. I predict great success for you. May God spare you the thorns which protect the sacred flowers composing the crown of Fame! For why should they stand in your way? You are diamond-like, you whose heart is as free from vindictive hateful passions as is mine. Besides, you never passed through the wilderness; you are brilliant, fresh, and blooming.'

It was about this time, also, that George Sand made the acquaintance of the Abbé de Lamennais, also introduced to her by Liszt. The Abbé had become a prominent figure by his famous work, *Paroles d'un Croyant*, which the Pope pro-

nounced to be 'small in size, but immense in perversity.' With his fearlessness of thought he seemed to realise her ideal in religion, which was faith divorced from superstition and the doctrine of Romish infallibility. For the Abbé's journal, *Le Monde*, George Sand wrote her *Lettres à Marcie*, which dealt with moral and spiritual problems and trials as affecting women. The writer desired to speak upon all womanly duties—marriage, maternity, &c., but there were some points on which the editor and contributor were not in accord, and the series remained unfinished. A few years afterwards Lamennais was thrown into the prison of Sainte-Pélagie for writing against the Government. While he lay there George Sand wrote to him, expounding her views on the emancipation of women. 'I have always,' she said, 'attributed that *de facto* inferiority of women, which generally exists, to the inferiority which men seek to establish for ever in principle in order to abuse the weakness, the ignorance, the sanity, in short, all the defects which our education causes in us. Half rehabilitated by Christian philosophy, we still stand in need of further rehabilitation. As we reckon you among our saints, as you are the father of our new Church, we are all distressed and disheartened when, instead of blessing us and raising our intellect, you rather drily say to us, "Keep back, my good girls, you are all regular simpletons." I reply for my sisters: "That is the truth, master; but teach us how to be no longer simpletons!" The remedy does not reside in telling us that the evil proceeds from our nature, but in showing us that it is the result of the manner in which your sex has governed us up to the present. If we entreat God to give us intelligence, He perhaps will accede to our request, without, for that matter, giving us a beard; and you will then be greatly mortified in turn. I need much courage, sir, in order to joke with you, while my heart bleeds at the idea of the sufferings which you endure in your prison. If I dare to do so, it is because I know your unalterable serenity, that fund of gaiety which you possess, and which

is, in my eyes, the most admirable proof of your benevolence and candour. You wished to undergo that ordeal; that is an excess of kindness on your part towards so light and cold a generation. Whilst admiring you, I cannot commend you for risking your health and life for that race which is not worthy of you. But God will not be the accomplice of your jailors, and, in spite of yourself, He will restore you to our devotion and respectful affection.'

George Sand was inspired with a strong passion for political and social reform by the advocate Michel, of Bourges, who was an eloquent exponent of advanced Radicalism. But as Michel was a destroyer and not a builder, she was more permanently impressed by the influence of the philosopher Pierre Leroux, who, with Jean Reynaud, inspired her with Socialist ideas and principles. It was during this middle philosophical and political period that she wrote *Spiridion*, *Consuelo*, the *Comtesse de Rudolstadt*, and other works with similar tendencies. She was also drawn towards Saint-Simonianism. Having been presented with an address and valuable gifts by the Saint-Simonian family in Paris, she replied in a letter full of elevated thoughts and aspirations. Regretting that she could not come forward as a leader in their work, for which she did not feel herself competent, she went on to observe: 'As for me, poor hermit, lost in the crowd, a kind of rhapsodist, devout preserver of old Plato's enthusiasm, silent worshipper of Christ's tears, amazed and wavering admirer of great Spinoza, a kind of sickly and meaningless being called poet, incapable of formulating conviction and proof otherwise than with narratives and complaints, the evil and the good of human things, I feel that I cannot be either a soldier or a priest, a master or a disciple, a prophet or an apostle; I will be for all a feeble but devoted brother; I do not know and cannot teach anything; I have no strength, I cannot perform any feat. I can sing the holy war and the holy peace; for I believe in the necessity of both. In my poet's mind, I dream of Homeric struggles, which, with

throbbing heart, I witness from the mountain-top, or in the midst of which I rush under the feet of the horses, intoxicated with enthusiasm and holy vengeance. I also dream of the morrow of the storm, a magnificent sunrise, altars adorned with flowers, legislators crowned with olive-wreaths, the dignity of man vindicated, man freed from man's tyranny, woman from that of woman, a tutelage of love performed by the priest over man and by the latter over woman, a Government whose name would be *counsel*, and not *sway*, *persuasion*, and *might*. In the meantime, I will sing to the diapason of my voice, and my teachings shall be humble; for I am the child of my time, I was subjected to its miseries, I shared its errors, I drank at all its sources of life and death, and, although I may be more fervent than the masses in my desires for their salvation, I am not more competent than they to point out the road to it. Let me weep over and pray for that Jerusalem which has lost her gods and has not yet hailed her Messiah. My vocation is to hate evil, to love good, to kneel before the beautiful. Treat me, therefore, like a true friend. Open your hearts to me and do not appeal to my brain. Minerva is not therein and could not thence emerge. My soul is full of contemplations and wishes which the world scoffs at, believing them obnoxious and impracticable. If I am attracted towards you by affection and confidence, it is because you possess within yourselves a treasure of hope whose flame you communicated to me, instead of extinguishing the faint spark glimmering within the depths of my heart.'

To her friend Daniel Stern, George Sand thus unburthened herself on the subject of religion: 'To rush into the bosom of Mother Nature; to regard her really as a *mother* and as a *sister;* to stoically and religiously eliminate from life all satisfied vanity; to obstinately resist the proud and the wicked; to be humble and meek with the unfortunate; to weep over the poor man's misery and wish for no other consolation but the fall of the rich; to believe in no other God but He who

preaches justice and equality to men ; to venerate what is *good ;* to judge with severity that which is but *strong ;* to live on almost nothing, to give up almost everything, in order to set up again primitive equality and to revive Divine institutions—such is the religion which I would proclaim in my humble retreat, and which I aspire to preach to my twelve apostles under the lime-trees of my garden.' It is to be noted that George Sand did not allow these generous sentiments to become a dead letter. All through life she was distinguished for her benevolence and practical philanthropy, and she distributed no less than 300,000 francs in acts of untiring and unostentatious charity. Her religious opinions became vague towards the close of her career, but the religious spirit within her ever prompted her to good deeds.

To M. Alexandre Weill, a sceptic who had written much against the accepted canons of Christianity, and who was a little uncharitable towards those who differed from him, George Sand wrote as follows : 'You fill four pages in preaching a good deal to one who had no need of it to be induced to reject the idolatrous worship of your Jewish Jehovah, and of our *good God* (*bon Dieu*) of Catholicism. But I believe in *God*, and in a God that is good (*Dieu bon*), and all Germany and France combined could not remove Him from my heart.' Without intending anything irreverent by the phrase, George Sand would frequently confide to her friends that she was on good terms with the Almighty. To a Roman Catholic *curé* who had written to her, begging her to assist in the work of the Church, she replied that she was out of sympathy with that Church, and had become its adversary, though a very peaceable adversary. She went on to say : 'Since the spirit of liberty has been stifled in the Church, since there is no longer in Catholic doctrine either discussions, councils, progress, or light, I regard that doctrine as a dead letter placed as a political check under thrones and above peoples. It is in my eyes a dark veil over the word of Christ — a false interpretation of the sublime

gospels, and an insurmountable obstacle to the sacred equality which God promises, which God will grant to men on earth as in heaven. I will say no more. I am not so proud as to wish to engage in a controversy with you, and for that very reason I shall have little fear of embarrassing or disturbing your faith. I must inform you of the motive for my refusal, and I wish that it may not be imputed by you to any other sentiment than my conviction. On the day when you preach purely and simply the gospel of Saint John and the doctrine of Saint John Chrysostom, without false commentary and without concession to the powers of this world, I will come and hear your sermons, reverend sir, and will bring my offering to your church; but I do not wish for it on your account. On that day you will be interdicted by your Bishop, and the doors of your chapel will be shut.'

In the autumn of 1836 George Sand paid a visit to her friend the Comtesse d'Agoult at Geneva. Her Swiss tour is sketched in the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, and it was at this time also she wrote *Simon*, a novel wherein she 'paints the triumph of true and patient love over social prejudice and strong opposition.' In contrast with this may be placed *Léone Léoni*, which exhibits 'the infatuation of a weak-minded woman for a phenomenal scoundrel.' On returning to Paris, the novelist occupied a suite of rooms in the Hôtel de France, where also resided Madame d'Agoult. In the rooms of the latter there might frequently be seen a galaxy of brilliant spirits, including Heine, Mickiewicz, George Sand, Delacroix, Meyerbeer, Daniel Stern, Chopin, Hiller, and Liszt. In the ensuing summer many of these celebrities accompanied George Sand to her home at Nohant. All through life she would receive visitors at the château, which was turned into a kind of Liberty Hall, and in which there was a marionette theatre. In 1837 the novelist wrote at Nohant that fine story *Mauprat*, in which 'she exerts all the force of her imagination and language to bring before us vividly the gradual redemption of a noble but degraded nature, through

the influence of an exclusive, passionate, and indestructible affection.' From this time, the natural optimism of her temperament, not her incidental misfortunes, began to colour her compositions.' It was in 1837 also that she wrote for her child *Les Maîtres Mosaïstes*, a little tale embodying the adventures of the Venetian mosaic-workers. The authoress said it was seldom she had written anything with so much pleasure. 'It was in the country, in summer weather, as hot as the Italian climate I had lately left. I have never seen so many birds and flowers in my garden. Liszt was playing the piano on the ground floor; and the nightingales, intoxicated with music and sunshine, were singing madly in the lilac-trees around.'

Upon this happy time came a deep trouble. George Sand was summoned to Paris, where she closed the eyes of her mother, Madame Maurice Dupin, to whom she was tenderly attached. After this she spent some weeks at Fontainebleau, where she produced her Venetian story, *La Dernière Aldini*. In consequence of the delicate health of her son, George Sand resolved to spend the winter of 1838-39 at Majorca, with her family. Chopin, who was very intimate with the novelist, joined the party *en route*, and they reached Palma, the capital of the island, in November. The scenery and climate were all that could be desired—'a green Switzerland, under a Calabrian sky, with all the solemnity and stillness of the East.' But troubles soon supervened. The place was most inconvenient to communicate with; a rainy season of exceptional severity set in; and Chopin became dangerously ill. The villa proprietor, hearing that the famous composer was suffering from consumption—which the Majorcans believed to be infectious—ordered the whole party to quit. After great difficulty they established themselves in the deserted Carthusian Monastery of Valdemosa. Writing to her friend, François Rollinat, George Sand said: 'The place was incomparably poetical; we did not see a living soul, nothing disturbed our work; after waiting two months, and paying three hundred francs extra, Chopin had at

last received his piano, and delighted the vaults of his cell with his melodies. Health and strength were visibly returning to Maurice; as for me, I worked as tutor seven hours a day; I sat up working on my own account half the night; Chopin composed masterpieces, and we hoped to put up with the remainder of our discomforts by the aid of these compensations.' Chopin's masterpieces included the finest of his Preludes. 'Several of these Preludes,' wrote George Sand, 'represent the visions that haunted him of deceased monks, the sounds of funeral chants; others are soft and melancholy; these came to him in his hours of sunshine and health, at the sound of the children's laughter beneath the window, the distant thrum of guitars, and the song of the birds under the damp foliage; at the sight of the pale little roses in bloom among the snow.' The scenery was of a most inspiring character. Describing Valdemosa, George Sand said: 'A poetical name and a poetical abode; an admirable landscape, grand and wild, with the sea at both ends of the horizon, formidable peaks around us, eagles pursuing their prey even down to the orange-trees in our garden, a cypress walk winding from the top of our mountain to the bottom of the gorge, torrents overgrown with myrtles, palm-trees below our feet—nothing could be more magnificent than this spot.' But Chopin became worse and worse, and proved a terrible responsibility; George Sand herself had rheumatism in every limb; and when the steamers resumed running in the spring, it was with a feeling of thankfulness that the party left the island, and returned first to Marseilles and then to Paris.

This disastrous expedition was not without important literary results, however, for George Sand. In addition to her striking little volume, *Un Hiver à Majorque*, George Sand completed in the cells of Valdemosa her novel of monastic life, *Spiridion*. This work has grave defects, but it comes into the higher rank of her novels. In it she has devoted 'her most fervent energies in tracing the spiritual history, *peu récréatif*, as she dryly

observes, of a monk who, in the days of the decadence of the monastic orders, retained earnestness and sincerity; whose mind, revolted by the hypocrisy and worldliness around him, went through the successive stages of heresy and philosophic doubt, and to whom is finally revealed an eternal gospel, which lies at the core of his old religion, but which later growths have stifled, and which outlasts all shocks and changes, and is to generate the religion of the future.' To *Spiridion* succeeded a work of spiritual and mental analysis, *Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre*.

The relations between Chopin and George Sand lasted for many years, but eventually a breach occurred shortly before the composer's death. This intimacy of two gifted spirits led to many conflicting opinions. Some charged the novelist with blighting Chopin's life; but others claimed that during eight years of suffering the composer was cheered by her womanly devotion and cheerful society. The truth is that while they had a great admiration for each other, their social and political sympathies were divided.

In 1840 George Sand made her first attempt as a dramatic author. *Cosima*, a play in five acts, was produced at the Théâtre Français, but it provoked roars of laughter and storms of indignation, and was denounced by the audience as immoral. The actors, astounded at its reception, played very badly, and the whole thing proved a fiasco. With modern French sentiments, and the scene laid at Florence in the Middle Ages, it was scarcely likely to prove successful. The writer took her defeat with equanimity, however, though she denied that the drama was immoral. She next wrote her novel *Horace* for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but the editor, Buloz, declined it as being subversive of law and order, unless the authoress would make radical alterations. This she declined to do, and the story appeared in the *Revue Indépendante*, a new journal founded by her friends Pierre Leroux and Louis Viardot. Horace, the chief character, was a moral charlatan and mock

hero, whose attempts to pose as a great man ultimately failed and relegated him to a deserved obscurity. This story was followed by the *Compagnon du Tour de France*, an inferior work, based on Socialist ideas. A second work of a similar type was *Le Péché de M. Antoine;* but here there was a more living interest in the characters, and the Socialist propaganda was less pronounced. In the Preface to a later edition of this book, she observed that its ideas, 'at which as yet but a small number of Conservative spirits had taken alarm, had thus far only really begun to sprout in a small number of attentive, laborious minds. The Government, so long as no actual form of political application was assumed, was not to be disquieted by theories, and let every man make his own, put forth his dream, and innocently construct his city of the future, by his own fireside, in the garden of his imagination.' Yet a third novel of Socialist tendencies, *Le Meunier d'Angibault*, appeared some years later. Having learnt before its production, however, that the public care little for political disquisitions unless they are accompanied by more interesting elements, she paid in this novel more attention to the delineation of scenery and character, the result being that it was much more readable than its predecessors.

While upon this question of Socialism, I will let George Sand explain her attitude towards it in her own words. Writing to Mazzini during that year of Revolution, 1848, she said: 'The Socialists of the times we live in do not wish for the solutions of despair. Profiting by the lessons of the past, enlightened by a loftier comprehension of Christian civilisation, all those who deserve that appellation, whatever the social doctrine they may belong to, repudiate for the future the tragical part played by the old Jacobins, and beseech, with folded hands, the conscience of man to get enlightened and to decide in favour of God's law. But the idea of despotism is in its essence so identical with that of fear, that the *bourgeoisie* trembles and threatens at the same time. It is so afraid of

Socialism that it wants to annihilate it though calumny and persecution ; and whenever some far-seeing one's voice is raised in order to point out the danger, a thousand others are at once raised to bring anathema upon the obnoxious prophet.

'"You are provoking hatred," they will say ; "you are calling down vengeance upon us. You *make* the people *believe* that they are miserable ; you point us out as objects for their fury. You only pity them in order to excite them. You remind them of their poverty only because we are rich." In short, charity, brotherly love, all that which Christ used to preach to men of His time, has become a fiery propaganda, and, were Jesus to appear among us, He would be attacked by the national guards as an anarchist and a factious citizen.

'That is what I fear for France, the Christ of nations, as she has been lately very rightly termed. I fear the want of intelligence in the rich and the despair of the poor. I fear the state of struggle which is not yet in men's minds, but which may become acts, if the ruling class does not enter upon a frankly democratic and sincerely fraternal path. Then, I declare, there will be great confusion and sore misfortunes, for the people are not ripe for self-government. They possess powerful individualities, intellects able to cope with any situation. But such are not known. They do not exercise over the people the prestige which the masses require to love and believe. The masses have no faith in their own element, they have just proved it at the last general election ; they seek for guides above them, they love great names and celebrities, whoever they may be. The people will therefore again look for liberators among *bourgeois*, self-styled Democrats, Socialists, or others, and they will once more be deceived in their expectations, for, but with few exceptions, perhaps, there does not exist in France a democratic party sufficiently enlightened to undertake a dictatorship of public safety. Will they rely upon the wisdom or the inspiration of a single individual? That

would be a retrograde step, reversing all the progress of mankind during the last twenty years.'

At a much later date—that is, after the terrible war of 1870 had broken out, and the fall of the Empire and the establishment of a Republic were imminent—she wrote to a friend: 'We are overwhelmed by the enormity of public misfortunes. To-day, as ever, I am one of the reddest of Socialists; but I do not feel that my acceptance of Socialist doctrines binds me to adhere to the Socialist political programme. Doctrines should never be imposed by violence—that is criminal and insane; for that which is begotten by violence is doomed to violent death. If the Republic, now looming in the future, be alive to the true interests of Republicanism, it will abstain from any but moral action, seeing that it is dread of violence alone that bars the way to a more moderate Republic, which might at least have the chance of establishing itself.'

In 1842-43 George Sand's romance of *Consuelo* appeared in the *Revue Indépendante*. It has since been published separately in various forms, and it is the work by which the authoress is best known in England. Taken as a whole, it is the ablest as well as the most popular of her novels. Notwithstanding occasional rhapsodies and high-flown passages, it is a noble, healthy, and inspiring book. It possesses philosophic and artistic claims, and whether the writer transports us to Venice, to Vienna, or to the mediæval castle in which much of the scene is cast, she everywhere writes with ability, freshness, and vigour. There is no lack of literary or personal interest in this work. It was followed immediately by its sequel, *La Comtesse de Rudolstadt*, in which there was less reality but more adventure. 'In the rites and doctrines of the *Illuminati*, an idealisation of the features of the secret sects of the last century, she found a new medium of expression for her sentiments regarding the present abuses of society and the need of thorough renovation. Secret societies, at that time, were extremely numerous and active among the Republican workers

in France.' But Madame Sand—while admitting that they might have been a necessity for Germany in tyrannical times—was opposed to their spirit as being out of harmony with her own times. As she said in her *Histoire de Ma Vie*, such a spirit could bring forth nothing in the future but a dictatorship, and the dictatorial principle was one she had never accepted.

George Sand has been spoken of as a Communist, and the general Communistic principle she did accept for a time, but with such limitations that she must have seemed a very weak-kneed disciple to ardent Communists. While she opposed individualism in theory, her own strong personality practically contradicted her opinions. There was also a considerable leaven of aristocratic sentiment in her nature. She herself remarked that in treating the Communistic idea, it is necessary first to distinguish what is essential in liberty and work to the complete existence of the individual, from what is collective. Voluntary association—or what is now known in England as the Co-operative principle, was about the actual limit of her Communistic ideas. For the Paris Commune of 1871 she felt nothing but horror and indignation. Writing to Flaubert she asked 'What will be the countershock of that infamous Commune? Napoleon or Henry V., or else the reign of arson brought back by anarchy? I, who have so much patience with my species, and was so long optimistic in my views, am now totally plunged in the dark. I was judging others by myself. I had much improved my own temper, repressed my useless and dangerous outbursts, sown over my volcanoes grass and flowers which were growing nicely, and imagined that everybody could get enlightened, could improve and control himself; that the years which had passed over me and my fellow-creatures could not be lost to reason and experience; and behold I awake from my dream, to find a generation eaten up with either idiocy or *delirium tremens!* Anything is possible now. Yet it is wrong to despair. I will make a great effort, and

perhaps I shall again find myself just and patient ; but at present I cannot.'

In 1847 appeared George Sand's strange novel entitled *Lucrezia Floriani*. It was a masterly character-study, but the writer was severely attacked on the ground that she had introduced into the work, in the person of Prince Karol, an unfavourable portrait of Chopin. But the composer himself, who read the work, did not complain on this score, and the probability is that George Sand only took the novelist's privilege of utilising in the most general way the tender passages of the past between herself and Chopin. The story is powerful but miserable. There is not in the whole range of George Sand's works a more finely-drawn character than the actress-singer Lucrezia, with her disappointed love, and second to this comes the Prince, with his jealous and tyrannical nature. There was reality in this work, and passionate intensity, but the narrative as a whole was only a faint adumbration of the actual story of Chopin and George Sand.

It was to be expected that such a Revolution as that of 1848 would draw forth all the energies of George Sand. She earnestly associated herself with the advanced Republicans, and was made the subject of threats by misled and fanatical opponents. She was compelled to leave Paris for Nohant, in order to keep at bay a numerous gang of fools from La Châtre, who daily talked about setting fire to her house. The most ridiculous stories were told concerning her, and at the time of the events in Paris it was said that she had concealed Ledru-Rollin, 200 Communists, and 400 rifles in her house! Madame Sand wrote two *Lettres au Peuple*, the Preface to the *Bulletins de la République*, contributed articles to the *Revue Indépendante*, and even founded a newspaper called *La Cause du Peuple*. She wrote in collaboration with Barbès and Sobrier in the *Commune de Paris*, and contributed a Preface to the serial *Conteurs Ouvriers*. With that high-souled Republican Armand Barbès she maintained a warm friendship all through life,

cheering him when in the prison of Sainte-Pélagie. Writing to him on one occasion she said, 'I think of you when I think of God, who loves you; that is to say, I think of you often.'

But when the Republic triumphed in 1848, and Lamartine was installed at the head of the Provisional Government, George Sand was not satisfied. She thought the Golden Age had already dawned, but found it was not so; while the intrigues, divisions, and complications at headquarters threatened the very existence of the new order. Michel she had already dethroned in her heart, and Pierre Leroux was useless in a time of crisis. Lamartine, Barbès, Louis Blanc, and Ledru Rollin were great popular leaders, but they all lacked some necessary quality, so she fell back upon her faith in the masses. When Lamartine showed a desire to compromise, thus placing in jeopardy the future of the new Republic, she appealed to him thus eloquently:

'In a few years you scaled the loftiest regions of human thought, and, making your way through the darkness of Catholicism, were carried by the Spirit of God high enough to utter this oracle, which I repeat from morning till night: "The more light there is, the better one sees God!"

'The light that sprung from you has scattered the mist of faint smoke and light fogs in which the vanity of the world wanted to detain you; and now you are unwilling to believe that its Divine will, which performed that wonder with a single individual, can cause the same lights of truth to flash upon a whole nation? You believe that it will wait centuries before bringing into reality the magic picture which it allowed you to glance at? No, indeed! No! its dawn is nearer at hand than you think, and if nearer, it is because it is inscribed upon the dial of centuries. You have made a mistake as regards the appointed hour, great poet, and great man! You believe yourself to be living in a time when the duty of righteous men and of men of genius was identical, and tending equally to delay the ruin of societies still good and durable! You believe

that the ruin is only beginning, whereas it is consummated, and one single stone is alone preventing the edifice from falling to pieces! Do you then wish to be that last stone, the keystone of that impure vault, you who hate impurity from the bottom of your heart, and, in your lyrical impulses, deny Mammon in the face of the world?

'If the society of the business men with whom you condescend to associate were to frankly occupy itself with the emancipation of the human race, I would admire you as a saint, and say that to condescend to eat at the publican's table in order to cause truth to dawn upon them, is to unite the meekness of Jesus with His genius. But you know full well that you cannot bring about such results. The miracle which consists in converting and touching corrupted or ignorant souls is in the hands of the Eternal alone, and it appears that He does not intend thus to begin the work of regeneration, since He does not enlighten or soften any of those souls. The under strata of society are alone being worked upon, and the upper strata seem intended to be put aside as mere dross. Why are you with those whom God does not wish to enlighten, and not with those whom He enlightens? Why do you place yourself between the wealthy *bourgeois* and the proletariat, preaching to the one resignation—that is, the continuation of its sufferings until a new state of things, which your business men will delay as much as they possibly can—to the other, sacrifices, resulting only in insignificant concessions, themselves brought about by fear rather than by persuasion? Do not cause posterity to say: "That great man died with his eyes open to the future, and closed to the present. He predicted the reign of justice, and, by a strange contradiction—too frequent, alas! among celebrated men,—he held to the past, and did his best to prolong it. It is true that one verse from him was of more worth and effect than all the political labours of his life; for, that voice was the voice of God speaking with him, and to those political labours he was doomed by human error; yet it is

cruel to think he can only be reckoned among the lights, and not among the heroes of the period of struggle whose rapid progress and close issue he failed to perceive."'

George Sand was filled with a momentary enthusiasm by the affecting spectacle of April 20, 1848, when at the *fête* of fraternity a million souls agreed to bury their dissensions and forget all past wrongs; but this was speedily followed by the unhappy demonstration of the 15th of May, when disorder and riot foreshadowed the doom of the Republic. Barbès was arrested, and her own imprisonment was expected. She went down to Nohant dispirited, seeing nothing but ignorance and moral weakness preponderating on the face of the globe. Still, she continued to give fearless expression to her sentiments in *La Vraie République;* but ingratitude and political ignorance discouraged her, and we find her writing to Mazzini: 'I shall keep my faith—the idea, pure and bright, the eternal truth will ever remain for me in my heaven, unless I go blind. But hope is a belief in the near triumph of one's faith. I should not be sincere if I said that this state of mind had not been modified in me during these last months.' Then came the sanguinary insurrection of June, and her heart was crushed by the national troubles. The frightful confusion and moral anarchy caused her to exclaim: 'The majority of the French people is blind, credulous, ignorant, ungrateful, wicked, and stupid; it is *bourgeoise* itself!'

During the time that Louis Napoleon was consolidating his power, first as President and then as Emperor, George Sand took no active share in political life. She had known something of the Emperor when he was a prisoner in the fortress of Ham, for he had sent her his work on the *Extinction of Pauperism*, and she had replied in a letter expressing warm praise, but at the same time defending her Republican ideas, and maintaining that the party to which she belonged could never acknowledge any sovereign but the people. But when the Empire became an accomplished fact she looked for liberty

and reform under it with an ardent hope which was doomed to be disappointed. She was successful, however, in procuring from Louis Napoleon, by her warm pleadings, the pardon of a number of political offenders. With Prince Napoleon she was ever on terms of cordial friendship, finding in him many popular sympathies which were absent from his Imperial cousin.

The Brownings saw a good deal of George Sand while visiting Paris in 1852. They had an introduction to her from Mazzini. Mrs. Browning thus describes their first meeting, and the personal appearance of George Sand: 'She received us very cordially, with her hand held out, which I, in the emotion of the moment, stooped and kissed—upon which she exclaimed, "*Mais non ! je ne veux pas*," and kissed me. I don't think she is a great deal taller than I am—yes, taller, but not a great deal—and a little over-stout for that height. The upper part of the face is fine, the forehead, eyebrows and eyes—dark glowing eyes, as they should be; the lower part not so good. The beautiful teeth project a little, flashing out the smile of the large, characteristic mouth, and the chin recedes. It never could have been a beautiful face, Robert and I agree, but noble and expressive it has been and is. The complexion is olive, quite without colour; the hair, black and glossy, divided with evident care, and twisted back into a knot behind the head, and she wore no covering to it. Some of the portraits represent her in ringlets, and ringlets would be much more becoming to the style of face, I fancy, for the cheeks are rather overfull. She was dressed in a sort of woollen grey gown, with a jacket of the same material (according to the ruling fashion), the gown fastened up to the throat, with a small linen collarette, and plain white muslin sleeves buttoned round the wrists. The hands offered to me were small and well-shaped. Her manners were quite as simple as her costume. I never saw a simpler woman. Not a shade of affectation or consciousness, even—not a suffusion of coquetry, not a cigarette to be seen ! Two or three young men were sitting with her, and I observed

the profound respect with which they listened to every word she said. She spoke rapidly, with a low, unemphatic voice. Repose of manner is much more her characteristic than animation—only, under all the quietness, and perhaps by means of it, you are aware of an intense, burning soul. She kissed me again when we went away . . . .'

A second most interesting letter from Mrs. Browning gives these further details respecting George Sand :—

'April 7th.—George Sand we came to know a great deal more of. I think Robert saw her six times. Once he met her near the Tuileries, offered her his arm, and walked with her the whole length of the gardens. She was not on that occasion looking as well as usual, being a little too much *endimanchée* in terrestrial lavenders and super-celestial blues—not, in fact, dressed with the remarkable taste which he has seen in her at other times. Her usual costume is both pretty and quiet, and the fashionable waistcoat and jacket (which are aspectable (?) in all the "Ladies' Companions" of the day) make the only approach to masculine wearings to be observed in her. She has great nicety and refinement in her personal ways, I think —and the cigarette is really a feminine weapon if properly understood.

'Ah! but I didn't see her smoke. I was unfortunate. I could only go with Robert three times to her house, and once she was out. He was really very good and kind to let me go at all after he found the sort of society rampant around her. He didn't like it extremely, but, being the prince of husbands, he was lenient to my desires, and yielded the point. She seems to live in the abomination of desolation, as far as regards society—crowds of ill-bred men who adore her, *à genoux bas*, betwixt a puff of smoke and an ejection of saliva —society of the ragged red, diluted with the low theatrical. She herself so different, so apart, so alone in her melancholy disdain. I was deeply interested in that poor woman. I felt a profound com passion for her. I did not mind much even the Greek, in Greek

costume, who *tutoyéd* her, and kissed her I believe, so Robert said—or the other vulgar man of the theatre, who went down on his knees and called her "sublime." "*Caprice d'amitié*," said she with her quiet, gentle scorn. A noble woman under the mud, be certain. *I* would kneel down to her, too, if she would leave it all, throw it off, and be herself as God made her. But she would not care for my kneeling—she does not care for me. Perhaps she doesn't care much for anybody by this time, who knows? She wrote one or two or three kind notes to me, and promised to *venir m'embrasser* before she left Paris; but she did not come. We both tried hard to please her, and she told a friend of ours that she "liked us." Only we always felt that we couldn't penetrate—couldn't really *touch* her—it was all in vain.'

Mrs. Sutherland Orr, who publishes the above letters in her *Life and Letters of Robert Browning*, states that Mr. Browning 'fully shared his wife's impression of a want of frank cordiality on George Sand's part; and was especially struck by it in reference to himself, with whom it seemed more natural that she should feel at ease. He could only imagine that his studied courtesy towards her was felt by her as a rebuke to the latitude which she granted to other men.'

In her middle period George Sand produced a number of novels of rural life which many of her admirers regard as her best works. The series began with *Jeanne*, which has for its heroine a peasant girl of a dreamy and visionary type. Then came *La Mare au Diable*, which was suggested by Holbein's engraving of 'Death and the Husbandman.' The novelist presents the brighter aspect of the peasant's life, in contrast to the dark and dismal one suggested by Holbein's picture. An aroma of poetry is thrown over the lives of Germain, the labourer, and his little wife Marie. *François le Champi*, the third in the group, tells the story of a foundling who was saved from the evils resulting from the lack of home and parental influences, by the sympathetic tenderness of a

childless woman, Madeline Polanchet. *La Petite Fadette*, the last of the series proper, was the most popular. It is a beautiful idyll of humble life, and well deserves the appreciation it has invariably met with. It must have been a delight to produce these works, which were composed at a time when those who were lamenting over the calamities of France threw 'themselves back on pastoral dreams, all the more naïve and childlike for the brutality and darkness triumphant in the world of activity.' Of a slightly kindred nature with the novels just mentioned was *Les Maîtres Sonneurs*, though it was not so simple in conception. The scene was the hamlet of Nohant in the eighteenth century, and a delightful pastoral air was thrown over the whole story, scenery and characters alike. It has more literary virtues and fewer defects than most of George Sand's works.

The stage had an abiding fascination for George Sand, though her first two plays, *Cosima* and *Le Roi attend*, had but a chilling reception. However, undeterred by this, in 1849 she produced a dramatic adaptation of her novel *François le Champi* at the Odéon. It was successful, and, as Théophile Gautier playfully wrote, it gave all the Vaudeville writers an appetite for rusticity. When her play of *Maître Favilla* was produced it was severely criticised by Jules Janin, who complained generally that George Sand apotheosised the *artiste* and satirised the *bourgeois*. The dramatist proved the charge to be utterly unfounded. She had admirable types of the *bourgeoisie* as she had despicable ones; but in the critic's eyes the great crime of *Favilla* was, 'the supposing that an ex-linen-draper could be incapable of understanding music, loving *artistes*, distinguishing at a glance between an honest woman and a *bohémienne*, eating up his income by alms or princely liberality, and finally of marrying his son without hesitation to a girl whose only fortune was her fine eyes!' This was no bitter and systematic condemnation of the *bourgeoisie*. Other plays by George Sand represented the class favourably. In *Le Mariage de Victorine*,

for example, all the characters belong to the *bourgeoisie*. It was a modest but frank apotheosis of the virtues peculiar to that class, when it understood and fulfilled its true duties. In *Les Vacances de Pandolphe* the chief personage was a professor of law, *bourgeois* pure and simple—a beneficent misanthrope, who lived fraternally and was the object of filial love. In *Le Pressoir* the characters belonged to the working-classes. Jules Janin thought them too virtuous, too devoted, too intelligent; yet of the characters in *Flaminio*, which did not belong to the *bourgeoisie*, he said, 'Well done, *artiste*. Artisan is better. One of the Greek names of Minerva was *Minerva Artisana*.' The dramatised version of *Mauprat*—which was much inferior to the novel—had in it neither *bourgeoisie* nor *artistes*. *Claudie* was a touching and picturesque drama, in which the rising young actor, Fechter, and the veteran Bocage, scored a distinct success as the representatives of youth and age. An adaptation of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, prepared for the *Théâtre Français* by Madame Sand, was a failure, although it was supported by such noted actors as Delaunay, Arnould-Plessy, and Favart. A better fate attended the dramatisation of her novel *Les Beaux Messieurs de Bois Doré*, in which she had the assistance of Paul Meurice. It was produced in 1802, and Bocage enjoyed his last great triumph in the character of the old Marquis, who sought to preserve youthfulness of body with youthfulness of heart. 'He did not act the Marquis de Bois Doré, he was the personage himself, as the author had dreamt him.' The actor said to the dramatist, on one occasion, 'It is my end, but I shall die like a soldier on the field of honour.' His prediction was fulfilled, for he continued to perform the part until within a few days of his death.

Le Marquis de Villemer, a drama produced at the Odéon in 1864, was a strong philippic against the clerical party and the nobility. On the night of its production the authoress was escorted home by the students to the cries of 'George Sand for ever! Mademoiselle la Quintinie for ever! Down with the

clerical party!' It was a furious demonstration, but at the same time a theatrical success not often witnessed. Describing the scene in a letter to her son, Madame Sand wrote:—

'At ten o'clock in the morning the students assembled in the Place de l'Odéon, and, throughout the piece, a compact mass, which had not been able to gain admittance, filled the neighbouring streets and the Rue Racine as far as my own door. Marie received an ovation, as did also Madame Fromentin, the crowd in the street having mistaken the latter for me. I believe that all Paris was there to-night. The workmen and the students, furious at having been mistaken for clericals on the occasion of About's *Gaetana*, were quite ready to come to blows. Inside the theatre each scene was received throughout with shouts and stamping of feet, in spite of the presence of the whole Imperial family. In fact everybody applauded, the Emperor like the rest, he being so affected as to actually shed tears. The Princess Mathilde came to the *foyer* to shake hands with me. I was in the manager's box with the Prince, the Princess, Ferri, and Madame d'Abrantés. The Prince applauded like thirty *claqueurs*, stretching far out of his box, and shouting at the top of his voice. Flaubert was with us, and cried like a woman. The company played well, and were recalled after every act. In the *foyer* more than two hundred persons, some known, some unknown to me, came and completely smothered me with kisses. Not a shadow of opposition, although a large number of unfriendly persons were present. But even those who innocently blew their noses were silenced. In fact, the event has kept the Latin Quarter in a perfect uproar all day; all day long I received batches of students, who came with their school-cards in their hats to ask me for orders, and to protest against the clerical party by giving me their names.'

The allusions to *Mademoiselle de la Quintinie* in the above extract refer to the novel of that name by George Sand, in which she had challenged comparison with Octave Feuillet's

Sibille. Feuillet had taken for his heroine an ardent Catholic who stifled her love and renounced her lover for his heterodox views. George Sand, on the contrary, took for her heroine one who was gradually converted by her lover to liberal opinions. This was very popular with the Parisian students, and on the second night of *Villemer* they sang ironical songs to hymn-tunes, crying, 'The Jesuits are done for! Black-coated gentlemen, where do you hail from? *La Quintinie* for ever! George Sand for ever! *Villemer* for ever!' The enthusiasm and excitement reached such a pitch, night after night, that at one time riots were feared. *L'Autre*, the last dramatic success achieved by George Sand, was adapted, with considerable changes, from her novel, *La Confession d'une Jeune Fille.* It was produced at the Gymnase in February, 1870, with Sarah Bernhardt in the principal part. From the opening scenes it was favourably received, and the success went on increasing with every act. The triumph was a complete and spontaneous one. Not a single allusion was made to politics, the attention of the audience being wholly centred in the piece, which was very strong both in humour and pathos. Madame Arnould-Plessy, the actress, was in George Sand's box, sobbing, coughing, crying, and blowing her nose; Thuillier was in a stall doing the same; and all the spectators in fact were overcome by their emotions. George Sand's interest in the stage and its representatives, and in theatrical matters generally, was shown in such works as *Pierre qui roule, Narcisse, Le Château des Désertes;* yet she had not a natural aptitude for the drama. She desired to improve and reform it, but, notwithstanding one or two successes, she was unable to lead the way herself, partly from a lack of practical aptitude, and partly from her diffusive and didactic style of writing.

Some idea of the literary fecundity of George Sand may be gained when I mention briefly the remainder of her works, in addition to all those already cited. *L'Orco*, a novel, was written in her early period. *La Daniella*, a novel written after

her Italian tour in 1855, showed the writer to be disenchanted with the glories of Rome. The results of a walking tour on the banks of the Creuse in 1857 appeared in her *Promenades autour d'un Village*. In 1860 was published *Jean de la Roche*, and in the preface to this work will be found Madame Sand's reply to the strictures upon her for the publication of *Elle et Lui*. A Scandinavian romance, *L'Homme de Neige*, also appeared in 1860. It was followed in quick succession by *La Famille de Germandre*, *La Ville Noire*, a tale of artisan life, *Constance Verrier*; the society novel, *Le Marquis de Villemer*, upon which she founded her drama; and *Valvèdre*, with its clever character studies. Coming to the drama, *Le Démon du Foyer*, a play, was produced in 1852, and the play of *Molière* in 1853. There were also slight fantasy pieces like *Teverino*—the original study for the drama *Flaminio*—and *Les Dames Vertes*. *Le Lys du Japon*, a one-act comedy, and *Cadio*, a novel, were written in 1866. The latter had for its heroes one of the obscure makers of the revolution of 1789. He was made, as it were, the image and the reflex of the past and the future, but the work stirred up a good deal of political animosity. *Cadio* was originally intended for a drama. It was, however, published as a romance, with dialogues, but a reduced version of it was subsequently played at the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre. The novel of *Malgré tout* was published in 1870. The authoress was said to have represented the Empress Eugénie in one of the chief personages, but she strenuously denied this in a letter to Flaubert. *Le beau Laurence*, a novel, appeared in 1870; *Nanon*, a rural romance of the First Revolution, and *Francia*, or 'A Deed of Kindness is never Lost,' in 1872; *Le Château de Pictordu*, *Contes d'une Grand'mère*, a collection of fairy stories; *Impressions et Souvenirs*, and the graphic *Journal d'un voyageur pendant la Guerre*—all during 1873; *Ma Sœur Jeanne* 1874; and *Les deux Frères* and *La Laitière et la pot au lait* in 1875. Within the last few years of her life also she composed the following works, though several of them did not appear till

after her death: *Flamarande*, *Le Chêne Parlant*—a sequel to the *Contes d'une Graud'mére*—*La Tour de Percemont*, *Marianne*, *Dernières Pages*, *Légendes Rustiques*, *Fanchette*, and *Nouvelles Lettres d'un Voyageur*. Her last production was a critical article for the *Temps* on M. Renan's *Dialogues et Fragments Philosophiques*.

This great writer, while not destitute of a certain amount of realism, was above all things an idealist. She maintained that 'in the abstract order of things, truth is the ideal, as reality is the lie. God tolerates reality but does not accept it; just as we aspire towards the ideal and do not reach it. The ideal does, nevertheless, exist, since it is to become reality in the bosom of God, and even—let us hope for the future of the world—reality upon this earth.' She was always aspiring after a nobler ideal of life and thought. A high view of art she indulged from first to last. As she said, in writing to Mazzini upon this subject: 'I am, and always have been, an artist before anything else; I am aware that purely political men feel great contempt for artists, because they judge them after a few types of mountebanks who dishonour art. But you, friend, know full well that the real artist is as useful as the priest and the warrior, and that, when respecting what is true and good, he follows a path through which God always blesses him. Art belongs to all times and to all countries; its special benefit is precisely to be still living when everything else seems dying; that is why Providence shields it from too personal or too general passions, and grants it a patient and persevering organisation, durable sensibility, and the contemplative sense in which lies invincible faith.' But she also exalted the emotional element in literature, and held that the public had a right to say to its teachers, "Be moved yourselves, or do not hope to move us."

Critics have sometimes complained of the tone of some of George Sand's novels. Yet she was not so great a sinner in this respect as many of her contemporaries. At any rate she

always desired the triumph of virtue. When Edmond About, in *Madelon*, depicted a woman as the personification of vice, always young and triumphant, when the other characters who had surrounded her were dead, she thus addressed him: 'Now that you have just written a masterpiece concerning the victory of evil, I request and beseech you to write the masterpiece of the revival of good. Let us see a true-hearted man crushing that vermin called vice, braving that luxury, scorning with ease and simple logic the silly vanity which induces men to appear strong in absurdity, and powerful in the abuse of life; you have just proved that such vanity is always punished by nature, which vindicates its right. Have the courage to incarnate in an individual the triumph of virtue. Let the wicked triumph in public opinion if you will. It is useless to gild society, which is so silly, and so corrupt, but let Job on his dunghill be the noblest and happiest of all, so noble that the youthful reader would prefer to be Job rather than any of the other personages. Ah! would that I could! would that I had your age and strength! would that I knew all you know!'

In religious matters George Sand showed a retrograde tendency towards the close of her life. She threw off all dogmatic views, whether Protestant or Catholic, though she was glad for her son to marry according to Protestant rites, and to bring up his child in that communion. But for herself, as the years passed on, she felt herself to be growing gradually less Christian. On the appearance of M. Renan's *Vie de Jesus*, she wrote to Prince Napoleon, announcing herself as one of Renan's adherents. One recognises the weakness as well as the impertinence of the French intellect in such a passage as this:—

'M. Renan causes his hero, when viewed from a certain standpoint, to fall a little; though, from another, he raises him in my estimation. I used to delight in persuading myself that Jesus had never believed Himself to be God, had never proclaimed Himself specially the Son of God, and that His belief in a vin-

dictive God was but an apocryphal addition to the Gospel. Such were, at least, the interpretations which I had always accepted and even sought; but now M. Renan steps forth with deeper, more competent, and stronger duties and inquiries. We do not need to be as learned as he, to feel in his work the existence of an *ensemble* of indisputable facts and opinions. Were it only because of the colour and life, when reading it, we feel that it casts a clearer light on the time, the man, and his surroundings. I therefore believe that his appreciation of Jesus is better than the conception we had formed of Him before the appearance of the work, and I accept Jesus as presented to us by M. Renan. He no longer appears as a philosopher, a *savant*, a sage, a genius, reflecting in himself the best essence of the systems of philosophy and the sciences of His age. He appears as a dreamer, an enthusiast, a poet, as one inspired, a fanatic, and a simpleton. Granted! Yet I love him still; but how small the place He now seems to me to occupy in the history of ideas! how diminished the importance of His work appears! How much more, henceforth, does His religion appear as the result of the hazard of human events, than as that of one of those great historical necessities which we are agreed upon, and sometimes feel under the obligation of calling providential! Let us accept truth, even when it surprises us and alters our views. Jesus is now quite demolished! so much the worse for Him! so much the better for us! His religion had succeeded in doing at least as much harm as it had done good.'

Voltaire vainly thought to destroy the power of Christ over the souls of men; but Voltaire passed away, and Christ remained entrenched in the heart of the human more strongly than ever. Renan afterwards took up the iconoclastic work, and it was endorsed by George Sand, but these also have passed away, and the sublime figure of the Saviour of the World still remains, untouched in His power, His essence, and His influence.

When George Sand was charged with being contradictory in her philosophy because she admired both Rousseau and Montaigne, she wrote to M. Guillaume Guizot that there was no real antithesis between these two great minds, though they were corrections of each other. 'For my part,' she said, 'I am not the disciple of Jean Jacques to the extent of the *Contrat Social*. That, perhaps, is due to Montaigne; and I am not the disciple of Montaigne to the extent of his indifference; that surely is due to Jean Jacques. I venture to believe, sir, that the crowning of a valuable and serious work on Montaigne would be—a free, if you please even severe, criticism granted—the establishing of a parallel between these two extreme points—the Socialism of Jean Jacques Rousseau and the Individualism of Montaigne. The truth is surely between the two.'

Public events in France during the last seven years of her life affected her deeply. Writing to a friend in November, 1869, she thus expressed her opinion of Rochefort, and at the same time predicted the approaching revolution: 'I do not admire the part Rochefort plays in politics. I dislike his adulation of the masses, his forsaking of his own will, his absence of principle. That is not the way we should love and serve the people, for, by doing so, we treat them as if they were our absolute masters. The man who respects himself does not say: "I will take the oath or not, just as you please." If he does not recognise anything but his constituents, if he can only act according to their whims, any idiot could fill his place. That ultra-democratic clique is but a political scum. But where there is ebullition there must be scum, and those who wish for a social revolution must not distress themselves beyond measure because of it. That revolution would be better effected without violence; but whether it take place with or without, it will most certainly arrive, it must have its day. Being unable to prevent it, we must let it take its course.' For Victor Hugo she had a profound admiration, both as the greatest living man of letters and as a politician.

When Napoleon III. declared war in July, 1870, George Sand stigmatised the war as infamous, and the singing of the *Marseillaise* to the tune of the Empire as a sacrilege. Soon after hostilities began, she thus wrote to a friend from Nohant:—

'I am terrified at the consternation, the fury, the hatred displayed here against the Government. These are not the feelings of one class, of a party; they are shared by everybody, principally by the peasantry. There is a frantic expression of grief and pity for poor old soldiers, who are their children or their brothers. My belief is that the Empire is lost; it has lived its allotted time. The very men who confidently voted in its favour at the plebiscite would to-day be unanimous in voting for its overthrow. Those who start for the front are enraged in their souls. To be compelled to resume service when one has already served his time, is regarded as a fearful iniquity by men who have again taken to the plough. They proclaim themselves betrayed, delivered over to the enemy beforehand, deprived of all help. There is not one who does not say: "We shall let *him* have our first shot." They will, however, not do so; they will prove very good soldiers and fight like devils, but that will be because of the point of honour, and not because of hatred of the Prussians, who, they say, did not menace them, and were foolishly provoked.

'Alas! there is no longer the enthusiasm of the wars of the first Republic. There is suspicion, disaffection, a resolution to punish by a future vote. If all the rest of France is in the same mind the result will be a revolution, if not terrible (which may God forbid!) certainly radical and complete. In Paris people are elated at the change of cabinet; here, it leaves them indifferent; they have as little faith in those who come as in those who go.'

In November, 1870, she wrote to Prince Napoleon, justifying the proclamation of the Republic, and adding—'For twenty years we have been lulled by the idea of a Socialist Empire, which only proved a dream, followed up by revolting

and shameful deceptions. I know not whether you were the dupe of such a dream ; I do not think so. . . A period of calm will yet come, when, wherever they may be spoken, your words will still be respectfully listened to. Being yourself no longer fettered, when your words, judged before the tribunal of history, will secure more consideration should you even be only a simple citizen, the part you will have to play will be more distinct, as well as grander.' When Gambetta was hailed as the saviour of France for continuing the struggle against Prussia, George Sand did not join in the acclamations, but severely denounced the Dictator and his party—a party in power, though not in a majority. 'That wretched braggart has killed the Republic!' she exclaimed. 'He causes it to be hated and despised throughout France, believe me—I who, while cursing the ambitious nonentities of my party, persist in believing that the Republican form of government, *even the most levelling*, is the only one that mankind can adopt with honour and advantage.' On another occasion she described Gambetta as a madman, whose proceedings in defiance of his colleagues at Paris she regarded as a provocation to civil war. At a later period the surrender of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany wounded her deeply, and she was too overcome by emotion to express in writing her sorrow and indignation over the cession.

George Sand's opinions on the true aim and function of the novelist, were made clear in a long communication addressed to Gustave Flaubert. She had been disappointed because in neither his *L'Éducation Sentimentale*, nor in his masterpiece *Madame Bovary*, had he openly branded evil, condemned weakness, and pointed out efforts worthy of praise. She consequently thus reasoned with him: 'Your determination in depicting things as they are, and the adventures of life as you notice them, is scarcely justifiable in my opinion. I do not object to your making a realistic or poetic picture of inert things; but, when dealing with the impulses of the human heart, it is different. You cannot refrain from such contempla

tion, for you *yourself* are *man* and the readers *men*. Though you may try, you never shall succeed in so writing that your production be not a *chat* between you and the reading public. If you are always coolly pointing out evil to it, without ever showing good, it will fall out with you. It will wonder which of the two is bad—you or it. And yet you obviously intend to move and win it, in your works; you will never succeed unless you be moved yourself, and abstain from so concealing the fact from it that it will be justified in judging you indifferent. The public is right—supreme impartiality is *anti-human*, and a novel must be human before everything else. If not, people are indifferent to its being cleverly written, well got up, and faithful in its details, for it is lacking the essential quality—interest.

'The public rejects also works and personages in which men are represented as being all good, without any shade or blemish; it fully perceives that that also is not human. I believe that the merits of art, the special art of novel writing, reside wholly in the contrast between the various personages; but I want to see the triumph of good resulting from their struggles; I have no objection to facts crushing an honest man, but they must not defile or lessen him, and he must go to the stake with the satisfaction of feeling happier than his executioners.'

Her belief that realism was not the whole of art was further expressed in a letter to Flaubert on the Zolaistic movement. Having acknowledged that the introductory novel in the *Rougon-Macquart* series was a book of superior worth, and a powerful production, she went on to say:—

'But that does not alter, in the slightest degree, my views, to wit: that art ought to be the research of truth, and that the latter does not consist merely in representing either evil or good. The artist who only notices defects is as deficient as the one who only sees good qualities. Society is not composed merely of blackguards and rogues. Honest people are not in the minority, seeing that society subsists, enjoying a certain order, and that few crimes remain unpunished. Imbeciles are

predominant it is true ; but there is a public conscience which over-awes them and counsels them to respect the law. It is right and even moral that scoundrels should be scourged and denounced, but we must also be told that there is a counterpart, and that must be shown to us ; otherwise, simple-minded readers—that is, the general reading public—will get disheartened, despondent, frightened, and deny the facts laid before it.'

During the last sixteen years of her life, George Sand suffered from periodical returns of severe illness. Her constitution had been shattered in 1860 by an attack of typhoid fever, which left behind it the seeds of future mischief. The symptoms became more grave as she advanced in age, but she bravely concealed the worst of her sufferings out of love for her children and grandchildren. With great strength of mind she would resist the summoning of a medical man until it became dangerous longer to refuse. Among the most beautiful of her letters was one addressed in the midst of pain to a young lady who was beginning a new year with the dread that it would be her last. In it she gave utterance to the same idea which George Eliot had expressed in the well-known line, 'To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.' Madame Sand wrote :—

'The year that begins must not, as you seem to fear, carry you off. No ; loving souls outlive and bear up with all troubles ; they complete upon this earth the existence of their friends gone before them ; they cause them to be living still in their affection and in their recollections. We must not advance the hour when it will please God to unite us to those we have loved ; and, when that times comes, we will also leave something of ourselves in the hearts that shall have been devoted to us. We do not die altogether in this world, and yet we live more fully elsewhere. In the bosom of God there is neither vengeance nor torment, there is only justice and goodness ; in that bosom we shall live for ever, under whatever form, and hatever may be our titles to that eternal life. What that life

will be we do not know; and it is precisely our ignorance of the fate He reserves for us that causes the sweetness and the merit of our confidence in Him. Rest assured that they who believed in damnation will alone be damned; yet that damnation, which we consider as eternal and terrible, can only be a new, transient, and not unbearable ordeal. God exists; He must be *good*. All religions whose aim is not confidence teach us the fear of God, that is hatred of truth. I point out to you the *religion*, thanks to which I am happy, and I wish you were yourself calm and happy too; for you desire to be so, notwithstanding all your troubles. Rest assured that I take a deep interest in them, and am cordially devoted to you.'

On the last day of May, 1876, George Sand was in such a critical condition that the doctors decided upon performing an internal operation. This proved fatal, however, for inflammation set in, and the sufferer knew her end was approaching. It came on the 8th of June, when she passed away in the presence of her family and a few devoted friends. It is said that almost her last words were, *Ne touchez pas à la verdure*. These words expressed her dying wish to her children that the trees under which she was to be buried in the village cemetery of Nohant should remain undisturbed, and the wish was sacredly respected. At her funeral, where the prince and the man of letters mingled with the humbler mourners in the vast concourse, six peasants carried the bier from the house to the grave. Various monuments were erected to her memory, including a statue by Clésinger placed in the *foyer* of the Théâtre Français, and a public statue in one of the squares of Paris, raised by a National Committee, presided over by Victor Hugo.

Any attempt to appraise the position of George Sand in literature, and the character of her genius, must be made with diffidence. She was poet, novelist, dramatist, and letter-writer all in one. We cannot concede her the first rank in any of these capacities except the last, and certainly no better

letters than hers—so far as the revelation of personal character is concerned—have been written this century. Her poetry lacked fervour and imagination; her dramas were too much charged with eloquence, and lacked naturalness and action, and her novels were prolix. Still, it is marvellous how well she wrote when we reflect upon the vast quantity produced: had that quantity been less and her genius more concentrated, she would have been a greater writer. Only one person in this century has exhibited lofty genius with unparalleled fecundity, and that was Victor Hugo. But two or three novels by George Sand are worthy of being regarded as masterpieces, and the number would have been larger but for her many-sidedness. George Sand the politician robbed George Sand the literary artist of a portion of her immortality. If I may so express it, she was a woman vitalised at every pore, but this attribute of livingness cost her something in other directions. Of wit and humour she had little, but she had a noble idealism, and she threw herself into all her work with an energy and enthusiasm which were unbounded. Not truly great, perhaps, when considered from one standpoint only, she is entitled to the epithet of great when viewed in the light of the whole sum of her achievements. Few of her sex can lay claim to the same variety of gifts, and she must undoubtedly be regarded as one of the literary glories of France in the nineteenth century.

MARY CARPENTER.

MARY CARPENTER.

In the roll of British philanthropists the name of Mary Carpenter deservedly occupies a distinguished place. There is a benevolence which relieves the immediate necessities of the individual, and there is a benevolence which seeks to reform the character. To the future of the person, the class, or the State, the latter is of infinitely higher importance than mere alms-giving, and it was this form of philanthropy to which Mary Carpenter dedicated her life. Inmates of English ragged schools, reformatories, and prisons, as well as the down-trodden women of India, lived to bless her name, and to hold it in affectionate veneration. I make no apology, therefore, for including a sketch of her good and useful life in this series of eminent women.

The daughter of Dr. Lant Carpenter, a Nonconformist minister who had settled in Exeter early in the century, Mary Carpenter was born in that city on the 3rd of April, 1807. Her mother belonged to the Penn family, and in both her parents Mary was blessed by having affectionate natural guardians, who were likewise remarkable for earnest Christian zeal. When only two or three years of age, the young child began to show clearly defined characteristics, such as a love of order, a deeply religious bias, and a desire to be of service to others. She had a buoyant energy of nature, and an unceasing flow of animal spirits. When she was only seven years old, her mother wrote of her: 'Mary's mind is constantly occupied

by some magnificent scheme or other; she may have difficulty in getting her sum done or her multiplication table learnt, but she does not go to sleep over it; her attention is occupied by some plan for converting the heathen, or turning her doll's frocks into pelisses.' Small things of this kind have frequently tranquillised active and aspiring intellects. At the age of three Mary Carpenter said that 'the good God had given her a great deal of love,' and there was little wonder that this love afterwards overflowed in ceaseless solicitude for the less fortunate sons and daughters of humanity.

In 1817 the Carpenters removed from Exeter to Bristol; Dr. Carpenter having been appointed one of the Ministers of the congregation known as Lewin's Mead Meeting. Mary Carpenter's biographer, Mr. Estlin Carpenter, thus describes her early years and training in the Western city: 'The life at Bristol proved far more stimulating than the quieter circle of duties and interests now left behind; and Dr. Carpenter's activity led him into wide and far-reaching plans, with which his eldest daughter early learned to sympathise. A lecture-room was built adjoining the chapel, where tender associations gathered about the familiar instruction which he gave to the young, and the courses of lectures explanatory of the Scriptures, which he delivered to the more advanced. A Sunday school was established, in which ere long Mary Carpenter was permitted to teach a class of boys, the management of the girls' branch of it afterwards devolving largely upon her.

'When the Literary and Philosophical Institution was founded, Dr. Carpenter was an active coadjutor of the little band, which included Conybeare, De la Beche, and Prichard, names well known in the history of English science; and his house was long a centre of intelligent culture, which had a most quickening effect upon its inmates, the benefits of which Mary was the most fitted, alike by position and powers, to receive. Her place, however, was fixed first of all in the home and in the school, when she was associated in some classes with the

youths under her father's care. Her studies were carried considerably beyond the range at that time usually open to girls, and included Latin, Greek, and mathematics, with some of the elements of physical science and natural history.

'Homer and Sophocles early roused her enthusiasm, together with Shakespeare and Scott; and the familiarity which she gained with the mysteries of the air-pump and the contents of the geological cabinet, gave variety and illustration to her teaching, long years after all opportunity of acquiring new knowledge had ceased. The exactness which her father demanded in all learning, and the independence of judgment which he strove to foster, became part of her mental habits. In later life, indeed, her interest in intellectual pursuits was merged in the labours of philanthropy; yet her capacity for apprehending the underlying principles on which well-considered schemes of social reform must be based, without neglecting minute accuracy of detail in their development, indicated abilities of no common order. These found their object, indeed, under the mingled inspiration of duty and affection, among the poor and outcast of society; but first received their training on the ground of literature and history, of science and philosophy.'

Mary Carpenter seems to have acquired an influence far beyond her years, and there is a tradition that when her father was absent from the school on account of illness, his place was filled by his daughter, who was assisted by her schoolfellow James Martineau,—afterwards the learned Unitarian divine. In some interesting reminiscences of this period, Dr. Martineau thus describes Mary Carpenter: 'I well remember the kind of respectful wonder with which, coming from free and easy ways with my sisters, I was inspired towards the sedate little girl of twelve, who looked at you so steadily and always spoke like a book; so that, in talking to her, what you meant for sense seemed to turn into nonsense on the way. In her exterior, as in her mental characteristics, she seemed to be no

longer the child. With a somewhat columnar figure and no springiness of movement, she glided quietly about and was seldom seen to run, and a certain want of suppleness and natural grace interfered with her proficiency in the usual feminine accomplishments, with the needle, at the piano, and in the dance, and occasioned a pleasant surprise when, taking her pencil and colour-box in hand, she revealed the direction in which her sense of beauty could conquer difficulties and enable her really to excel. The early maturity which is so often reached by the eldest in a family was strongly marked in her countenance; not by any look of frowardness or careless ease, still less by any seeming hardness against sympathetic impressions from others, but by a certain fixity of thoughtful attention, and the clear self-possession which arises from self-forgetfulness. There were traces upon that grave young face, if my memory does not mislead me, of an inward conflict for ascendency between the anxious vigilance of a scrupulous conscience and the trustful reverence of a filial heart, tender alike to the father on earth and the Father in Heaven.'

It seems that Mrs. Carpenter had an extraordinary knowledge of geography, which she systematically communicated to her children; and Dr. Martineau says that in this field he soon found himself a simpleton in comparison with Mary Carpenter, whom he looked up to as an oracle. While she had the world, and all that had happened in it, at her fingers' ends, he could only blunder through the counties and the kings of England, and could make a better map of Greece than of Great Britain. Having referred to the Greek, Latin, and Biblical lessons in which Mary Carpenter participated, Dr. Martineau observes: 'The Gospels were certainly read with critical care and faithful comparison; and if the hopelessness of the harmonist's problem was unfelt, and the plain anachronisms of thought were unobserved, and its hills and valleys were levelled to one highway of sanctity, it was because an absorbing veneration for the person of Christ as supernatural

filled the teacher's whole mind, and excluded the finer perceptions of the historical sense, and even obscured the gradations of spiritual character. I suspect that this early set of her spiritual affections, carried out as it was through her whole inner and outer life, rendered the newer lights of Biblical criticism always unwelcome to Mary Carpenter, and made her glad to seek her reforming inspirations in purely practical directions.'

An alarming affection of the eyes, which had twice threatened her sight, necessitated a cessation of intellectual effort, and as Mary Carpenter was 'the bond of union to the whole family, it will be understood how keenly her influence was missed in the home circle, when she left it for South Devon, Wales, or Malvern in quest of health. The sufferer herself, in her enforced rest, lamented her faults of temper and life—which she ever conscientiously set before herself—and whereas she had once thought she could never be happy without becoming distinguished, she now learnt the nobler lesson that 'the highest and most difficult attainment of any is a resignation to be as mean an agent, and as unsuccessful a one, as God pleases to make us.' In 1827 she became governess to some young girls in the Isle of Wight, and her spirit was much refreshed by her sojourn in that beautiful island, for she had an intense enjoyment in natural scenery. On quitting the place she gave vent to her feelings in harmonious, and on the whole very creditable verse. She next went for a time into the family of Mr. J. G. Fordham, of Odsey, near Royston, and with these new friends she maintained an affectionate intercourse to the last. During a visit to London she had seen *Othello* acted at one of the theatres. But the representation by no means came up to her ideal, although Edmund Kean was the Moor. 'Kean did not make me feel interested for Othello even at first, and he did not at all either make my blood freeze or boil.' When Wellington and Peel had introduced the Catholic Emancipation Act, in 1829, and there was some talk of the former resigning,

she earnestly hoped he would not be driven from office, although she had not much faith in the 'Iron Duke' as a politician. It is amusing to note the effect which Catholic Emancipation had on many English people. 'Most of the common people about here,' wrote Mary Carpenter from Odsey, 'are very much afraid of being burnt in Smithfield; but the clergyman at A—— is so much disliked that his parishioners think they could not be much worse off; and when he desired them to sign the anti-petition they refused, for, as they justly observed, they should not have to pay more tithes even if the Pope did come over.'

Dr. Carpenter having relinquished his school in Bristol in 1829, Mary and her sister Anna decided upon opening a school for girls, under the superintendence of their mother. Preparatory to this, they spent a summer in Paris, where, amongst other engagements, they attended the annual sitting of the Institute, and heard Cuvier pronounce his eulogium on Laplace, who had died the year before. This opportunity for hero-worship gave them intense pleasure. Returning to England, they began school life with ardour, but found it an up-hill task. Mary Carpenter, who impressed the girls under her care as a kind of prodigy in learning, now added conchology and geology as subjects of tuition. At the same time she did not lose sight of lighter intellectual recreations. Meanwhile, she was passing through a time of severe inward conflict and self-reproach. 'The irritability which occasionally flamed out against even the dearest of the home circle, the pride which led her to regard the infringement of her rules as personal disrespect, her inability to suppress a desire for admiration, her want of control over wandering thoughts, her unreadiness to make sacrifices for others while she knew herself to be peculiarly dependent on their love and sympathy for her, her longing for great intellectual attainments,—these are all set down with a stern resolve to drag every hidden weakness to the light, and leave no guilty secret unconfessed.' This searching self-examination

was no doubt profitable, but it could not have been pleasurable.

In 1831 she became superintendent of the afternoon Sunday School, and her biographer states that the visits she paid to the homes of the scholars first stirred her into consciousness of the hapless lot of the poor and the ignorant in our large cities. The serious Reform riots which broke out at Bristol in the above year likewise moved her deeply, as showing the general discontent of the people, and she resolved to do what she could to ameliorate their lot. The resolve to consecrate herself to this work took more definite shape on the Fast Day appointed in view of the cholera visitation of 1832, when she wrote in her diary: 'I wish, on this day appointed for public humiliation before God, to record my earnest desire to become more useful to my fellow-creatures, and my prayer to our Heavenly Father to guide me by His light into the way of discovering the means, and of rightly employing them. The first and most obvious way is by myself giving to others such an example as may lead them to glorify their Father in Heaven; and I must do this by simply and humbly, but zealously and constantly, working the work of Him who placed us here. I must be careful never to neglect any certain duties for others which only appear to me useful and desirable; but when the hand of Providence does point out any way of doing good more extensively, I must engage in it with thankfulness and ardour, but with humility, caring not at all for my own comfort or labour. These things I have written to be a witness against me, if ever I should forget what ought to be the object of all my *active* exertions in this life.'

From this time forward she was constantly on the watch to give effect to her solemn vows of self-dedication. Strange to say, the next year, 1833, was destined to witness a memorable turning point in her career. First, the Rajah Rammohun Roy, an enlightened Brahman of high caste, who had come over to Bristol, and eventually died there, kindled in her a strong

desire to assist in the regeneration of India; and secondly, Dr. Joseph Tuckerman of Boston, U.S., who was her father's guest, interested her as deeply in the condition of destitute children. It was at this parting of the ways that she wrote a sketch of her own character—a task she had always resolved upon executing on her twenty-sixth birthday. After describing her predilections, her acquirements, her faults, and her aspirations, she thus concluded this personal survey: 'Amidst all my mournings for sins of omission and neglect, or of actual disobedience, of unrestrained will, of irregularity and lukewarmness in coming to God, when otherwise the heart might sink, how delightful it is certainly to know that a time will come when, though it may have been by the refining of the fiery furnace, our dross will be completely purged away, when we shall be white as wool. The time *will* come—but how long it may be first is awful to think of—when every power and emotion of the mind, every disposition implanted in us by our Maker, shall be elevated and purified; and when this holy spark of heavenly flame, however dimmed now by earthly mists, shall burn *forever* bright and pure in the presence of its Maker.'

Rammohun Roy was a man of wide culture, and his study of the leading tenets of Christianity had led him to desire to act as a mediator between Oriental and Christian faith. He had mastered Hebrew and Greek in order to enable him to read the Scriptures in their original languages; and he had published in India several works in defence of Christianity. He excited great interest in England, and especially among the members of the Unitarian community, with whose views his own very largely harmonised. Being invited over to England, he became a guest of Dr. Carpenter, to whom he had long felt united in the bonds of Christianity. Mary Carpenter's enthusiasm was stirred by this cultured convert from India, and she was already anticipating the achievement of a glorious work in the East of which he was the forerunner,

when he was suddenly taken ill with fever, and expired at Bristol on the 27th of September, 1833. 'This is to all of us a most awful and affecting event,' wrote Mary Carpenter to a friend in Exeter; 'to have seen the person in whom we had long felt an interest, as perhaps more likely than any other to promote the diffusion of Christian principles in India; to have heard him declare, in the most manly and unequivocal manner, his belief in the unity of God and in the divine mission of our Saviour; to have admired his noble bearing, his interesting and intelligent countenance, and his courteous manners, all the while looking forward to long years of continued usefulness and happiness—and then to hear that he is no more!' As she thought of the untrodden fields of labour in India, and the untimely loss of this noble pioneer, her feelings found relief in a number of memorial sonnets, one of which I reproduce:—

> 'The nation sat in darkness, for the night
> Of pagan gloom was o'er it. Thou wast born
> 'Midst superstition's ignorance forlorn;
> Yet in thy breast there glowed a heavenly light
> Of purest truth and love; and to thy sight
> Appeared the day-star of approaching morn.
> What ardent zeal did then thy life adorn,
> From deep degrading guilt to lead aright
> Thy fallen people; to direct their view
> To that bless'd Sun of Righteousness, whence beams
> Guidance to all that seek it—faithful—true;
> To call them to the Saviour's living streams.
> The cities of the East have heard thy voice:
> "Nations behold your God! Rejoice, rejoice!"'

The hopes which seemed momentarily to perish with the death of Rammohun Roy were destined to a glorious revival in later years. Meantime, new aspirations were kindled in Mary Carpenter by the arrival of another guest under her father's roof—Dr. Joseph Tuckerman. This American divine had laboured unceasingly for twenty-five years in the Ministry to the Poor in Boston. He was a kind of Transatlantic Pastor

Oberlin. Mary Carpenter was the companion of Dr. Tuckerman in his walks through Bristol. On one occasion, while threading their way through a squalid district, a ragged boy darted out of a dark entry and rushed across their path. 'That child,' observed the Doctor, 'should be followed to his home and seen after.' The incident was not without its after effects. Between thirty and forty years afterwards, Mary Carpenter spoke of it as one of the quickening influences of her life. 'His words sank into my mind with a painful feeling that a duty was being neglected.' She and her sister now spoke again and again of devoting themselves to the care of the poor; and accordingly in 1835 a society was formed called the Working and Visiting Society, for visiting the homes of the poor of the Lewin's Mead congregation and of the Sunday School. Districts were allotted; regular records of cases kept; and for twenty years Mary Carpenter acted as secretary. In order to avoid the demoralisation consequent on indiscriminate charity, relief was only given with the sanction of the committee, to whom each case was at once reported. Mary Carpenter chose the poorest and worst district, and it was there that she gained her first insight into the condition of the perishing and dangerous classes. Her labour was not without its reward, for many families were rescued from intemperance and destitution. But something more was required, and in 1838 a Ministry to the Poor, or Domestic Mission, was established on the New England model, aid being given in its formation by another American philanthropist, Dr. Ezra Stiles Gannett, a colleague of Dr. Channing.

While this good work was going forward, Mary Carpenter was wading through seas of deep personal experience. Many of her early friends were passing away, and her emotions found expression in the composition of an *Ode* on immortality, which contained passages of true poetic feeling and pathos. She also sought earnestly to bring her own spirit into harmony with those around her, and in subjection to the Divine will.

These stanzas, written in 1837—and entitled *Whether in the Body or out of the Body I knew not*—show with some beauty of expression the mental and spiritual conflict she was waging, together with the heights of consolation she sometimes attained:—

'Sorrow and darkness fled away,
And I beheld eternal day,
No night was ever there;
None feebly drew the parting breath,
Gained *was* the victory over death,
And life was ever there.

'I felt as ne'er I had before,
I knew that I should sin no more:
And straight within my soul
There was a calm and holy peace,
A joy so true it ne'er could cease,
A gentle sweet control.

'I knew that I was with my God,
Yet feared I not His chastening rod,
Fear dwelleth not with love;
I felt His presence ever nigh,
'Twas bliss to live beneath His eye,
As 'twas in Heaven above.

'I was so filled with holy awe,
I nothing heard, and nothing saw;
Yet every power and thought
Were bent on that excess of light,
Absorbed in fulness of delight,
In Him whose face I sought.

'But then a mortal veil was thrown
Upon me, and I was alone!
My course was still to run,
I came from realms of endless day,
To see the dim and troubled ray
Of the earth's mid-day sun.

'Yet now, methought, a fairer glow
Was shed on all things here below:
Light from above was given;
My Father's love dispelled the gloom,
And made the valley of the tomb
Appear the gate of Heaven.'

But in the midst of her personal struggles her interest in intellectual pursuits did not abate. She entered with zest into her father's lectures on Mental and Moral Philosophy, and her brother William's on Physiology, and still pursued her own independent researches in geology. Fiction, criticism, and poetry also claimed their share of attention. Wordsworth was the poet with whom she was in closest sympathy, and his influence coloured her own poetic efforts. At one time she conceived the idea for an epic dealing with the earth's story, man's creation and progress, and the final triumph of God's Kingdom. Art she cultivated with taste and skill, W. Müller and G. Fripp being among her masters, and she acquired considerable skill in art criticism.

In 1840 came the greatest bereavement of Mary Carpenter's life. Her father's long and arduous labours had at last severely told upon him, and he was ordered a complete rest. He had consequently set out upon a Continental tour, and his family were indulging sanguine hopes of his restoration to health, when the tragic news arrived that he had been drowned while on the way from Leghorn to Marseilles. The loss of this wise and good man was deeply mourned, but it especially affected his daughter Mary, who had shared his confidences and participated in his work to a greater degree than others. But she set herself to comfort her mother, and before the fatal year closed, both had found solace in hallowed memories and sacred hopes.

Next to the painfulness of the shock caused by her father's death, was the profound sorrow created shortly afterwards by the death of Dr. Tuckerman. To Mary Carpenter, as her biographer remarks, he 'had given a stimulus which never faded, opening to her new modes of usefulness, and providing for vague though ardent sympathies a method of practical effort. For six years he had been "a guide and rest to her soul." The tenderness and the strength of his nature had produced on her an ineffaceable impression; and he, too, was

enshrined in undying communion by her father's side. "He will live in my thoughts as long as I am here," she had written when she was awaiting the tidings of his departure; and her words were fulfilled with richer and richer meaning, as one institution after another arose to testify to the devotedness of her self-surrender to his call. Not all the labour of six times six years could weaken the tenacity of her affection; and she regarded the final recognition of the "feeding industrial schools" in 1876, as the completion of the scheme developed in accordance with principles of action first unfolded to her by him.'

For a time, however, her double loss seemed to Mary Carpenter to take well-nigh all interest out of life. Neither art, science, nor nature could make up for what she had lost, and in the summer of 1842 she paid a brief visit to the Continent, accompanied by an old and loved pupil and her brother. The change proved beneficial, and she was greatly interested in the associations of Strasburg, Heidelberg, Bonn, Stuttgart, and other places visited. After her return to England, she entered more into society, and in one of her letters we meet with this description of John Stuart Mill, and an interesting account of his views and those of Mary Carpenter herself on various poets: 'He is a very superior-looking man, but appears like one whose mental is crushing his bodily strength. He considers Coleridge, Shelley, and Tennyson the first poets of the present age, and Wordsworth next. I am inclined to agree with him about Coleridge's poetical powers, but he can never blend with my highest and holiest imaginings like Wordsworth. With respect to the two others, I feel myself incompetent to judge, having only seen fragments of Shelley, and having been so disgusted with most of what I have read of Tennyson, that I could proceed no further. Mr. Mill says that Tennyson's poor prosaical pieces are bad imitations of Wordsworth (I cannot imagine a real genius imitating). He thinks that Talfourd has failed in

giving a true Greek costume and character to Ion, which are indispensable, as he has founded the piece on Greek ideas; and he does not give him a high rank as a poet, though admiring him much in many respects.'

It should be stated that the passion in some of Tennyson's early poems had inspired her with aversion, but at a later period she read with great delight his *Idylls of the King*. Her literary, artistic, and historical interests were very varied. She was much struck by David Roberts's sketches in the Holy Land; and having been taken to see Ruskin's beautiful collection of water-colours by Turner, she said she could understand something about the enthusiasm which artists felt for Turner. After reading the first volume of D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation*, she wrote: 'To watch the struggle of minds that have actually existed, to see their influence on Society, and the progress of great events, is far more interesting to me than any novel.' An article by Lord Mahon in the *Quarterly* on the great Condé destroyed her admiration for that wonderful soldier. She judged men from a moral standpoint, and thought there was less even to admire in Condé than in Napoleon. 'Condé's true appreciation of greatness makes one mourn that he did not better know what greatness is; that is almost the only point in his character one can dwell on with pleasure. He has one advantage over Napoleon: Condé in prison never showed the littleness of Napoleon in exile.' Arnold's *Rome*, Sharon Turner's *History of England*, and similar works, she read with avidity, and foreign authors like Tasso she highly prized. In 1845 she published a modest little volume of her own, consisting of meditations and prayers. It was a little offering to the memory of her father, and it was so warmly appreciated that in a short time it ran through six editions. About this time she formed lasting friendships with Lady Noel Byron, and Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, the well-known authoress of a *History of Port Royal* and other works.

Her soul was stirred over the Abolition Movement in

America, and she did all she could to advance it, but she knew that the cause could only progress slowly. To one of the most prominent Anti-slavery advocates she said: 'My father used frequently to point out to us that great principles take a long time to work their way, and that great and important changes require a long course of patient effort to accomplish them. Thus Catholic emancipation was passed nearly fifty years after the Gordon riots, and the abolition of slavery cost nearly forty years of persevering labour. So you must not be discouraged if your efforts seem at present crowned with but little success.' So likewise with regard to social reforms in England, she wrote: 'I believe that never more than at the present moment has the public mind been called to direct its energies to the removal of the heavy burdens which oppress our nation, and which, I am fully persuaded, are so inwrought into our social fabric, that no Government measure, however good, can produce more than a very partial and inadequate effect. Dickens has done much good, and so has Hood, in presenting pictures which startle by their frightful truth. I hope, however, that our American friends will remember that their object has been to awaken, and that they have presented only one part of one side of the picture. They must not, therefore, found their idea of the state of our nation in general on the *Chimes* any more than we should of the Americans from *Martin Chuzzlewit*.' Mary Carpenter was deeply concerned over the slaves to the use of intoxicating liquors. She was fully persuaded that no legislation could raise the working classes of England so long as this evil existed among them; and she took the pledge in order to assist those victims brought more immediately within the scope of her own influence.

While throwing herself heart and soul into the Anti-slavery cause, she also hailed the educational awakening in England, which began to take definite shape in 1843, and she was especially drawn towards the Ragged School Movement.

Although she was left to work almost alone, she established a Ragged School at Lewin's Mead, and the opening was fixed for the 1st of August, 1846. 'It was the anniversary of the emancipation of the slaves in the British dominions; and with the peculiar observance of days which characterised her, Mary Carpenter loved to connect the beginning of her own work for the deliverance of mind and soul from the bondage of ignorance and sin with that earlier liberation.' Before beginning her Ragged School work, however, she visited the English Lakes, in company with her two sisters, and her brothers Russell and Philip. Rydal, and the adjacent scenery, was sacred to her through Wordsworth and Southey. Refreshed in spirit she returned to Bristol, and entered upon her new mission with ardour. The Ragged School now took the chief place in her thoughts, but it had scarcely been opened before she was again roused to enthusiasm in the cause of Abolition by the visits of Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, and Elihu Burritt. After their departure she turned to her Ragged School labours with redoubled energy. A night school for young men and women was soon added to the original scheme, and the attendance one Sunday evening numbered 200. At first there was great difficulty in maintaining order, but when quiet was restored excellent results were obtained. In 1848 more than 500 children passed through the Ragged School, the average number in daily attendance being 160. The institution elicited the warm commendation of Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools. The following entertaining picture of Mary Carpenter at her work is furnished by her nephew and biographer:—

'The secret of the success lay in the untiring devotion of the teachers, who could not fail to catch the enthusiasm with which Mary Carpenter entered into their labours. Week by week and month by month she was ever at hand to lighten the burden, not only by ready counsel and sympathy, but by taking a large share in the toil. The morning and evening of Sunday were consecrated to her scripture class in St. James's Back—

the afternoon being already pledged to the Sunday School; two nights every week were regularly given, at no matter what social sacrifice, to the evening school; and day after day found her in the same haunt, ready to take a class, to preside over the midday distribution of the soup to the most needy; or even to bear the sole charge of management if sickness kept the master away. By this constancy she soon acquired a complete familiarity with the ways of the scholars, and also with the habits of the neighbourhood. Strong in the power of a sacred purpose, she was perfectly devoid of fear, and would traverse alone, and at nights, courts into which policemen only went by twos. The street quarrel was hushed at her approach, as a guilty lad slunk away to avoid her look of sorrowful reproof; and her approving word, with the gift of a flower, a picture, or a Testament, often made sad homes cheerful and renewed the courage of the wavering. Her long practice in the art of teaching now began to stand her in good stead; and it was well that she could bring a swift and incisive intellect to bear upon the unformed minds with which she came in contact. With the boys she found little or no difficulty in exciting interest—their wits were active enough, though their ignorance of the commonest facts frequently amazed her; but the girls often presented a stolid and impenetrable front of stupidity, which made her well-nigh desperate. It was from the boys' classes, therefore, that she had most satisfaction. She delighted in the quick appreciation with which the facts of Natural History were often received by them, as well as in the ready application to their own circumstances of the principles underlying the incidents of history.'

A wonderful power for good was exercised by Mary Carpenter over the hapless boys and girls, because she brought to her task a deep faith in the capacities for virtue even of the most depraved. It was her aim not to break the will, but to train it to govern itself wisely; she always strove to bring out the good which existed even in the most degraded, and to

make this conquer the bad. When some of her pupils fell away and got into prison, she was ever on the watch to give encouragement and support; nor could any number of relapses exhaust her faith. This, and her earnest religious teaching, had a beneficial effect in numbers of cases which were apparently desperate. Many of her happiest hours were spent in teaching these lost ones Biblical truths, and in putting before them the beautiful life and the sayings of Jesus Christ.

In 1848, when the sufferings of the Irish people were at their height, an American friend sought to institute a parallel between the slaves of the Southern States and the Irish peasants. To this charge Mary Carpenter indited the following crushing reply: 'I cannot admit the cases to be at all parallel. Slavery is unparalleled, both in its intrinsic wickedness and by its collateral evils. It is not satisfied with crushing the body, it crushes the soul as much as any human force can do it, and reduces the image of God to a chattel. When this high treason against the Supreme is committed, what wonder that every conceivable and inconceivable crime follows in its train, so that your own Jefferson trembled for his country when he remembered that God is just. No, I cannot admit that anything can be brought into comparison with that "crime above all crime, union of all." But for argument's sake let us suppose the slaveholder and Irish landlord equally criminal. The victims of their cruelty are very differently circumstanced. The Irish peasants may have the consolation of sharing each other's sufferings, and of the supports of religion; they may be helped and solaced by their fellow-creatures, who will be blessed for it; and they are free—they may fly in broad daylight and seek a less thickly-peopled country, where their fathers have before taken refuge. In all these respects the poor slaves must envy their lot; if they have enough food, we know that man liveth not by bread alone; and though thousands do annually reach our land of freedom, where they are received and treated like men, yet it must be as a thief in the night that

they ever regain their own. But allow that in even these respects the cases were equal, they would be yet another grand difference. Your Congress does all in its power to stifle any voice that is upraised against the crying sin, and will not attempt to put away the iniquity; our Parliaments, session after session, are striving to amend the evil; individually and collectively, the English are trying to benefit that unhappy people. Do not suppose that we shut our eyes to our own faults while opening them to those of our neighbours. You would find generally here that those persons who exert themselves most in the Anti-slavery Cause, are the most earnest in their exertions to rectify home abuses. I can say that of all whom I know; and be assured that much as we ourselves have at heart the great cause for which those whom we love and honour among you are labouring, and in which they ask our sympathy, our own poor degraded children have a deeper place in it, and call forth more constant and zealous exertions even than our degraded coloured sisters. You have no need of Ragged Schools; Elihu Burritt told me that you have not in America so great a field for martyr enterprise as we have in these schools. Ours is beginning to give us much hope; it will be a great happiness to have rescued some few even from the "dangerous" classes, and to have called forth their noble powers in a right direction. The world is beginning to awake to its true life, I firmly believe it. One true and strong spirit, with the armour of faith, will destroy a whole army of selfish Goliaths.'

When the Fugitive Slave Law, which allowed fugitives to be sent back into slavery, was passed in the United States, Mary Carpenter's heart burned within her with indignation. 'Your States,' she wrote to a correspondent, 'have now acquired a pre-eminence which I trust they will never lose; they stand alone in the annals of history, and I hope will always do so; they have reached a climax of black wickedness, not of ignorant sin, but of daring and unblushing defiance of the laws of God, with their eyes open, with the voice of the civilised world

against them, with the Bible before them. It is the nation that has done this; not the general Government, but the States' Legislature; not the rabble, but the free educated people, who hold themselves up as examples before the world, whose ministers of religion tell Europe to admire and copy the fair proportions, the glorious freedom, of their adored Union. . . . I trust that there is still some English blood and spirit in your nation, and that some of your rulers may be roused to compare this Bill with the Declaration of Independence, and to prove to the Government that an act has been committed which is treason to the State.'

Finding the claims of the Ragged School upon her to be increasing rapidly, Mary Carpenter finally gave up home-teaching in 1848. She now secured a little leisure, which she devoted to the preparation of a life of Dr. Tuckerman for the Christian Tract Society. In the ensuing year she began a series of papers in *The Inquirer* newspaper on Ragged Schools, in which she developed her views on their proper management, and indicated the place which they ought to hold among existing educational agencies. As Mr. Fletcher, one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, declared them to be 'the best collection of well-reasoned principles and results of experience' with which he was acquainted, and as he urged their republication, the writer issued them in a small volume, entitled *Ragged Schools, their Principles and Modes of Operation, by a Worker.* Two points were insisted upon, first, that the Ragged School children formed a completely distinct class from those in attendance at the ordinary National and British Schools, and secondly, that a separate organisation was needful for them. She furthur urged the claims of Ragged Schools to Government aid, and pointed out that for children who had already fallen into confirmed habits of vice, for regular beggars and professed thieves, Reformatory Schools ought to be established.

In the course of her many self-imposed duties, Mary Carpenter found herself watching by the dying bed of a boy of

fourteen. The youth was of a gentle, refined disposition, in spite of the coarse natures which had always surrounded him. The noblest virtues may flourish amid vice and degradation. Unknown to herself, the watcher had been a help and a stay to the suffering boy, and when she knew this she was drawn towards him by special bonds of tenderness. Although she felt natural sorrow for his condition, she became inspired to a loftier self-dedication. It was at this time she wrote these beautiful verses, to which she often recurred in later times of trial :—

'To Thee, my God, to Thee,
Teach me to live ;
To Thee, my God, to Thee,
All would I give.

'Whate'er I hold most dear
I would resign,
Sure I have nothing here—
All mine is Thine

'What most my soul doth prize
The least is mine,
Naught that is lovely dies,
For it is Thine.

'The life that came from Thee
Can never die,
Teach me to yield it Thee
Without a sigh.

'For still my heart doth cling
To what is fair,
Heavenward my spirit wing,
And fix it there.

'Bear all that most I love
To heavenly rest,
Bear thus my soul above
And make it blest.

'My all, O God, to The
I would resign,
Oh fix my heart on Thee
I would be Thine.'

The spontaneous affection manifested towards her by her Ragged School children greatly cheered the heart of Mary Carpenter, for she had somehow imbibed the idea that her nature was not one to call forth affection. The love of the dying scholar ever afterwards remained with her as a precious memory, stimulating her to fresh exertions. A study of her character leads us to acquiesce fully in the judgment of her biographer, that she 'united qualities very rarely found in harmonious combination. She had the soul of a mystic, and the insight into affairs and the grasp of detail of a born administrator. So it came to pass that while she was in almost daily attendance at the Ragged School, and was carefully collecting a mass of particulars concerning the condition of destitute children, she was lifted at times into the highest rapture of devotion.'

In 1850 this earnest worker acquired possession of the whole premises of the court in which her Ragged School was carried on. She at once began improving the dwellings, and making them fit for occupation by selected tenants. Baths, washhouses, and every sanitary improvement which any reasonable heart could desire were added, while one portion of the court was turned into a playground for the children. Later still, a new building was erected for the accommodation of homeless boys, who were fed, housed, and clothed.

The problem how best to deal with juvenile offenders now began to occupy her attention. Although a Select Committee of the House of Lords had reported strongly on this question in 1847, and a Committee of the Commons in 1850, nothing had been done. A Bristol magistrate assured Miss Carpenter that for twenty years he had felt quite unhappy at going on committing these little criminals. She now put herself in communication with gaol chaplains, and many other authorities, including Sheriff Watson, of Aberdeen, and Mr. M. Davenport Hill, Recorder of Birmingham. The upshot was that in 1851 she wrote a book entitled, *Reformatory Schools for the Children*

of the Perishing and Dangerous Classes, and for Juvenile Offenders. A portion of the title had been suggested by two impressive sermons of Theodore Parker. The writer adduced a formidable array of startling facts as to the numbers and condition of juvenile delinquents. She suggested various schools for different grades of destitution, vagrancy, and criminality; namely, good Free Day Schools, Feeding Industrial Schools, aided by rates at which attendance should be compulsory; and Reformatory Schools in place of the existing prison system. Having described the lot of the children whom she sought to save, she set forth the humane and Christian principles on which all efforts to rescue them must be founded. Then she surveyed the work accomplished by Ragged Schools; demonstrated the total failure of the gaols to reform juvenile criminals; contrasted the failure of military rule in the Government establishment of Parkhurst Prison, in the Isle of Wight, with the noble results achieved by Christian efforts in the French Institution at Mettrai, and pointed out the moral triumphs in the reformation of boys in philanthropic institutions at Dusselthal and Hamburg, and also at Red Hill, Surrey, and Stretton-on-Dunsmore in Warwickshire. Finally, the results of her investigation as a whole were stated in the following propositions:—

'First.—That, as a general rule, all children, however apparently vicious and degraded, are capable of being made useful members of society, and beings acting on a religious principle, if placed under right influences and subjected to judicious control and training. The comparatively few exceptions that would occur do not invalidate the principle.

'Secondly.—That the present system adopted towards offending children renders them almost certainly members for life of the criminal class, for it neither deters nor reforms them; while, by checking development of their powers and branding them with ignominy, it prevents them from gaining an honest livelihood.

'Thirdly.—That good Penal Reformatory Schools, conducted on Christian principles, where there is a wise union of kindness and restraint, have produced the desired effect of enabling the most degraded and corrupt to become useful members of society; but that such institutions cannot be efficiently carried on or maintained without a steady income, which cannot be certainly or justly raised by individual effort alone, and without such legal authority as will impose sufficient restraint over the scholars to keep them under the school influence.

'Fourthly.—That the parents being in reality the guilty parties, rather than the children—since juvenile delinquency usually originates in parental neglect—every parent should be chargeable for the maintenance of a child thrown by crime on the care of the State, as much as if the child were at large, and should be held responsible for the maintenance of a child in a Reformatory School, or made in some way to suffer for the non-discharge of this duty.

'If these four results are true ones, legislative enactments will be needed to carry the spirit of them into operation.

'A sufficient number of Reformatory Penal Schools must be established under the guidance of enlightened Christian benevolence, sanctioned and mainly supported by Government inspection and aid.

'Magistrates and judges must be empowered to send all convicted children to such schools, instead of committing them to prison, power of detention being vested in the masters, for such length of time as may seem needful for the reformation of the child.

'The parents, or, if none, the parish of the child, must be held responsible for such weekly payment as may cover the cost of his maintenance during his detention.'

By personal interviews with those interested, as well as by articles in the newspaper press, Mary Carpenter carried forward her propaganda. Then she called a Conference of workers, being assisted in her task by Lady Byron and the Hon. Amelia

Murray. The Conference was held at Birmingham, Lord Lyttelton presiding over the preliminary meeting, and Mr. M. D. Hill over the regular sittings. Resolutions were adopted sanctioning the gradation of schools which Miss Carpenter had already set forth in her work on Reformatory Schools. A committee was appointed to carry out the principles affirmed, and the resolutions carried at the Conference were laid before the Home Secretary, Sir George Grey. Divergences of view soon appeared amongst the workers, however, some desiring an element of retribution to be incorporated, whereas Mary Carpenter rested her whole case on reformation. She combated the idea of retribution with great ardour, and wrote to the chairman of the committee remonstrating on what she regarded as a departure from fundamental truths laid down by the Conference. It cannot be wondered at that the suggestions for a Bill for dealing with juvenile offenders, circulated by the Rev. Sydney Turner, filled her with alarm lest the result should be only to introduce prisons for the young under another name. At this juncture the promise of a Parliamentary Inquiry by Sir John Pakington led to the suspension of the proceedings of the committee appointed by the Conference. But time passed on, and no advance was made. Ultimately, after many disappointments, a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the subject, and Mary Carpenter laid her views before it in detail. Mr. Hill also gave evidence, dwelling much on the importance of enlisting voluntary agency and individual effort in the work. Miss Carpenter supplemented this by showing that as a necessary consequence the religious instruction must be left to the managers of the schools, the only concern of the Government being to investigate whether the plans adopted were calculated to transform juvenile delinquents into good citizens. The dissolution of Parliament interfered with the proceedings of the committee, and it was not until the summer of 1853 that its recommendations could be issued. Unwilling to delay the

good work so long, Miss Carpenter—with the practical aid of Mr. Russell Scott and Lady Byron—was successful in opening a school upon the Reformatory principles she desired, at Kingswood, near Bristol. A school in the country, with rural employments for the inmates was, in her opinion, the best training to adopt, and in this view she was supported by other reformers.

Early in 1853 appeared a new book by Mary Carpenter, supporting the principles adopted by the first Birmingham Conference. It was entitled *Juvenile Delinquents, their Condition and Treatment.* She was now able to add considerably to the information previously published, and the whole treatise was a powerful plea for moral influence as opposed to force and coercion. Much good resulted from a second Conference at Birmingham, called by Mr. Adderley, who was supported by Sir J. Pakington, Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Monckton Milnes, and other social reformers. Shortly afterwards, however, troubles arose at Kingswood, but these were eventually adjusted, and excellent results began to be apparent, especially as regarded the boys. The girls were much harder to reform than the boys—a fact which has also been noted with regard to female convicts—and, after two years' experience of the mixed system, Miss Carpenter removed the girls to Red Lodge, Bristol, where they were under her own supervision. In 1854 a legal sanction was given to Mary Carpenter's Reformatory work by the passing of the Juvenile Offenders' Act. This measure gave effect to many suggestions of the two Conferences and the Select Committee, and, although it contained the obnoxious principle of retribution by providing that every child must pass fourteen days in prison before he could be transferred to a Reformatory, it was warmly welcomed as a step in the right direction. Mary Carpenter gave herself up to the work of saving the waifs and strays of humanity with renewed zeal, and, in treading this portion of the Master's vineyard, she found life sanctified for herself. The Red Lodge Schoo

passed under her sole management, and she retained to the last day of her life the undivided responsibility and control of its operations. At the same time she did not relax her Sunday School and Ragged School labours. She was laid aside by a severe illness in 1855, but she had barely recovered when she was back in the midst of her beloved occupations, only to find, however, that a journey to the coast of Devonshire was necessary in search of health.

At this time she had many interchanges of thought with Sir John Bowring, Lady Byron, and Harriet Martineau. But the last-named was already drifting from that Christian faith which had long been a common centre with them. In the autumn of 1885, Mr. Barwick Baker, of Hardwicke Court, Gloucestershire, gathered together at his house, for mutual help and counsel, the managers of the different Reformatories in the kingdom. They formed themselves into a united body, and were long afterwards known as 'The Reformatory Brotherhood.' The committee of the Kingswood institution now sought a more public recognition of their work, and the claims of the school were advocated by Mr. Adderley and others. Red Lodge School did not, in some respects, fare so well, for as it was entirely managed by Mary Carpenter, comments began to be made upon her unorthodox creed, and her teaching and influence were distrusted. She felt this very deeply, and the more so as she received very little assistance and sympathy from the adherents of her own faith. The Somersetshire magistrates, at the quarter sessions at Wells, refused to take cognisance of the school, although a Report of Her Majesty's Inspector, bearing testimony to the religious and other teaching, was laid before them. Yet, undeterred by these trials, the founder went on with her work ; but in order that her strength might be reserved for those who most needed it, she resigned the office of superintendent of the afternoon Sunday School, whose duties she had steadily fulfilled for twenty-five years. In May, 1856, she had a visit from M. Demetz, the founder of

Mettrai, and the acknowledged leader in Reformatory work. 'He addressed a few words to the girls; and the evident delight with which he expressed to Mary Carpenter his satisfaction with their appearance—which indicated that they were at ease with society—brought her fresh strength and encouragement.'

Shortly after this, the second great sorrow of her life fell upon her by the death of her mother, with whom she had been so lovingly united in the common round of daily life. There had also been an exceptionally close sympathy between them through the memory of the husband and parent who had died sixteen years before. The survivor felt very desolate for a time, and would gladly have welcomed death for herself, but she arose out of this feeling with the returning sense of the great needs of others. Having read the newly-published *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, by Mrs. Gaskell, she wrote respecting it: 'A most instructive record, a true picture revealing many secrets Though I almost regretted to have past scenes of sorrow vividly recalled by the details of her affecting bereavements, yet, now I know that she is no longer suffering, I felt it rather soothing to see her bearing up so bravely while enduring agonies which I could well comprehend. Her life is a warning. Her novels now form part of her biography. It was very touching for her to go as soon as she desired to stay. But I am glad there was that sunshine at the end.'

An intense longing came over Mary Carpenter for a home of her own, where she might shed around loving sympathies, and order, beauty, and happiness. This being denied her, she took up her abode near the scene of her labours at Red Lodge, a house having been purchased by Lady Byron. Not long afterwards, a cottage adjoining the Red Lodge was also purchased by Lady Byron, and this was fitted up as a Home for eight or nine girls under a matron, and there the older girls who were qualified by their behaviour in school were specially trained for domestic service. Besides attending to this matter

Mary Carpenter was preparing a number of papers on Reformatory work, which were read at Educational and Reformatory Conferenees in England and America. The Social Science Assoeiation was founded in 1857, and during the first twenty years of its existenee she systematieally prepared papers for its annual Congresses.

As the result of much effort, Mary Carpenter succeeded in obtaining an extension of Government aid for free days in addition to other conecssions. Next, owing largely to her action, the Industrial Sehools Act was carried; but it was unfortunately hampered by one or two restrictions, which for a time prevented the Aet from being properly carried out. Meantime, the Ragged Schools were imperilled by the contemplated withdrawal of Government aid. By the most arduous exertions she secured the continuanee of the grant, but only under such stringent conditions that she had practically to fight the battle of the schools over again. When the Social Science Congress assembled in 1858 at Liverpool, under the presideney of Lord John Russell, she read two papers on the *Disposal of Girls from Reformatory Schools*, and the *Relation of Ragged and Industrial Schools to the Parliamentary Grant.* Before the close of the year this indefatigable reformer welcomed as a resident with her at Red Lodge House a kindred spirit, Miss Frances Power Cobbe.

Early in 1859 Mary Carpenter opened in Park Row, Bristol, a Certified Industrial School, which completed the round of her ageneies for negleeted children and children needing detention. She sought, by this institution, to lay hold of those children who would not go to the Ragged Schools, and who were qualifying to beeome 'children of the State' in Reformatories unless reseued in time. She found benevolent friends who supplied the sinews of war, and began the new enterprise with hope. As soon as it was floated, she resumed her crusade on behalf of the children, whose needs were still unrecognised. She had already published a pamphlet on *The*

Claims of Ragged Schools, dealing especially with the pecuniary Educational Aid from the annual Parliamentary Grant, as an integral part of the educational movement of the country. She appealed to Sir Stafford Northcote, as the original author of the Industrial Schools Bill, to sustain her principles, and pointed out that it had become a question whether the Educational Grant was to be virtually withheld from those who wanted it most. And she asked whether it was good for the country that between one and two millions at least of the population should grow up without education. Then she pleaded her cause at the Bradford meeting of the Social Science Association, where she read papers on both groups of schools, the Ragged and the Certified Industrial. Subsequently, at Frystone Hall, the seat of Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), she met Sir J. Kay-Shuttleworth, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, and other friends of education, and she had the satisfaction to behold the principles for which she had striven winning recognition at last.

We now read of sympathising letters to Mary Carpenter from Theodore Parker, and of her renewed Abolition efforts following the death of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry. But she still had her hours of loneliness, and these were accentuated by the departure of Miss Cobbe, and the placing at school of an orphan girl whom she had adopted. She now sought to bring Parliamentary pressure to bear on the Committee of Council, to obtain aid for those who were perishing for lack of knowledge: but for the time her efforts were in vain. Then she advocated her cause at the Oxford meeting of the British Association in 1860. The same year she gladly accepted the measure of Sir G. C. Lewis, transferring the Certified Industrial Schools from the control of the Committee of Council to that of the Home Office. But, as there were defects in the Act, she obtained, with the aid of Sir Stafford Northcote, an amended Act in 1861, and this widened the range within which children under fourteen might be sent to Industrial Schools, so as to include

those who had committed offences punishable with imprison ment, as well as vagrants and begging children. While thus engaged she was called upon to endure another severe trial by the death of her faithful and trusted friend, Lady Noel Byron, to whose memory she inscribed some touching memorial verses. Lady Byron appointed Miss Carpenter one of her three literary executors, and a legacy which she bequeathed to her enabled her to purchase the Red Lodge property.

A third Conference on Ragged Schools was held at Birmingham in January, 1861. Papers were read by Mr. M. D. Hill and Miss Carpenter. The former dealt with the obligations of the State to ensure education for all children for whom their parents were through poverty unable, or through ignorance unwilling, to provide it ; and the latter was devoted to proving the existence in large masses of the class for whom Ragged Schools were designed, and to demonstrating that voluntary benevolence was inadequate to deal with them ; and it concluded with an appeal for the restoration of the Minute of 1856, without the feeding and industrial grants. Dr. Guthrie and Canon Miller eloquently supported the arguments in the papers. But although the Conference was a most successful one, and the question was again brought before both Houses of Parliament, no progress was made. Going over to Dublin for the meeting of the Social Science Association, Miss Carpenter spent a week there in examining the prison system and institutions associated with the name of Sir Walter Crofton. The Crofton principle was that a very large percentage of criminals could by a system of Reformatory training, introduced towards the termination of their sentences, be restored to the society they had outraged, as industrious and useful members. The general plan of action harmonised with her own, but the details of the system were superior, and she saw them in their operation upon adults when the conditions were less favourable for success.

After a brief holiday spent at Killarney, she returned to England, when her attention was directed to the condition of

Workhouse Schools. She had been impressed by the evils she had herself seen in the Bristol Union, and she proposed that it should be made unlawful to take children into workhouses. She suggested that the management of pauper children should be placed in the hands of a school committee, to be chosen annually by the ratepayers, and that all schools intended for pauper children should be certified as fit and proper by the Secretary of State. The Bristol guardians resented her criticisms, and passed resolutions of condemnation against her, and she was subjected generally to such unfair and ungenerous treatment that her ties to Bristol were temporarily jeopardised. Other troubles followed, and the responsibility in connection with her institutions rapidly increased. Before the year 1861 closed, the death of the Prince Consort came upon her as with a shock of personal sorrow. 'Our poor dear Queen!' she exclaimed; 'since we lost our mother I have felt nothing so much as this, except dear little M——'s death. It seems a deep personal grief, for I have always felt a warm sympathy with her beautiful domestic character.' She uttered a prayer for the royal widow: 'Give her still to us to be our ruler, and the mother of her children.'

In the year 1862 a severe struggle over the Revised Code secured some benefits for the Ragged Schools, and then Mary Carpenter turned her attention to the convict system, which she carefully studied. This study, however, she suspended, in order to assist her brother Philip with his emigration projects, which were the result of the Lancashire Cotton Famine. Then she interested herself in establishing a Workmen's Hall at Bristol. Returning to her previous task, in 1864 she published her work entitled *Our Convicts*. In this elaborate treatise, as Mr. Carpenter has pointed out, 'the author first described the actual moral condition of the convict class, and then proceeded to inquire what were the influences which produced the fearful moral degradation thus revealed, special stress being laid upon the facilities afforded by imprisonment for corruption and

training in crime. The third chapter was devoted to an exposition of the principles of convict treatment, the chief of which was stated to be the necessity that "the will of the individual should be brought into such a condition as to wish to reform and to exert itself to that end, in co-operation with the persons who are set over them." This, it was urged, can never be done by mere force, or by any mechanical appliance. But that reformation, even of the most hardened offenders, was possible was proved by the remarkable results attained by Colonel Montesinos at Valencia, by Herr von Obermaier at Munich, and by Captain Maconochie in Norfolk Island. How far, then, did the English convict system fulfil the conditions of the true Reformatory discipline? The answer was given in an elaborate inquiry, occupying the rest of the first volume, into the arrangements of various prisons, the disposal of criminals, tickets-of-leave, and, finally, transportation.

'From the English convict system the reader was carried to Ireland, where the treatment of prisoners was founded on the same Acts, but had been carried out to very different results. Intermediate establishments were instituted between the prisons and the world. The freedom of agency of the inmates was gradually enlarged as they showed themselves deserving trust, and strict supervision was exercised over those who went out on licence. The details of this method were exhibited with convincing wealth of illustration. The history of the system was set forth; and to the evidence of personal observation, and the witness of official reports, there was added the testimony of other critics from England, from the Continent, and from Canada, in its support. Was the Irish system applicable to women as well as to men? The question was discussed in a chapter on "Female Convicts," and, after a contrast between the prison experiences on both sides of the Channel, it was unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative.

'In conclusion, various suggestions for improvement were laid down, including the strict registration of criminals, greater

certainty and uniformity of judicial sentences, cumulative sentences, and changes in the county gaols in the direction of the principles of the Irish system, such as were already being carried out at Winchester and Wakefield. The next chapter, headed "Prevention," afforded opportunity for a survey of the principal agencies available for the diminution of the causes of crime, such as temperance, the diffusion of pure literature, the improvement of the dwellings of the labouring classes. The most important, however, was education, which gave occasion for a review of the progress of Reformatory and Industrial Schools since the Conference of 1851, a plea for the separation of pauper children from workhouse management, and a renewed appeal on behalf of Ragged Schools.

'Finally, in brief but earnest words, the co-operation of society was invoked, and different channels for voluntary effort were marked out. "Thus may all labour together, Government and people, for the regeneration of the misguided and neglected in our country, and for the restoration to society of Our Convicts."'

The civil war in the United States was painfully followed by Mary Carpenter, who never remitted her Anti-slavery efforts. President Lincoln's address on his re-election excited her warmest admiration, while the assassination which followed filled her with horror. She looked for the establishment of the equal rights of man, irrespective of colour, and recommended perseverance to her American friends until this was made a fundamental law of the Union. But her own peculiar work was not forgotten. She planned an exhaustive work on *Our Children*, and even contemplated a sojourn in New England and in Canada, so that she might further her principles of Reformatory treatment. But these and other projects gave way to a greater undertaking which had long exercised her spirit, and which I shall now briefly explain.

Her heart had first been drawn towards India, as we have seen, through her friendship with Rammohun Roy. Again and

again the subject rose afterwards in her mind unbidden; a visit from a Hindu gentleman, Mr. G——, greatly impressed her; and when, in 1864, two gentlemen from Bengal—Mr. S. N. Tagore and Mr. M. Ghose—visited her, with introductions from Mr. Hodgson Pratt, she welcomed them with ardour, and listened to their pleadings on behalf of female education in India. The result was that on the 12th of January, 1864, she recorded her solemn resolve henceforth to devote herself, heart and soul and body, to the elevation of the women of India. She would not do this until she had placed her English labours on a secure basis, but she felt that she had a remarkable call to India. The opportunity for obeying this call came in 1866. Her purpose in going out was thus explained in a letter to her friend, the Rev. Charles Wicksteed: 'In Bombay, as you state, the Parsees are awakened, and are actually establishing good schools in concert with English ladies. I therefore do not propose staying long there, but have a promise of welcome from Sir Bartle Frere, the Governor, and Mr. Cursetjee, who is now returning with his daughter. In Calcutta many of the Theists, at least all whom I have seen here, are more than three-quarters Christians; in fact, I tell them I reckon them Christians, for they hear nothing they object to in Lewin's Mead. They have, after coming to England, an intense feeling about the elevation of their countrywomen. They have an extreme prejudice against "Christian converts," and the orthodox missionaries, male or female, in general. I have their full confidence and friendship, because they see that I have no proselytising objects, and treat them as friends and equals. I have, therefore, a peculiar talent granted me; and as I tell them that I go simply to show my sympathy, and to use my experience in any way that can help them, they will cordially co-operate with me.'

Mary Carpenter left England on the 1st of September, 1866. Her brother, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, the celebrated biologist, escorted her to Paris, and her travelling companions to India

were Mr. Ghose and two young ladies, one of whom was returning to her home in Calcutta. There were many Anglo-Indians on board the vessel out, including the Secretary of Public Works at Lahore, from whom Miss Carpenter obtained much information concerning India. Yet there was considerable divergence of view among the Anglo-Indians. Mary Carpenter bore with her introductions from the present Marquis of Salisbury, then Secretary for India, Lord Stanley, Sir George Grey, and Florence Nightingale. She landed at Bombay early in October, and almost immediately proceeded on a visit to Mr. S. N. Tagore, then assistant-judge at Ahmedabad. Here she began her inquiries into the social needs of India, visiting the different Government institutions—prisons, hospitals, lunatic asylums, schools, and normal training institutions. Female education first engaged her attention, but the way to reform was blocked by indifference, religious customs, and the system of early marriages. Education after marriage could only be carried on in the Zenana, under difficulties almost insuperable. She found it impossible to engraft English culture straight upon Hindu family life; and as the existing girls' schools were conducted by male teachers, she desired to establish a female normal school, in which to train female teachers for the work of education. Prison reform was another important matter broached; but on conferring with Sir Bartle Frere, and with the Director of Public Instruction, Sir Alexander Grant, she found that the changes which she desired, and the new institutions for which she pleaded, required the legal sanction of the Supreme Government, which alone also could grant the needful outlay. Journeying to Madras, she there carefully studied the different educational institutions of the city, and the work of the missionaries of various Christian churches. She came to the conclusion that in seeking to improve the condition of Indian women, she must begin from the principle of non-interference with religion. At Calcutta she was welcomed by the cultured

leader of the Brahmo Somaj, Keshub Chunder Sen. With deep interest she examined into the beliefs and devotion of those who had abandoned idolatry, and accepted the doctrine of the unity and spirituality of God. She attended services and prayer meetings held by and for ladies of the upper classes, and established a free school for the lowest of the poor.

On the return of the Governor-General, Sir John Lawrence, and Lady Lawrence from Simla to Calcutta, Mary Carpenter was assigned rooms in the Government House, and here she continued her labours, receiving all those who could aid or sympathise in her work. She was delighted with the success of her mission, which called forth genuine enthusiasm for social reform both among English and Hindu gentlemen. Under her auspices, and with the presence and sanction of the Viceroy and Sir Cecil Beadon, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, the Bengal Social Science Association was inaugurated. She next drew up a report to the Governor-General detailing the general result of her inquiries in India, and pointing out the necessity for prison reforms, and for the establishment of female normal training schools and reformatory schools. She witnessed the initiation of some of her reforms before she set sail from Bombay for England on the 20th of March, 1867. The success she achieved among the natives was due in a great measure to the noble spirit of self-sacrifice in which she went out, all alone, to demonstrate her affection and sympathy for her less fortunate sisters of the East. The heart of the native population was touched into responsive action.

Soon after her arrival in England she sought to awaken public opinion to the responsibilities attendant upon British rule in India—especially as affecting female education and the condition of the Indian prisons. Addresses, memorials, and speeches followed each other in quick succession. As the Government authorities were dilatory, however, she resolved to go out to India again, and herself begin the work. Before doing so she was honoured with an interview by Her Majesty

the Queen. On being asked afterwards whether she was nervous, she replied, 'Not in the least so. I was not going for myself, but for the women of India.' The Queen presented her with her *Leaves from our Journal in the Highlands*, on the fly-leaf of which was written, 'Mary Carpenter, from Victoria R.' This book and its inscription formed a potent factor with numbers of Hindu friends, who wonderingly examined it years afterwards.

In July, 1868, the Indian Council passed a new Educational Minute, granting £1,200 per annum to each of the three Presidency capitals—Calcutta, Madras and Bombay—for the furtherance of the objects recommended by Mary Carpenter; but nothing was done for the provinces. Sir John Lawrence did not adopt any particular scheme, but wisely left it to each district to do what was best. Miss Carpenter felt herself loudly called upon to return to India, and on the 7th of November ensuing she landed for the second time at Bombay. She began to labour arduously in connection with the training of native ladies as teachers, but an alarming attack of illness compelled her to suspend her efforts, and to return to England. A two months' rest at Weymouth restored her to health, and in the following autumn she paid a third visit to India. She found her principles taking root, and she now helped to extend or render more stable institutions already in existence. In returning to England she no longer had any doubt of the success of her philanthropic projects in the East. With the aid of Babu Keshub Chunder Sen, who visited her at Bristol in 1870, she founded the National Indian Association, for the advocacy of social reforms in India.

Her work suffered a painful interruption in October, 1870, when her beloved sister Anna, Mrs. Herbert Thomas, passed away, after a few hours' illness. Their mutual affection had been life-long, close, and tender. Writing to the survivor, Florence Nightingale said: 'I know how heavy is the loss of one with whom one has worked as with one heart and mind,

and whose useful day on this earth one does not yet think over. Such a loss one feels more and more every day one lives. And time only makes it the more irreparable. But I must have two hearts, one to rejoice with her who is now in the joy of her Lord, and who, we are very sure, does not wish to come back, who is not dead but living; and the other to grieve with you over this "insupportable and touching loss." God's design, when He deprives us of what is dearest, is no doubt to fill the blank Himself. And she would reproach us if we were to lament too bitterly that, after a life of generous usefulness on earth such as is given to few, she is gone to yet higher and better work in another world, to "prepare a place" for us. God bless you.'

Mary Carpenter found consolation in the progress of her Indian and home work. She declined to become a candidate for the new Bristol School Board, as she felt there was much still to do in connection with Ragged Schools, while she also contemplated founding a Boys' Home. After a time she came to the conclusion that the Ragged School on the old lines must be given up. Accordingly, on New Year's Day, 1872, she re-opened the premises as a Day Industrial Feeding School. In the spring the new Boys' Home was opened, by the side of the Workmen's Hall in St. James's Back, Bristol. She was next engaged in preparing a little volume on the Crofton System of Convict Reform, for the use of the members of the International Prison Congress, which assembled in London in July. She likewise contributed a paper on 'English Reformatory and Certified Industrial Schools' to the Congress; and delivered an address at a ladies' meeting on 'Woman's Work in the Reformation of Women Convicts.' She made many foreign friends at the Congress. She was proud of the designation of 'Mother,' which had first been given to her by the natives of India, because it indicated the spirit of affection which she sought to import into all her beneficent labours.

Baron von Holtzendorff, Professor of Jurisprudence at Berlin, and one of the most earnest of social reformers, thus happily described Mary Carpenter and her labours, shortly after her death: 'There cannot possibly be two different opinions about the incomparable value of Miss Mary Carpenter's merits, and the admirable activity she has displayed in improving education, reforming criminals, raising the general standard of womanhood in public life, and connecting Eastern civilization with European manners. She appeared to be Argus-eyed in discovering the manifold moral plagues of our times, and devising practical means with a tendency to their gradual extirpation. Her notions about the final ends of popular education were most complete, and, besides, without that sentimental tincture of philanthropy which often leads Christian charity into the direction of barren work. She clearly understood that the highest aim of individual as well as national education ought to be placed in attaining the unity of three powers in every one, by closely connecting clear reasoning with kind feeling and strong acting, all of these capacities being essential to human happiness. I have no doubt whatever that she will occupy a prominent place in the history of modern philanthropy. Of the entirety of her life one could well say, All her public writing and speaking was action, and all her actions were preaching the work of Christian charity.'

Miss Carpenter was contemplating a visit to the United States, to inquire into the condition of the prisons there, when she received a summons to Darmstadt from the Princess Louis of Hesse—Princess Alice of Great Britain and Ireland. The Princess was organising a Conference to deal with questions relating to woman's work, and she felt Mary Carpenter's presence to be necessary. She was received as a guest at the Palace, together with her friend Miss Florence Davenport Hill; and she rendered valuable service in visiting schools, attending meetings, and advising the Princess

generally. 'The more I saw of the dear Princess,' she wrote to her brother Russell, 'the more did I admire and love her. She feels that she owes much to her father, of whom she thinks as we do of ours.' The Princess Alice herself afterwards addressed a letter to Mary Carpenter, in which she said: 'I would like all to know and share my admiration for such a benevolent and useful life as yours, which has influence far beyond the limits of its sphere. To know you has strengthened me and done me good, and made me feel how little I have yet done, and how your example will ever incite me to try and do better.' From Darmstadt, Mary Carpenter went on to Neuchâtel, where she carefully examined the prison system of Dr. Guillaume, noting the many reforms he had instituted, and even addressing the inmates in French on the parable of the Prodigal Son.

She resolved, in 1873, to pay a visit to the United States, and having made arrangements for the continuance of her Bristol work, and sent out to India many useful gifts as well as educational appliances, she sailed for Boston. On landing she was warmly welcomed by friends, and she at once began visiting schools and prisons, giving addresses on India, Education, and Reformatories, and expounding to experts the principles of prison discipline. She also attended the meetings of the Social Science Association and the Unitarian Festival. At Hartford she delivered an eloquent address on 'Prison Reform' to a vast audience which filled the Centre Church. Proceeding to New York she visited the two great prisons, Sing Sing and The Tombs, which filled her with horror. She next journeyed to Virginia, where she attended the Commencement at the Hampton College for coloured people. Washington was visited, and at the Howard University she gave an address 'in sympathy with the coloured people.' At Philadelphia, by request of the Board of State Charities, she expounded the principles of Reformatories for the Young, and Prison Discipline. By way of Newark,

where she lectured, she made her way to Montreal, where excursions on the St. Lawrence, inspection of gaols, addresses to Sunday Schools and Churches, kept her constantly on the alert. The City Prison of Montreal she found to be the worst she had ever seen, and she memorialised the Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, on the subject with excellent effect. In the Indian communities of Canada and the United States she took a deep interest, and she introduced this subject at the Liverpool Social Science Congress not long before her death. The committee of the Aborigines Protection Society were grateful to her for the practical interest she displayed in the welfare of the Indians, and deeply lamented her death.

Miss Carpenter's American tour was instrumental in rousing the people to a knowledge of the evils of prison life; and the results of her observations, and her suggestions for reform, were embodied in a Report addressed to Dr. Harris, corresponding secretary of the Prison Association of New York, and in a paper communicated to the Prison Congress held at St. Louis in 1874. After Mary Carpenter left the United States, Mrs. Gannett Wells thus wrote of her character and methods, in the Christian *Register*:—

'She had a wonderful faculty of separating the various parts of her work; and, both in this country and abroad, each one with whom she held a conference felt that the particular business under consideration was her only one.

'She formed a National Indian Association to promote her cherished objects; and whilst in Boston established a branch society; for her broad spirit made charity international. Some of us may remember her address on India; it was more than an hour and a-half long, yet without any notes. Was this an indication of approaching age? Pleasant welcomes were given her here by specialists in various departments; but the Unitarian ministers and the prison reformers received her warmest greetings. Men came from many States to consult her. She quickly saw excellences in our institutions, and

reluctantly pointed out deficiencies. Severely simple herself, she deprecated the lavish expenditures in some of our charitable buildings, as the same amount otherwise expended would have benefited a larger number. Luxuries are not needed, she argued, to help the self-respect of the criminal or the recovery of the sick.

'Her English loyalty was conspicuous. Her photograph album of the Royal Family with some of their autographs; her letters from the children of her beloved Princess Alice; the recollection of the hamper that the Princess had put up for her departure from Hesse Darmstadt; the interview with her Queen, and two or three slight gifts from Her Majesty—one a Scotch pebble bracelet—were to our American eyes oddly valuable. When in Boston she never but once trusted that album out of her own hands, and then on an emergency, to a most careful friend.

'She was very simple in her tastes and habits, and yet most precise in the hours and frequency of her meals, that thereby her physical vigour might be maintained. When here she would see friends all the morning, address a meeting in the afternoon, and go out to dinner in the evening; but twice between times must come the fifteen minutes' rest and beef-tea. One evening, when two or three gentlemen had each an appointment with her, she said to the first, after the business part of his visit was ended, "I think that is all you need of me, sir"; and, bowing to the puzzled man, went to obtain a few minutes' rest, before the arrival of her next visitor. Afterwards, speaking of it apologetically, she said, "I must do so, or I should accomplish nothing." She wanted all to be interested in Reformatories, yet appreciated the intellectual and esthetic work of others. Few knew how strong and able were her own capacities for such work, nor how keenly she loved science and nature, whilst her religiousness shone over all she did. She was practical and keen in all matters of business and domestic economy, and observant of people's ways.

'Many emulate Miss Carpenter's sympathy, patience and hope, and laboriousness; but not all, her intelligence, and comprehension in philanthropy. It was her *knowledge* that gave her power, and her gentle tact that held as friends those who were forced to believe in her principles.'

The three or four years of life still remaining to her after her return from America were full of work. The Higher Education of Women, the Temperance cause, and the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts, were all matters to which she gave emphatic countenance and personal support. Undeterred by the attacks of the Press, she joined Mrs. Butler, Harriet Martineau, Miss Nightingale, and other ladies, in forming a Ladies' National Association to agitate for the repeal of the obnoxious Acts just named; and she was a member of the committee formed at Bristol for securing the same object. On the question of Women's Suffrage her early opinions were rather against, than in favour of it; but in her later years 'she frequently expressed her belief that legislation would not be established on its true basis until women had the power of voting on the same terms as men.' The campaign of the Day Industrial Schools was finally fought and won in 1874. A volume of *Sermons*, a brief Memoir of Dr. Carpenter, and a reprint of the *Last Days of Rammohun Roy* were prepared by Mary Carpenter in 1875, for the purpose of expressing her idea of the manner in which Christianity might be presented to, and accepted by, the educated Hindu mind.

In September, 1875, she set sail on her last journey to India. The Princess Alice had become President of the National Indian Association, and native princes gave in their adhesion to its objects. Some of the Female Normal Schools had been closed, but others had been opened, while progress was being made in all the ordinary girls' and day schools. Imperial legislation was set on foot for the establishment of Reformatory Schools in India, and a Factory Commission was appointed at Bombay. Miss Carpenter landed at Bombay on October 14th,

and she visited in succession Kurrachi, Hyderabad, Poona, Madras, Calcutta, Dacca, Benares, Allahabad, Baroda, and Bandora, finally returning to Bombay in March, 1876. During this extended tour four subjects had especially engaged her attention—the Education of Women, Prison Discipline, Reformatory and Industrial Schools, the Hours of Labour and the Employment of Women and Children in Factories. The results of her observations were recorded in letters addressed to Lord Salisbury, Secretary of State for India, which letters were subsequently laid before Parliament. Legislation was initiated to carry out many of the reforms which she suggested, and future years will doubtless bear fruitful testimony to the far-sightedness of her ameliorative projects on behalf of the people of India.

Mary Carpenter was back again among her Bristol friends in June, 1876, and in the following month she gained another legislative victory by securing the incorporation of a clause in Lord Sandon's Elementary Education (Amendment) Act, which authorised School Boards to establish Day Feeding Industrial Schools. Thus, the work which she had begun as far back as the year 1846, was at length crowned, and she felt grateful to God for making her an instrument in the elevation of the poor and degraded classes of society. When she had completed her seventieth year she still took an interest in public affairs. We find her signing the memorial to the Senate of London University in favour of the admission of women to medical degrees; and then delivering a course of six lectures on her past labours, her principles and experiences, at the Bristol Philosophical Institution. At the same time she was in active correspondence respecting a second International Prison Congress.

Her own end came as such a noble woman would have it come—in the midst of service for others. In May, 1877, she received tidings of the death of her youngest brother, Dr. Philip P. Carpenter, at Montreal. She had nursed him as an

infant, and followed his course with deep affection for fifty-seven years. Like herself, he had devoted his life to the service of God and man, and she felt his loss keenly. When she had partially recovered from the shock, she again turned to her multifarious interests, and on the 14th of June she wrote to her brother, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, proposing to visit him in London for the purpose of furthering her Indian work. But the same night, after retiring to rest, she entered upon the endless life, dying quietly in her sleep. On the 19th her remains were laid beside those of her mother and her sister Anna, in the cemetery of Arno's Vale, and the day of her funeral was a memorable one in Bristol.

The good which such a lover of her species does cannot perish with her. The nature of her work was beautifully described by Dr. Martineau in his inscription written for the monument erected to her in Bristol Cathedral. It thus runs: 'Sacred to the memory of Mary Carpenter, foremost among the founders of Reformatory and Industrial Schools in this City and Realm. Neither the claims of private duty, nor the tastes of a cultured mind, could withdraw her compassionate eye from the uncared-for children of the streets. Loving them while yet unlovely, she so formed them to the fair and good as to inspire others with her faith and hope, and thus led the way to a national system of moral rescue and preventive discipline. Taking also to heart the grievous lot of Oriental women, in the last decade of her life she four times went to India, and awakened an active interest in their education and training for serious duties. No human ill escaped her pity, or cast down her trust. With true self-sacrifice she followed in the wake of Christ, to seek and to save that which was lost, and bring it home to the Father in Heaven. Desiring to extend her work of piety and love, many who honoured her have instituted in her name some homes for the houseless young, and now complete their tribute of affection by erecting this memorial.'

Happy is that nation which has its Mary Carpenters, to succour the needy, to feed the hungry, and to raise the fallen. While they are a rebuke to the greed and selfishness of the age, they are a bright ensample of virtue and excellence to all who desire to lift up the submerged masses of the community into a higher and purer state of being.

SYDNEY LADY MORGAN.

SYDNEY LADY MORGAN.

This clever, vivacious, and erratic woman—who made a stir in the world altogether disproportioned to her talents—was born in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, but her life and work practically belong to the nineteenth. She was a strange being, bold in resource, unconventional in action, and indefatigable in her literary labours. The date of her birth is unknown to this day. She would never reveal it, and in her *Autobiography* entered her protest against dates. 'What has a woman to do with dates?' she asked. 'Cold, false, erroneous, chronological dates.' Even her arch-enemy John Wilson Croker could never ascertain the exact year of her birth, although he instituted a formal commission of inquiry. She is generally believed, however, to have been born about the year 1780; some have said three years before, and some three years after that. Be that as it may, it has been clearly ascertained that she was fulfilling the duties of a governess in 1798. Her warm advocacy of liberal opinions, and the stand she made on behalf of civil and religious liberty at a time when both were in jeopardy at home and abroad, caused her to be assailed with bitter invectives by reactionary Tory writers. But the height of grandiloquent bathos was surely reached when her eulogistic biographer Fitzpatrick exclaimed: 'That brilliant woman, however, grappled with the arm which sought to destroy her fair reputation, and possibly her life; and, like the good fairy crushing the Evil Genius in a pantomime, she smote the arch-foe to the earth, and placed her tiny foot, cased in white satin, upon his ponderous coat of mail!'

The adoring Fitzpatrick calls upon us to admire Sydney Morgan because she refused to bare that heart which blazed with pure patriotism to the dastard stab' of the cold, malignant critic, and because she absolutely declined 'to submit her dead body to be trampled upon,' as Aristotle, Racine, Montesquieu, and Keats—and a few other weak spirits of that stamp—suffered themselves to be trampled upon. Well, she is certainly to be commended for her bravery in resisting 'the poisoned shafts of ambushed antagonism'; but a much saner service was rendered to Lady Morgan by that well-known man of letters Hepworth Dixon than by the discursive but enthusiastic Fitzpatrick. Mr. Dixon allowed Lady Morgan to be substantially her own biographer, and with the aid of Miss Jewsbury he produced a most readable work on the novelist—her life, her works, her aims, and her acquaintances.

Lady Morgan's father was an Irishman named Robert MacOwen, a land steward who was fonder of Shakespeare than of managing estates. Determined to go on the stage, he quitted the soil for the buskin, making his way to London. In or about the year 1771 Oliver Goldsmith introduced him to David Garrick, and he also got him elected into the famous literary club in Gerrard Street. Through Garrick's influence he procured an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre, having now changed his name for the English form of Owenson. He chose for his appearance the ambitious part of Tamerlane in Rowe's tragedy of that name. Some of the newspapers praised his 'commanding figure, and marked histrionic passion'; but as the leading organ of theatrical criticism took an opposite view, and pronounced his assumption of Tamerlane to be 'a gross insult to common sense and good taste,' the budding tragedian was obliged to convey his commanding person and histrionic advantages into the provinces. At the Shrewsbury Theatre, among other places, he acquired some celebrity—so much so that a young lady named Jane Hill, the daughter of a country gentleman in the district, fell in love with him. Her parents

discovered this, and forbade him the house. 'The attachment was dying, as Mr. and Mrs. Hill thought, a natural death, when Miss Jane—bathed in the silver light of an autumnal moon—suddenly appeared one night at her casement, and descended into two colossal arms below. In less time than it takes to record it, the devoted pair were flying along the banks of the Severn in quest of happiness and a parson.' They were married at Lichfield; Mr. Hill, overcome with rage and perspiration, arriving too late to forbid the banns.

From this comedy in real life Mr. Owenson turned to comedy on the stage, and attained considerable success both as a comedian and a vocalist. He had been trained by Dr. Worgan, under the advice of the famous Dr. Arne; and as Incledon and Braham had not yet appeared on the musical horizon, Owenson was much sought after. The Owensons travelled about, and in 1776 found themselves in Dublin, where the future novelist was born.

Two other children were born after her—namely, Robert, in 1783, and Olivia, afterwards Lady Clarke, in 1785. Owenson became joint proprietor of Crow Street Theatre, Dublin, in 1777. His partner was soon bankrupt, however, and Owenson was driven to fresh fields. He first tried the trade of a wine merchant, alleging as a proof of his fitness, his intimacy with all the great wine drinkers of the day, gentle and simple. But the new venture did not answer, and he returned to the stage. He appeared at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, with the beautiful and celebrated Mrs. Billington, who was then just beginning her career, and he made such an impression on her heart, that Mr. Billington repudiated her. In 1785 Owenson left the Theatre Royal and opened a new house in Fishamble Street, where he played a round of characters. One of the most creditable things in Owenson's life was his steadfast friendship for the unfortunate young poet, Dermody, who has been called the Chatterton of Ireland.

During Owenson's many vicissitudes, the greatest anxiety of

his wife was for the education of her little girls, and her next, for the salvation of mankind, through the influence of the Countess of Huntingdon. Sydney caused her a good deal of solicitude, for she had a strong power of mimicry which frequently got her into trouble. She would figure away in all the trades and occupations which came within her scope. Thus, she imitated her father's hairdresser to the life, and could go through the whole arduous process of hairdressing, from the first papillotes to the last puff of the powder machine. Then she became a chimney-sweep from her observation of a den of little imps who inhabited a cellar on the opposite side of the way. In order to keep her quiet, and check her various enterprises, she was sent to a day-school near her home. The irrepressible girl had many favourites among cats, dogs, and birds —her mother's aversion and the servants' nuisance—and when only a few years of age she could celebrate her little menagerie in rhyme. On the death of Mrs. Owenson, her daughters were placed at school with a Madame Terson, of Clontarf House, near Dublin. Madame Terson was a descendant of the French Huguenots, many of whom crossed over to Ireland. Her discipline and tuition seem to have been thorough, and it was under her that Sydney Owenson acquired her command of the French language. With regard to her religious training, Lady Morgan says: 'Religion was "taught us," as the phrase goes, in all the purity of the Reformed Church of Geneva, and with perhaps fewer of the external forms and formulas of that eldest daughter of St. Peter—the Church of England. We kept no fasts or festivals, and I don't think we learned that "malignant riddle," the Athanasian Creed. We repeated the Catechism on Saturdays, and bore testimony to the false vows of our godfathers and godmothers. On Sunday morning we went to the parish Church; and on Sunday evening we had Bible-reading, expounded by one of the governesses, to the best of her knowledge and ability. We therefore got nearly through the Bible in the course of the

year, and if our edification was not always in proportion, at least our memories were stored with the text.'

In course of time Madame Terson's health failed and the Owenson girls were placed in the fashionable finishing school of Mrs. Anderson in Dublin. At the society promenade on Sunday afternoons in the Mall, Sackville Street, the sisters—who were accompanied by their father—were much remarked upon for their toilettes and their beauty. Sydney's air was happily hit off by Leigh Hunt in describing Lady Morgan forty years later:—

> 'And dear Lady Morgan, see, see where she comes,
> With her pulses all beating for freedom like drums,
> So Irish; so modish, so *mixtish*, so wild;
> So committing herself as she talks—like a child,
> So trim, yet so easy—polite, yet high-hearted,
> That truth and she, try all she can, won't be parted;
> She'll put you your fashions, your latest new air,
> And then talk so frankly, she'll make you all stare.'

With the assistance of Lord Ormond and other patrons, Mr. Owenson built a theatre at Kilkenny, but it proved a disastrous speculation. The daughters accompanied their father to the historic city, and it was amongst the officers of the Irish Brigade who were frequently to be seen there that the future novelist found many of her characters. Owenson was so proud of his daughter Sydney's poetical abilities that he published a volume of her *Poems*, written between the ages of twelve and fourteen. Such specimens, however, of her early poetic effusions as have been preserved exhibit no special merit. Poems written a short time later—such as the stanzas composed on a tomb in the ruins of Sligo Abbey, and *The Country Post-Boy*—revealed a certain promise, but the poetic was not the writer's natural form of expression.

After Owenson's Kilkenny project came to grief, he had equally unfortunate experiences at Sligo and elsewhere, and was driven ultimately into the Bankruptcy Court. He retired from the stage altogether in 1798. Sydney Owenson was fired

to exertion as the result of her father's reverses. She determined now to do something for one who had done so much for her, and she has herself gloried in the fact that it was necessity which first spurred her talents into action. In 1801 she succeeded in publishing her first book—a volume of poems. It was dedicated to Elizabeth, Countess of Moira, the leading patroness of literature in Ireland at the close of the last, and the beginning of the present, century. Some authorities give 1797 as the date of publication. An English edition was afterwards issued, but as the authoress was unknown in England, the publisher required a list of subscribers, and in this list we find the names of Thomas Moore, the Bishop of Clonfert, Sir Malby Crofton, Lord Granard, the Duke of Leinster, and John Foster, the last speaker of the Irish House of Commons. The poems are brightened by a happy expression or simile now and then, but, as a whole, they bear out the writer's own description that she wrote what she thought rather than thought out what she wrote. However, the poems and her aristocratic patronage combined soon gave her a standing in Dublin society. That she could nevertheless write a fine song is proved by the charming Irish ballad of *Kate Kearney*, for which we are indebted to her, and which holds its own to this day. She also arranged to English words twelve of the most beautiful and touching of Irish melodies, thus anticipating the work afterwards achieved by Thomas Moore. In the preface to the first edition of his *Melodies*, Moore observed that Lady Morgan's patriotic genius had been employed on some of our finest airs.

Among the officers whom Sydney Owenson met at Kilkenny was a Captain White Benson, who seems to have fallen desperately in love with her. When he was stationed at York a few years afterwards, he wrote her several letters, declaring his passion, but she made no response. These letters were discovered after Lady Morgan's death, and on the back of the last of them was written, 'This elegant-minded and highly-gifted

young man drowned himself near York, a few months after I received this letter!' This sensitive admirer was taken as the model for the hero in Lady Morgan's novel of *St. Clair*.

This story of *St. Clair, or First Love*, was the authoress's earliest attempt in fiction. It appeared in 1801 or 1802, and was a crude piece of work, though it afforded evidence of a vast amount of miscellaneous reading. It was of *The Sorrows of Werther* type, and in spite of many absurdities, and disquisitions on art, music, literature, and other subjects, it was a promising work. St. Clair was a German creation in an Irish dress. Appointed tutor to the children of a nobleman, he met at his lordship's seat in Connaught, Olivia, the granddaughter of Sir Patrick Desmond. They form what they believe to be a Platonic friendship, and end by being real lovers. This is rather awkward, as the fair Olivia is already engaged to a gallant Colonel. The lovers are surprised in a summer arbour by the Colonel, who compels St. Clair to fight, and the latter dies of his wounds. The lady suffers in reputation, and ends her own sorrows by dying of consumption. In this, as in all Lady Morgan's early works, 'her heroes and heroines indulge in wonderful digressions, historical, astronomical, and metaphysical, in the very midst of the most terrible emergencies, where danger, despair, and unspeakable catastrophes are imminent and impending. No matter what laceration of their finest feelings they may be suffering, the chief characters have always their learning at their fingers' ends, and never fail to make quotations from favourite authors appropriate to the occasion!'

This singular extract on love was committed to her scrapbook by Sydney Owenson at the age of eighteen: 'Burns says, "If anything on earth deserves the name of rapture or transport, it is the feelings of green eighteen in the company of the mistress of his heart, when she repays him with an equal return of affection." I do not agree with Burns; at eighteen the passion is but a simple sensation of nature, unmingled,

unenriched by those superadded ideas which constitute its purer and more elevated charms. Other sentiments mingle with love, as other metals amalgamate with gold— the sympathy of congenial tastes— the blandishments of the imagination—the graces of intellectual perfection—the exaggeration of fancy, glowing with poetic images, and the refinement of taste to apply them to the object beloved—all these heighten and sublimate the passion which has its origin in Nature.'

Thomas Dermody, the volatile and egotistical poet, seems to have loved and admired Sydney Owenson as much as it was possible for one of so shallow a nature to do. Some of his letters show this as warmly as his heated verse. 'Conceive how I idolise your remembrance,' he writes on one occasion. 'Were you Venus I should forget you; but you are a Laura, a Leonora, an Eloisa, all in one delightful assemblage! My idea of your literary merit is very exalted indeed; this in a woman, a beautiful woman, whom I must ever esteem, what magic can be so irresistible in this world?' The fair Sydney did not reciprocate these highly-wrought feelings. She pitied him, admired his talents, and was a warm friend to him because of their old fellowship; and when he died of consumption she sincerely mourned his loss; but beyond that she could not go.

In 1802 Miss Owenson, who had been under the parental roof for some time, longed for a change. As Mr. Hepworth Dixon remarks, 'In spite of her romantic love for her father, and her sincere attachment to her sister, the beautiful illusion of living a domestic life with them soon wore off.' As a governess, she had had a happy home with the Featherstones, of Bracklin, and 'accustomed as she had long been to the plentiful comfort and regularity of the Featherstones' well-ordered household, she felt the difference between that and the scrambling poverty and discomfort of life in an Irish lodging.' Accordingly she again accepted a post as governess, this time in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, Fort William, Nenagh. Here she mingled in the best county society. 'This

is the Athens of Ireland,' she wrote to a friend ; 'music and literature carry everything before them ; and Lady Clonbrock, who is one of the leading women here, is an enthusiast in both.' Miss Owenson was very sociable in her manners, and possessed the happy faculty of adaptability. As her biographer observes : 'The days of Sydney Owenson when she was an instructor of youth did not pass over in sadness nor in looking at the world out of back windows. Her genius and spirit made her a fascinating acquisition in a country house. Few governesses have her social talents, and possibly in a steady-going English family they would scarcely be allowed the scope for displaying them, if they had them. Her experiences are in curious contrast to poor Charlotte Brontë's ; but Sydney Owenson knew how to make herself agreeable. She was always grateful for kindness, and she possessed the rare gift of knowing how to accept kindness gracefully, so as to make it a pleasure to the bestower. She was not prone to take offence—she took benefits as they were intended, and she brightened all that surrounded her with the sunshine that emanated from herself.'

All through life Sydney Owenson was ambitious, but it will astonish many who have thought of her only as a volatile creature to learn what she really aspired after. This is how she expressed it in a letter to her friend Mrs. Lefanu—the italics being her own : 'I must tell you, my dear madam, I am *ambitious*, far, far beyond the line of laudable *emulations*, perhaps beyond the power of being happy. Yet the strongest point of my ambition is to be *every inch a woman*. Delighted with the pages of *La Voisine*, I dropped the study of chemistry, though urged to it by a favourite friend and preceptor, lest I should be less the *woman*. Seduced by taste, and a thousand arguments, Greek and Latin I resisted, lest I should not be a *very woman*. And I have studied music rather as a sentiment than a science, and *drawing* as an amusement rather than an *art*, lest I should become a musical *pedant* or a *masculine artist*.

And let me assure you, that if I admire you for any one thing more than another, it is that, with all your talent and information you are "a woman still." I have said this much to convince you that I agree, *perfectly* agree with you, in all you have said on the subject, and that when Rousseau insists on *le cœur aimant* of Julie, he endows her with the best and most endearing attribute woman can possess.'

Interesting glimpses of life and scenery in the North of Ireland are to be obtained in a letter written from Strabane by Miss Owenson to Miss Featherstone of Bracklin. Here is one passage: 'Amidst your level lawns and young plantations you have no idea of the rude sublimity of our northern scenery. We have no farmers, so, consequently, no tillage; all is bold, savage, and romantic; the manners, dialect, customs and religion of the people are all as purely Scotch as they could be in the Highlands, even the better order of people are with difficulty understood, and the manners of the inferior class are ferocious; there is, however, a great spirit of independence among them; "every rood of ground maintains its man," and there are none of those wretched cabins which you perpetually see in the other provinces. They call all strangers *foreigners* or *Irish people*, and have not many ideas beyond their *wheels* and *looms*. A market day presents a curious scene. The young women are all dressed in white, with their hair fastened up fancifully enough and seldom covered. At the entrance of the town they bathe their feet and put on shoes and stockings which are constantly taken off when they are leaving it. I have frequently seen them with flowers and feathers in their heads, and their stockings tied up in a handkerchief. In a social sense they are most unpleasant, and, upon the whole, they are the last people in the world that an educated person would wish to spend his life with.'

Many of the letters written by this singular woman are by no means so sane as the above extract. Some are gushing, and not a few—yes, it must be said—are silly. She well hit off the

character of her correspondence generally when she remarked of one of her epistles that 'by fits it was sad, and by starts it was wild.'

While staying with her father and sister at Inniskillen in 1804, Miss Owenson finished her novel entitled *The Novice of St. Dominic.* It was of portentous length, extending to no fewer than six volumes: as the authoress said, 'in those days one volume or six volumes was alike to me.' The manuscript of this novel was copied out, in a beautifully legible and distinct hand, by a youth named Francis Crossley, who with his parents lived in the neighbourhood of Inniskillen. Crossley fell deeply in love with the fascinating Sydney, but once again she proved irresponsive. Her biographer observes that 'of honest zeal on the part of Crossley there was plenty—of passion on the part of Sydney, none.' She received several letters from Crossley, which she afterwards thus endorsed: 'Francis Crossley, aged eighteen, chose to fall in love with me, Sydney Owenson, aged eighteen. He was then intended for a merchant, but *The Novice of St. Dominic* (which he copied out as regularly as written in six huge volumes), and its author turned his head. He fled from his counting-house, went to India, and became a great man.' There is something deliciously cool in Miss Owenson describing herself as 'aged eighteen,' when she must have been nearly twenty-four. Almost eight years had elapsed at this time before she first went out as a governess.

Sydney Owenson took the manuscript of *The Novice* all the way to London. She was a determined young lady, and travelled quite alone, first by sea voyage and then by coach all the route from Holyhead to the metropolis. She arrived without a friend in the place, and with very little money. She used to say to her nieces in after life that they little knew the struggles and difficulties she had to encounter in her earlier years. But a publisher was found in the person of Sir R. Phillips, of St. Paul's Churchyard, who seems to have been struck by her talent. Only, he insisted on having

the novel cut down from six volumes to four, and it was only regard for her feelings which prevented him from reducing it to three. Phillips was betrayed into a liberality almost beyond his judgment, seeing that there was considerable risk to run. The first purchases Miss Owenson made out of her literary earnings were an Irish harp, from Egan's, and a black mode cloak!

The Novice of St. Dominic was successful. 'It is certainly a very amusing novel,' says Mr. Dixon, but he might have added also that it was not a little puerile. 'There is an exuberance of fine words and ardent descriptions of the sensibilities of the heroine, as well as of her personal charms; but there is also an idea of something better—an idea of duty, and the preference of principle to inclination. There is the usual fault of pedantry; the heroine is terribly well educated by her model lover, De Sorville; and they talk elegant literature together in a style that would have eclipsed the talk at Mrs. Montagu's parties. It shows a great improvement upon her first book; and there is a freedom of hand and a facility of invention which give promise of entertainment to come. *The Novice of St. Dominic* was a favourite with Mr. Pitt, and he read it over again in his last illness, a piece of good fortune for a book of which any author might be proud.'

The novelist now became a conspicuous character in Irish circles. Incense was offered to her taste, her beauty, and her genius, and she would have been less, or more, than the woman she was had she not been deeply moved by this. 'At times she may have listened to the charmer more than was wise in a young girl; at least her elders thought and said so. Not that she went wrong, even by implication or in appearance—she had too much sense for that; but she found herself in a circle where every woman paid her compliments, and every man, as the mode in Ireland was, made love to her. She undoubtedly played with the fire; but she was too busy with her literary projects to do more than play—a weaker

woman might have been consumed.' And, even amidst all the adulation showered upon her, it is pleasing to note that she had thought for others. In the bitter winter of 1806 we find her writing letters to the *Freeman's Journal*, earnestly pleading for the houseless poor, for the inmates of the debtors' prison, and for the victims of illness and misfortune.

In 1806 Sydney Owenson published a collection of original poems and melodies under the title of *The Lay of the Irish Harp*. There was scarcely anything in it deserving of permanent remembrance; but it was followed the same year by her most popular novel, *The Wild Irish Girl*. It is by this story that her fame is still chiefly perpetuated. It was written among the scenes, the circumstances, and the people it describes. While the narrative was romantic to a degree, it at the same time conveyed a good deal of information about the social condition, the manners, customs, literature, and antiquities of Ireland. 'There was in it a passionate pleading against the wrongs and injustice to which the people and the country were subjected. The work dealt with the false ideas about Ireland which prevailed in England at that period of misconception and misrule.' Many years after its publication, Lady Morgan wrote: 'At the moment *The Wild Irish Girl* appeared, it was dangerous to write on Ireland, hazardous to praise her, and difficult to find a publisher for an Irish tale which had a political tendency. For even ballads sung in the streets of Dublin had been denounced by government spies, and hushed by Castle sbirri; because the old Irish *refrain* of "Eiren go Bragh" awakened the cheer of the ragged, starving audience, who had much better have raised the chorus of "Eiren go Bread." Graves were then still green where the victims of laws, uselessly violated, were still wept over by broken hearts, and the bitter disappointments of a nation's hopes by the recent and sudden desertion of Pitt, the most powerful champion of Catholic Emancipation, which gave to ascendency new power and sunk Catholicism in deeper des-

pondency, was only slowly yielding to the benign influence of a new and liberal administration of Irish affairs, during the temporary return to power of the Whigs under the vice-royalty of the Duke of Bedford.'

It was at first intended to call *The Wild Irish Girl* by the title of *The Princess of Innismore*, but on the urgent advice of Dr. Wolcot ('Peter Pindar'), it received the much more attractive title by which it became known. Mr. Dixon gives the following curious account of the way in which the novel originated :—

'A young man, Richard Everard, had fallen violently in love with Miss Owenson; his father discovered it and was displeased. This son had no money, no profession, and was a very idle young man. Miss Owenson had no money either, and it looked a very undesirable match. Mr. Everard, the father, called upon Miss Owenson, stated his objections, and begged her to use her influence to make his son Richard take to some employment, and tried to obtain her promise not to marry him. Miss Owenson had not the least inclination to marry him, but nobody likes to be peremptorily told to refrain even from a course they are not "inclined to." Still, Sydney Owenson spoke so wisely, and conducted herself so pleasantly, that the father actually became desirous of doing himself what he had forbidden his son to think of. Miss Owenson was no more disposed to marry the father than she had been to marry the son. He became, however, a very firm and kind friend to her father, assisting him with both counsel and money. Mr. Everard kept up a long and earnest correspondence with Miss Owenson, confiding to her with singular frankness all his own concerns and private affairs; and constantly entreating her to use her influence over his son to turn him from his idle courses.'

The history of this curious friendship is detailed in the story of *The Wild Irish Girl*, where her father figures as the Prince of Innismore, Mr. Everard and his son as Lord M—— and

Mortimer ; though the beautiful atmosphere of romance which clothes the story in the novel was entirely absent in the matter of fact.

The character of the Princess of Innismore was afterwards identified with Lady Morgan, and until her marriage she was always known in society by the sobriquet of 'Glorvina.'

There was a contest between Phillips and another London publisher to obtain possession of *The Wild Irish Girl*, and an amusing correspondence took place between them and the authoress. Eventually Phillips obtained it for the sum of £300, and it proved a good speculation. Indeed, its success was almost phenomenal for that time, as it ran through seven editions in less than two years. Afterwards it was reprinted in Colburn's *Standard Novels*, and later still in the *Railway Library*. For some time nothing was talked of but this novel in the fashionable circles of Dublin, and the name of 'Glorvina' was used constantly in advertisements to describe articles of utility or ornament.

Leaving Dublin in the autumn of 1806, Miss Owenson made a tour through the West of Ireland. The literary result of this tour was a work in two volumes entitled *Patriotic Sketches*. Connaught was the main locality described, and her pages contain many graphic scenes and incidents, as well as eloquent passages, expressive of her sympathy with the miserable and down-trodden peasants. 'Miss Owenson,' as her biographer notes, 'had a peculiar faculty for seizing upon the political significance of the events and circumstances which passed before her eyes. In the *Patriotic Sketches* she deals with the political problems which at that period, and for long afterwards, were thorny subjects of debate and legislation. She deals with those vexed questions with a vigour and clearness of insight which proves her to have been both an earnest and an understanding advocate.

'This national sympathy and political sagacity gave to her national novels a weight and interest, at the period when they

were written, far beyond what they would have obtained as mere works of fiction and amusement. They were read, especially in England, by those who would have shunned graver works :

'A verse may catch him whom a sermon fails.'

'She was not a blind, unreasoning partisan. She saw the faults of her countrymen as clearly as their opponents. She had good sense, and had not only a love of justice, but a knowledge of what justice was—a qualification sometimes lacking in popular advocates. She had generosity, also, which made her eloquent ; and she had the gift of putting her views vividly and distinctly before her readers ; the romantic accessories never confused or veiled the main point in question.'

Ireland has improved in many respects, socially and politically, since Lady Morgan's day. Some of the reforms she advocated have been secured, and the country generally is in a much better condition than it was at the beginning of the century. But it must not be forgotten that 'Lady Morgan's labours to advance this object were in the burden and heat of the day ; when, to be liberal, just, and moderate in politics (Irish politics especially), was to be exposed to every species of unscrupulous party abuse and virulence—to be branded as an atheist, and, if a woman, to be taunted with profligacy, and to be considered incapable of any morality. In all she wrote, Lady Morgan was ever conscientious and fearless. She respected her own genius, and always used it to illustrate the opinions which she believed to have grown out of great principles ; and no personal consideration of profit or popularity ever turned her aside.' This is a tribute which could not be paid to the most violent of her political assailants.

One attempt at stage writing was made by Miss Owenson. She furnished the words of a little operetta, *The First Attempt ; or, the Whim of the Moment*, the music being composed, or adapted from old national airs, by Mr. Cooke, a popular composer of the day. The operetta was performed at the

Theatre Royal, Dublin, the Lord Lieutenant attending in state the first night. The work was completely successful, and it was in this play that Mr. Owenson made his last appearances on the stage. Miss Owenson was now mingling in the best Whig society in Dublin, counting amongst her friends Curran, Grattan, Bushe, Plunket, the Tighes, Sir John Stevenson, the famous composer, and the Cramptons. She was also received as a welcome guest in the best social and aristocratic circles. 'It would be want of pride and gratitude,' she wrote on one occasion, 'not to boast of the advantages I derived from the attentions and hospitality of the distinguished families of Charlemont, Leitrim, Charleville, Cloncurry, and Tighe, on my first *entrée* upon life and literature.'

But although Miss Owenson was now a prominent figure in the best society, and had the ball at her feet, she 'never relaxed her labour, but held fast to her industry as her sheet-anchor. She took all the rest at its true value—a tide that might ebb, and not a stream that would flow for ever. To the end of her days she always thought of her position in life as a conquest—the titles and equipages of her great acquaintance were to her what scalps are to an Indian "brave," outward and visible signs of conquest, not inheritance.' After she achieved success, she lost none of her sympathy with the poor and the unfortunate; and as so many anecdotes have been related exhibiting the frivolous side of her nature, I give here one that redounds to her honour as showing her tenderness of heart: 'A poor fellow, a letter-carrier,' wrote one who knew our authoress well, 'of good general character, the father of a large family, was induced, in a moment of extreme distress, to open a letter committed to his charge, and to possess himself of a small sum of money, with the intention of restoring it in a few days to the owner. For this offence he was condemned to die. In the court in which he was tried, a scene of the deepest distress was exhibited by the presence and anguish of his aged father, his wife, and her helpless infants; but the crime was

one of those which society never pardons. In such cases cupidity and apprehension are alike interested in striking terror, and mercy and hope must be silent at their bidding. From the gloom of the condemned cell this unfortunate criminal, like the drowning wretch who grasps at a straw, appealed to the imaginary influence of a popular writer, and the claim was irresistible to one whose domestic affections were the mainspring of her being. On the receipt of his letter Miss Owenson addressed herself to the different barristers of her acquaintance; but the reply she received was uniform. The crime was unpardonable, the man's fate was sealed, and interference could only expose her to mortification and defeat. Untimidated by these disappointing reports, she applied directly to Baron Smith, the presiding judge on the trial, who directed her to the foreman of the jury with the promise that if a recommendation to mercy could be procured from them, he would, in consequence of the conviction resting on circumstantial evidence, back it with his sanction. Miss Owenson saw the foreman, induced him to assemble the jurymen, and to sign the recommendation. She then drew up a memorial to the Duke of Richmond, the head of the Irish government, and, in one word, procured a commutation of the sentence to perpetual transportation. It is pleasurable to add that on arriving at New South Wales the reprieved man became an industrious and honest member of society, and supported his family in independence and comfort. A circumstance not dissimilar in its events, and even more romantic in its details, occurred to Jenner, who was the means of saving a youth condemned to certain death under the horrible form of perpetual slavery. The recollection of such anecdotes is a source of the purest satisfaction. They tend to raise the literary character; they do honour to human nature, and they relieve the dark shade which almost uniformly obscures the political history of the species.'

Sydney Owenson, whose affections were supposed to be untouched, had certainly one genuine love affair when she was

between twenty and thirty years of age. The inspirer of it was Sir Charles Ormsby, a King's Counsel and a member of Parliament. He was older than Sydney, had buried a first wife, and was accounted the ugliest fellow and the most accomplished gentleman in Dublin. When Miss Owenson was staying with Sir John and Lady Stanley, at Penrhôs, Anglesey, in May, 1808, she wrote a letter to Ormsby which certainly seems to indicate that they were lovers. 'I have found a harp and a piano here, she says, 'and Sir John has given me a splendid little edition of Burns for singing one of his songs. They have loaded my dressing box with perfumes and such simple things as you know I like. All this brings you to my recollection—oh, what does not? In all my joys and sorrows you have a part. The flattery, the kindness addressed to me here! I think it is all to you it is offered, and it is most gratifying. I have been obliged to sing *Deep in Love* so often for my handsome host, and every time it is *as for you* I sing it—people of true taste have but one opinion. *Aimons toujours comme à l'ordinaire.*' Sir Charles's letters were those of a lover, and Miss Owenson encouraged his addresses, and gave him the pledge of a ring. Although there was no definite engagement, it seemed highly probable at one time that they would marry each other. But Ormsby was deeply in debt, and involved in difficulties and embarrassments of various kinds. Then, the lady was a coquette, and he was jealous of her admirers. Eventually there was a violent quarrel between the lovers, but it was not until after Ormsby's death that she received back her letters and the ring. As to Ormsby's own letters, Lady Morgan left them behind her in a packet thus endorsed in her own hand, 'Sir Charles Montague Ormsby, Bart., one of the most brilliant wits, determined *roués*, agreeable persons, and ugliest men of his day.'

In 1809 Miss Owenson published her *Ida of Athens*. What induced her to go so far afield for a subject does not appear, but she seems to have left nothing undone to obtain all the

information possible, illustrative of manners and customs, scenes and places. She even obtained through Lady Charleville a detailed plan of the city of Athens, with the different sites marked upon it to which her novel refers. Her old friend, Sir Richard Phillips, once 'the prince of publishers,' having now quarrelled with her and 'used her barbarously,' she took her story to the house of Longmans, by whom it was published. A difficulty arose, however, before it was issued, as Mr. Longman thought some portions of the work were tainted with the philosophy of the new school of French moralists, and promulgated deistical principles. The novelist replied in a spirited letter denying this, and adding, 'I meant to assert that the subjection of the selfish passions to the social or general good of mankind constituted the perfection of human virtue; but of *human virtue*, I do not believe that any peculiar mode of faith is to be considered, as it must be admitted that a Brahmin or Mussulman, a Catholic or Protestant, may all be perfectly virtuous men, though they differ in points of faith, and that a man who promotes the happiness of his fellow-creature is a virtuous man, even though he is a Jew.' All difficulties were adjusted, and the book appeared; but it met with hostile criticism, and was severely handled in the *Quarterly*. This was a foretaste of the onslaughts she was to experience at the hands of John Wilson Croker, and other critics not so truculent as he. But with regard to *Ida of Athens*, there was some justification for the critics. The book was an unreal one, and the heroine was a kind of pedantic Corinna, who discoursed in turgid terms upon the high things of art, literature, and philosophy. Lady Morgan herself afterwards condemned the work as a bad one. Lady Charleville and Sir Jonah Barrington wrote amusing letters criticising the story. It suggests a revival of the old pot and kettle feud when we find Lady Charleville wishing that the situations in *Ida* had been less critical in point of delicacy, seeing that to her ladyship was attributed the translation of Voltaire's *La Pucelle* into English.

Miss Owenson having been introduced to the Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn, those leaders of fashion took to her warmly, and at their dinner parties and assemblies she carried havoc into many hearts. It was at Stanmore Priory, their residence near London, that Sir Thomas Lawrence painted his characteristic portrait of Sydney Owenson. She is represented as leaning back on a fauteuil with an appearance of enjoyment and thorough nonchalance, dressed in a white robe, with short petticoats, and a shorter waist; her forehead almost entirely concealed by falling ringlets. 'How pleasantly,' writes Mr. Hepworth Dixon, 'she described the days of Stanmore Priory, and of Lady Cork's "Blue parties," where she starred it as a lioness, after the Thrales and Burneys of a past dynasty had vanished from the scene! These things made her historical, and Lady Morgan was to society and literature something of what the Great Duke had been to state-craft and war.' One who knew her well says that Lady Morgan's anecdotes of this brilliant period in her varied life were told with a gracefulness and tact always favourable to the illustrious persons with whom she was then associated, and if she much extenuated she certainly 'set down naught in malice.'

It was partly at Stanmore Priory, and partly at Baron's Court, Lord Abercorn's seat in Ireland, that Miss Owenson wrote her extraordinary novel, *The Missionary*, an Indian tale, which appeared in 1811. Before publication, she gave readings of it at Stanmore Priory. 'Not a few grave statesmen, disenthralled for a few weeks from the cares and turmoil of office, loungingly abandoned themselves to the luxury of listening to Miss Owenson, as she read aloud her exciting and wildly romantic story. Among those present were Lord Aberdeen, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Ripon (then Mr. Robinson), Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Devonshire; and on another similar occasion, the Princess of Wales, the Duc de Berri, and the ex-King of Sweden. It is a remarkable fact that Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was so fascinated by the author and her frail

"Missionary," that he offered to accompany the young authoress to town, and having sent for Mr. Stockdale, of Pall Mall, the work was absolutely disposed of to that publisher for £400, in the study of Lord Castlereagh. The good nature of this distinguished statesman was the more remarkable as Lady Morgan had repeatedly, and forcibly, denounced the Legislative Union, of which he was the chief director, as corrupt and calamitous; atrocious in its principle, and abominable in its means.'

The Missionary, it was well said, was only worthy of the Minerva press. It is true that the authoress, as usual with her, had read up a great deal for her delineations of Indian customs, people, history, and antiquities; but all these things were jumbled together in a phantasmagoria of fine writing and high-flown sentiments. 'The subject is the attempt of a Spanish priest to convert a Brahmin priestess; but the flesh gets the better of the spirit in this trial; they fall in love with each other's fine eyes and elope together.' The love scenes are warmly coloured, and the situations of the Hindoo priestess sometimes dangerous to the peace of mind of so very susceptible a person. Nevertheless, after a good many vicissitudes in the experience of the chief characters, everything remains much as it was in the beginning. Yet we learn that the authoress herself indulged no slight opinion of the work. Its pictures of Indian life and expositions of oriental lore she considered so valuable, that not long before her death she remodelled the whole story and revised it for the press. The year which saw the *Missionary* appear, saw also the beginning of Miss Owenson's life-long friendship with that gifted but erratic woman of genius, Lady Caroline Lamb. She was at this time a young wife of five or six years, 'and the image of Byron, beautiful, and deadly as the night-shade, had not thrown its shadow on her life.' She had everything that heart could wish for, or beauty, youth, wealth, and fame could supply, and yet—like Sydney Owenson — she

suffered from fits of severe depression of spirits. The two women were soon drawn together in the bonds of intimate friendship.

Through the Abercorns, Miss Owenson was introduced to her future husband, Thomas Charles Morgan, M.D. He was an English surgeon and physician of considerable ability, and a handsome and accomplished man. Dr. Morgan had treated the Marquis of Abercorn so skilfully after an accident which threatened dangerous results, that his lordship invited him to become his family physician. This he did, and the Marchioness admired the Doctor—who was a widower—so much, that she set her heart upon making a match between him and Miss Owenson. The praises of the one were so dinned into the ears of the other, that when they met at Baron's Court they had imbibed a prejudice against each other. Indeed, it is said that when the name of Miss Owenson was first announced in Dr. Morgan's presence, he sprang from his seat, and, seeing no other way of escape, leaped through the open window into the garden below. This proceeding piqued the lady, and bringing all her fascinations into play, she set to work to captivate him, and succeeded more effectually than she either desired or designed. What seemed to begin as a joke ended as serious business. The Abercorns promised that if she accepted Morgan, the man upon earth they most esteemed and approved, they would be friends to both for life. Morgan stood in the first rank of physicians in London, having taken his Doctor's degree at Cambridge ; his connexions were excellent, &c., and he was very distinguished looking in person. The Doctor and the novelist finally became lovers, and notwithstanding the former's jealousy of certain alleged flirtations between Sydney and a Mr. Parkhurst, his letters were of a most impassioned character, and some of hers took on the same tone. But Dr. Morgan had a good deal of trouble with the bewitching, aggravating Glorvina—as she was called by her intimate friends—before she could be brought to the hymeneal altar.

It is said that the popular Duke of Richmond invited the authoress and Dr. Morgan to one of the private balls at the Viceregal Court, Dublin. His Excellency, in the course of conversation with Miss Owenson, playfully alluded to the matrimonial report then current, and expressed a hope to have the pleasure, at no distant day, of congratulating her on her marriage. 'The rumours respecting Dr. Morgan's *dévouement*,' she replied, 'may or not be true, but this I can at least with all candour and sincerity assure your Grace, that I shall remain to the last day of my life in single blessedness, unless some more tempting inducement than the mere change from Miss Owenson to Mistress Morgan be offered me.' According to the story, the Duke of Richmond, in virtue of the powers of his office, knighted Morgan on the spot. It appears, however, that Lady Abercorn had always proposed that when the Wild Irish Girl married she should have a title, and the Viceroy was ready to lay the sword on the Doctor's shoulders whenever her ladyship pleased. Morgan himself cared nothing about the honour of knighthood, but to win Sydney Owenson, and give her pleasure, he would have been content to call himself by any title or designation. One morning in January, 1812, the lovers were quietly but somewhat precipitately married at Baron's Court, the event coming at last upon Sydney Owenson by surprise.

The bride was not without means of her own. Although she had only been engaged in literature for a short time, comparatively speaking, she had saved about £5,000. This was settled upon herself, and it was further stipulated in the marriage contract that she was to have the sole and independent control over her own earnings, whilst the reversion of Sir Charles Morgan's fortune was settled upon the daughter of his first marriage. The union proved far happier than could have been anticipated. Husband and wife had very opposite qualities, but these were controlled by mutual affection, and brought into harmony with very excellent effect. Sir Charles was not a man of genius, but he was wiser than his wife, and

had a firm will. His nature was open and affectionate, upright and truthful, and while he was jealous of his wife's love, he was a most enthusiastic admirer of her talents, and delighted in her success. She would not have done so well in after life had it not been for his judicious counsel and affectionate solicitude. In the preface to the latest edition of *The Wild Irish Girl*, Lady Morgan spoke of 'the long and ennobling companionship with the great and cultivated intellect of one who taught and prized truth above all human good, and proclaimed it at the expense of all worldly interests.' Such a man could not but exercise a salutary influence over his volatile wife.

About a month after the wedding, Lady Morgan thus wrote to her friend, Mrs. Lefanu, describing her married life at Baron's Court: 'Though living in a palace we have all the comfort and independence of home; besides bedrooms and dressing-rooms, Morgan's study has been fitted up with all the luxury of a *joli boudoir* by Lady Abercorn' (who neither spared her taste nor purse on the occasion). 'It is stored with books, music, and everything that can contribute to our use and amusement. Here, "the world forgotten, and by the world forgot," we live all day, and do not join the family till dinner-time; and as *chacun à son goût* is the order here, when we are weary of argand lamps and a gallery a hundred feet long in the evening, we retire to our own snuggery, where, very often some of the others come to drink coffee with us. As to me, I am *every inch a wife*, and so ends that brilliant thing that was Glorvina.

'N.B.—I intend to write a book to explode the vulgar idea of matrimony being the tomb of love. Matrimony is the real thing, and all before but leather and prunella.'

In May, 1812, a deep sorrow overtook Lady Morgan, by the death of her father. Since he had been left a widower she had been more to him than any other person; and while she exercised over him the most affectionate care, she retained her

romantic admiration for him to the last. Mr. Owenson died in Dublin, at the residence of his son-in-law, Sir Arthur Clarke, M.D., who had married Miss Olivia Owenson in 1808.

While at Baron's Court Lady Morgan wrote *O'Donnel*, her ablest novel, and the one which gave her a recognised standing among the writers of the age. At first she thought of making it a historical novel of the days of Queen Elizabeth, but she abandoned this idea, and adopted the happier policy of exchanging the rude chief of former times for his polished descendant in a more refined age. In defending this genuine Irish romance in her Introduction to an edition published in 1835, Lady Morgan observed that the book was 'undertaken with a humble but zealous view to the promotion of a great national cause,—the Emancipation of the Catholics in Ireland. The attempt has been made the matter of great censure, as a step beyond the position of the author, and foreign to the scope of the genus. To this canon of criticism I cannot yet subscribe. Novels, like more solid compositions, are not exempted from the obligation to inculcate truth. They are expected, in their idlest trifling, to possess a moral scope; and politics are but morals on a grander scale. The appropriation of this form of composition to purposes beyond those of mere amusement is not new. A novel is especially adapted to enable the advocate of any cause to steal upon the public, through the bye-ways of the imagination, and to win from its sympathies what its reason so often refuses to yield to undeniable demonstration. Even those sectarians who have taken the highest measure of moral propriety, and exclude with rigour all source of amusement from the sphere of a religious life, have condescended thus to use the novel for the advancement of their particular opinions as an organ not less legitimate than powerful and effective.'

O'Donnel was published in 1814, and dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire. Colburn gave the authoress £550 for the

copyright, but it did so well that he afterwards added to the amount. *The Quarterly*, alarmed at the home truths in it as touching Irish questions, again dipped its pen in gall, but the effect was only to send up the circulation. The novel was clever and pathetic, the hero being drawn with real power; and, although public questions were treated occasionally at length, as a whole the work was strikingly dramatic, and took hold of the public. While Croker was venomous, Sir Walter Scott—who held Croker's political views, but had nothing of his malevolent spirit—could write of *O'Donnel* in his private diary, 'I have amused myself very pleasantly during the last few days by reading over Lady Morgan's novel, which has some striking and beautiful passages of situation and description, and, in the comic part, is very rich and entertaining.'

After leaving Baron's Court the Morgans took a house in Kildare Street, Dublin. Sir Charles established a practice, and was appointed physician to the Marshalsea. Having published, a few years later, however, a work entitled *Outlines of Physiology of Life*, which boldly controverted many orthodox scientific opinions, the writer drew down upon himself a storm of opposition, both religious and secular. In the end he retired from general practice, but retained his appointment at the Marshalsea. His leisure was now devoted to literary labours, and to assisting his wife in her efforts 'to extend the knowledge of the condition of Ireland, to spread liberal opinions in politics, and to create a public conscience to which Irish wrongs and Irish difficulties might appeal.' They were both fearless advocates of Catholic Emancipation, when that cause could number but few supporters in their own rank of life.

In 1815-16 the Morgans visited France with the view of collecting material for an elaborate work on that country by Lady Morgan. In Paris she went everywhere and saw everybody and everything. She was run after, entertained, and almost worshipped in fashionable circles. She studied the

French from head to foot, from court to village, from the boudoir to the kitchen. She observed, analysed, and described the people minutely. The result was a vivid and capable book, to which Sir Charles added some chapters, not so bright, on the state of medical science, political economy, and French jurisprudence. *France*, in many respects the most important of all Lady Morgan's works, was divided into eight books. The first treated of the peasantry; the second and third of society; the fourth, fifth, and sixth were devoted to an account of Paris; the seventh was occupied with *les spectacles;* and the eighth comprised sketches of the leading literary characters and eminent people of France. The work was brilliant and incisive, and it 'was seized upon with avidity by readers of all classes, and provoked criticism as diverse as there were shades of opinion about Legitimacy, Bourbonism, Liberalism, and the orthodox anti-Jacobin Church and State true blue intolerant Toryism.' It was bitterly assailed by Croker, whom the authoress pilloried in her next novel, while she had the substantial satisfaction of receiving from her publisher £1,000 for the work which her enemy traduced.

Lady Morgan's political objectors were thus ably answered by the distinguished orator and writer, Benjamin Constant: 'If she had represented the French as a debased and depraved nation; if she had lamented over the corruption of manners, and the absence of morality and religion; if, in short, in comparing the existing moment with former epochs, she had presented a touching eulogium of the Gabelle and the Corvée' (of which she does not speak with the greatest reverence), 'it is possible that her work would have been vaunted as a *chef-d'œuvre*, her literary heresies would have been passed over, and every formula of praise would have been employed to push her writings into public estimation. But Lady Morgan prefers a Constitutional Government to arbitrary powers; she elevates France, as it now is, above the France of former times; and these are faults which no virtues can redeem. It

has been made a serious charge against her, that she has attempted to excuse the crimes of the Revolution. I have read her work and find no ground for such an accusation. Wherever the authoress speaks of that period of mourning and anarchy, the Reign of Terror, her language expresses the indignation with which she is penetrated. Whence then can this charge have originated? It is not difficult to discover. Lady Morgan does not unite in the same proscription the genuine lovers of liberty, and those sanguinary monsters, who, while invoking its name, were its most bitter enemies; she does not make it a crime in the Patriots of 1789, that they were ignorant of the secret of futurity; she absolves Philosophy from the errors of ignorance, and from the excesses of faction—and such opinions are not to expect toleration. The distinctions she has thus drawn between the partisans of licence, and the sincere friends of a regulated liberty, does honour to her discernment; it is just, and it requires all the blindness of thwarted personal interest not to perceive it.'

A new novel, *Florence MacCarthy*, followed *France*, and it was in this story that Lady Morgan drew her portrait of Croker. The novel struck deeply at the social and political abuses in Irish Government. But, as the novelist's biographer has well observed, the heroine is 'as wild, fascinating, romantic, and extravagant as ever trod the stage of a theatre or the pages of a romance. Florence MacCarthy appears always in disguise and masquerade—flits about like a will-of-the-wisp, mystifying everybody—setting the wrong to rights, "confounding the politics and frustrating the knavish tricks" of all who mean wrong to Ireland. Like all Lady Morgan's heroines, she is endowed with very little money, but no end of beauty, good sense, wit, and is the representative of a real *ould* Irish noble family of decayed fortunes. It is curious that whilst the story is wildly improbable, the accessories are all true, not only in spirit, but in the letter. The heroine, Florence MacCarthy, has the mission (self-imposed and followed *con-*

amore) of arousing a charming young Irishman to a sense of what he owes to his country, and stimulating his indignation against the oppressions and abuses especially crying for redress. The sketches of character she pictures of fashionable society in Dublin, the English fine ladies and dandies of the period, the Irish characters both of the good and the despicable class—in short all the shades and varieties of the moral and social influences at work in Ireland at the time, are given with a subtlety and vividness which is wonderful; they are dashed off with vigour. They live, and move, and bear their truth to nature stamped upon them in every line. Mr. Crawley, the Castle hack, and all his tribe, the toadies and servile tools of Government, embody what were then the worst evils of English rule in Ireland.

'All the Crawley sketches are supreme and inimitable for the racy humour, the genuine fun Lady Morgan has thrown into their portraits. They are etched with a sarcasm that bites like aqua fortis; but the humour tempers and mellows the malice. In this family sketch she paid her debt to Croker, who, rightly or wrongly, had the credit of being the author, not only of the attack on *France*, but of all the other assaults upon her in the *Quarterly*.'

In March, 1818, the publisher, Colburn, offered the Morgans £2,000 to pay a visit to Italy, and write a work upon that country, similar in scope and design to the one which had been so successful on France. Lady Morgan was to supply the observations and sketches on men, manners, and incidents worthy of note; and Sir Charles to contribute the chapters on the state of the laws, the influence of politics, and the condition of science and education. The offer was accepted, and the travellers set forth from Dublin, spending some time *en route* in London and Paris. Their experiences in those cities were published forty years later in *The Odd Volume*. From Paris, General Lafayette carried her off almost by force to his magnificent château at La Grange. He was very communicative,

and told her many curious anecdotes—as, for example, of his once going to a *bal masqué* at the Opera with Marie Antoinette upon his arm, the King knowing nothing of it ; and there were other *morceaux*, illustrative of the spirit of adventure prevalent in the Court of Versailles when the haughty daughter of Austria presided over it. Returning to Paris, Lady Morgan met Humboldt, Talma, Cuvier, Duchênois, Denon, and Thierry. Auguste de Staël, Corinne's son, attended her receptions, and among others were the Princess Jablonowski, Madame de Villetti, Baron Gérard, Jouy, Sismondi, Lacroix, De Ségur, Constant, &c. In Italy she was well received in the most brilliant circles ; and at a reception at the Countess of Albany's she occupied the seat of honour, being quite the queen of the room. Thomas Moore dined with the Morgans at Florence, and seemed astonished at the attention they received. At Rome, Lady Morgan was presented to Pope Pius VII. But in the midst of festivities and receptions she never forgot her work. She had already collected material for her first volume on the Alps, Piedmont, Lombardy, Genoa, Placenza, Parma, Modena, and Bologna ; and she was now engaged with that for the second volume, dealing with Tuscany, Rome, Naples, and Venice.

After a sojourn abroad of two years, the Morgans returned to England, and *Italy* was published in June, 1821. Notwithstanding many faults, it was a faithful description of the condition of Italy, moral and political, as it appeared at the period of the restoration of the Bourbons. Byron, who had attacked Lady Morgan in one of the notes to *Childe Harold*, laughed scornfully when he heard she was to produce a book on Italy—a country which of course he knew thoroughly. But when he read the work itself he changed his tone, and wrote to Moore : 'By the way, when you write to Lady Morgan, will you thank her for her handsome speeches in her book about *my* books ? I do not know her address. Her work is fearless and excellent on the subject of Italy—pray tell her so—and I know the country. I wish she had fallen in with me. I could have told

her a thing or two that would have confirmed her positions.' *Italy* created a genuine sensation, and the *Press*, *Globe*, *Herald*, *Statesman*, &c., reviewed it enthusiastically. Several of the prominent journals, however, were far from warm in its praise, while the *Quarterly* emptied upon it all the vials of its Billingsgate rhetoric. In a short notice of only four pages it managed to concentrate a wonderful amount of coarse abuse. '*Italy*,' said the reviewer, 'is a series of offences against good morals, good politics, good sense, and good taste;' and he went on to say, 'this woman is incorrigible,' and 'her indelicacy, ignorance, vanity and malignity, exceed all credence,' while 'every page teems with errors of all kinds, from the most disgusting down to the most ludicrous.' Whatever Lady Morgan was or was not, she was certainly bright and vivacious in style, yet the reviewer coolly spoke of 'the narcotic influence of her prating, prosing, and plagiarism.' Then, in an outrageous as well as a lying passage, he remarked that, 'notwithstanding the obstetric skill of Sir Charles Morgan (who we believe is a man mid-wife), this book dropt all but still-born from the press.' Such violent criticism as this was bound to defeat its own ends, and, in fact, it made Lady Morgan friends, instead of estranging those she had. A criticism of another type, which one can really enjoy, was a parody of Campbell's beautiful poem, *Lochiel's Warning*. It was written by a distinguished man, and he thus amusingly made Sir Charles Morgan address his wife:—

'Glorvina! Glorvina! beware of the day
When the *Quarterly* meets thee in battle array;
For thy volumes, all damned, rush unread on my sight,
Glorvina! Glorvina! ah, think ere you write!
See! see; where the witty and wise about town
Are struggling, who, foremost, shall trample thee down.
Proud Gifford before hath insulted the slain!
And Croker, in spleen, may pursue thee again!
Weep, Lady! thy prospects are faded—undone—
Oh, weep! but thy tears only add to this fun!
For their black ink is poison a dagger their pen,
And the book they once stab, may not waken again.'

Blackwood was as severe as the *Quarterly*, but if the object was to stop the sale of *Italy*, the critics did not succeed. Lady Morgan defended herself in a trenchant article in the *New Monthly*, while her publisher wrote to the *Times* saying: 'I am ready to prove that 500 copies of this work were sold on the day of publication; that more copies have been disposed of during the last month, and since the appearance of the *Quarterly Review*, than in any preceding one since the day of publication; that a new edition is in preparation; that two editions, amounting to 4,000 copies, have been printed at Paris, and another in Belgium: and, as a further testimony to the value of Lady Morgan's writings, I seize the present opportunity of publicly declaring my entire satisfaction at the result of the undertaking; and that I shall be most happy to receive from the authoress another work of equal interest, on the same terms.' Colburn and Lady Morgan certainly seem to have had the best of this controversy.

The next work by Lady Morgan was the *Life and Times of Salvator Rosa*. She had been drawn towards the artist during her stay in Italy. Although she used every possible effort to prepare a full and accurate account of Salvator Rosa's works, it was more as the patriot than the artist that she dealt with him. She found that he had been much misrepresented, and in her preface to the first edition of the work—published in 1823, in two volumes octavo—she said: 'Should it be deemed worthy of enquiring why I selected the Life of Salvator Rosa as a subject of biographical memoir in preference to that of any other illustrious painter of the Italian Schools, I answer that I was influenced in my preference more by the peculiar character of the man than the extraordinary merits of the artist. For admiring the works of the great Neapolitan master with an enthusiasm unknown perhaps to the sobriety of professed virtuoso, I estimated still more highly the qualities of the Italian patriot, who, stepping boldly in advance of a degraded age, stood in the foreground of his times, like one of his own spirited and

graceful figures when all around him was timid mannerism, and grovelling subserviency. I took the opportunity of my residence in Italy to make some verbal enquiries as to the private character and story of a man whose powerful intellect and deep feeling, no less than his wild and glowing imagination, came forth even in his most petulant sketches and careless designs. It was evident that over the name of Salvator Rosa there hung some spell, dark as one of his own incantations. I was referred for information to the *Parnasso Italiano*, one of the few modern works published "with the full approbation of the Grand Inquisitor of the Holy Office." In its consecrated pages I found Salvator Rosa described as being of "low birth, indigent circumstances, of a subtle organisation and an unregulated mind, one whose life had been disorderly, and whose associates had been chosen among musicians and buffoons." This discrepancy between the man and his works awakened suspicions which led to further enquiry and deeper research. It was then I discovered that the sublime painter was in fact precisely the reverse in life and character of all that he had been represented. As I found, so I have represented him, and if (led by a natural sympathy to make common cause with all who suffer by misrepresentation) I have been the *first* (my only merit) to light a taper at the long-neglected shrine, and to raise the veil of calumny from the splendid image of slandered genius, I trust it is still reserved for some compatriot hand to restore the memory of Salvator Rosa to all its original brightness.'

It is stated that the *Life of Salvator Rosa* was the favourite of all her works with Lady Morgan. If industry and brilliancy could make a work successful, then this book deserved the epithet, but it was written too much from the standpoint of the advocate and the partisan, and even the Whig Review, the *Edinburgh*, opened a raking fire upon it. Notwithstanding its defects, however, it may still be read with pleasure and profit.

At this period there was actually an attempt made to de-

prive Sir Charles Morgan of his knighthood, on the ground that the Lord Lieutenant had no power to confer this title. While Lady Morgan and her brother-in-law, Sir Arthur Clarke, were chiefly aimed at in this hostile and dastardly action, had it succeeded such men as Sir Edward Stanley, Sir John Stevenson, and that staunch conservative Sir William Betham, would have been brought down as well. But the attempt failed. The case was argued in England before the judges, at the residence of Lord Chief Justice Dallas. Two judges were unable to attend from illness; but the other ten were unanimously of opinion that the Lord Lieutenant did possess the power, and that knights created by him were knights through out the world.

While the *Salvator Rosa* was in progress, Colburn offered Lady Morgan £2,000 for a work on Germany similar to those on Italy and France, but for various reasons nothing came of the project. There were quarrels about remuneration at this period—Lady Morgan complaining that she was not allowed to participate fairly in the publisher's 'great gains' from her works, while Colburn denied the soft impeachment as to the 'great gains' altogether. But Lady Morgan herself had not done badly. It appeared from her private accounts—which were kept with all the exactitude of a chancellor of the exchequer—that she had a nice little sum of £6,421 14s. 10d. out at interest. Many an author of greater and more deserved repute has never been able to store such gains.

In 1824 Lady Morgan wrote her essay on *Absenteeism* for the *New Monthly*. After opening with a rhetorical sketch of the ancient glories of Ireland, the article goes on to allege that 'English treachery and tyranny first made Ireland uninhabitable, and then punished its inhabitants for trying to leave. Like a true apologist and partisan, whilst she cannot deny the fact of absenteeism, nor the evils which the absence of a resident gentry entailed upon the country, she argues away the blame from the natives and lays it upon the English Government.'

Lady Morgan once declared that in all her Irish writings she had never written with malice aforethought, and had never denounced a public wrong which had not came home to her own feelings through the spectacle of private suffering.

Lady Morgan was in London in 1825, and went a good deal into society. Here is one out of many entertaining entries in her diary: '*London.*—Curious visitors—General Pepe, the Neapolitan chief, and all the young revolutionary leaders of Piedmont and Lombardy,—the eldest but twenty-nine,—with me every day and talking of erecting a statue to me when Italy shall be free—*hélas!* Sir Robert Wilson called on me; mild and interesting-looking; speaking well, but with gravity; must have been, and indeed is still, very handsome. General Pepe most affected of all the Italians I have seen by the disasters of Naples. Lady Caroline Lamb called,—quite comical, talking religion, and offering me half-a-dozen of her pages. Went to Miss White's assembly; found her in the midst of a brilliant crowd, dying of the dropsy. Many persons presented to me of notoriety,—Washington Irving, author of *The Sketch Book*, the Magnus Apollo of the *bas bleus*,—Hallam, author of *The Middle Ages*. Moore (Anacreon) called to-day; said: "Murray raves of you, not as an author only, *entendez vous*, but as a woman." When I told this to Colburn he looked aghast. I said to him, "Colburn, I observed to Mr. Moore that I hoped my conquest would get me a good price for my next book." "Did you say that?" exclaimed Colburn, in a pathetic tone. His fear of his author is like the Irish Quaker's complaint, of "somebody having taken his drumstick from him."'

Lady Morgan's tea-parties in Dublin were quite famous. Among those who frequented them, to partake of the cup which cheers but not inebriates, were Sheil, Curran, Lords Cloncurry, Charlemont, Dunsany, and Milltown, Hamilton Rowan, Thomas Moore, Samuel Lover, Chief Baron Woulfe, and occasionally the brilliant but erratic Charles Robert Maturin, the author of *Melmoth*. On one occasion Lady Mor-

gan caught her own name in a ballad being sung by a street-minstrel beneath her window. Sending out for the song, she found this stanza in it :—

> 'Och, Dublin city, there is no doubtin'
> Bates every city upon the say ;
> 'Tis there you'd hear O'Connell spoutin',
> An' Lady Morgan makin' tay ;
> For 'tis the capital of the finest Nation,
> Wid charmin' pisantry on a fruitful sod,
> Fightin' like divils for conciliation,
> An' hatin' each other for the love of God.'

The novel of *The O'Briens and the O'Flaherties* was published in 1827. To show the popularity of Lady Morgan, it may be mentioned that Colburn gave her £1,300 down for the copyright, and £100 each on the second and third editions — no edition being allowed to exceed three thousand copies. The work was more popular than any of her former tales. The pictures of Irish society immediately before and after the Union, and the characters of the vice-regal court under the Duke of Rutland, had a peculiar interest at the time the book came out which has now evaporated ; but there is still the perennial interest of human nature, dashes of Irish humour and Irish pathos, and traits of manners not now to be found, — for the Irish peasant of the present day is quite a different creature. As a repertory of the manners, customs, grievances, and society as it existed, both in Dublin and the provinces, in the time when Ireland was the seat of mis-government and mistake, *The O'Briens and the O'Flaherties* will always be a standard book of reference.

The novel was full of racy Irish fun and delicate satire. Jordan was severe upon it in the *Literary Gazette*, but he could not arrest its popularity. 'Two or three years ago,' said the critic, 'when we happened to dissent from Lady Morgan on some literary estimate, she published a replication, in which she elegantly threatened to *stir us up with a long pole*. We have

read *The O'Briens and the O'Flaherties*, and we are convinced, by its length, that it is the identical pole which was then menaced.' Then he proceeded to attack the book on the score of its impurity. This caustic assault had an important result. Colburn was so enraged at it that he opened up negotiations with James Silk Buckingham, who started the rival organ, *The Athenæum*, which has long survived its predecessor.

Sir Charles and Lady Morgan rejoiced greatly over the triumph of the Catholic Emancipation movement in 1829, for none had worked more indefatigably than they to achieve this end. As soon as the carrying of a Relief Act became assured, the Catholic Association—of which Sir Charles had been a zealous member—was dissolved. In the last preface to her *Wild Irish Girl*, Lady Morgan described the Association as 'the greatest league of genius, patriotism, and courage, that Ireland ever had associated in her cause.'

In April, 1829, Lady Morgan published her *Book of the Boudoir*, a series of auto-biographical sketches, and recollections of her friends. It was the least meritorious of all her later productions, and even her apologists have admitted that it was careless, flippant, and egotistical. Her ancient enemies, the critics, endeavoured to fasten worse charges than this upon it, but once more they were unduly prejudiced.

A second book on *France*, as it appeared in 1829-30, was now undertaken by Lady Morgan, and it was issued in September of the latter year. It was undoubtedly superior to her previous work, and on the whole it may be regarded as one of the best monuments of her literary fame. The general reader would scarcely go the length of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's admiration for this book, but he has in the main so happily indicated its merits in his analysis of the work, that I quote this passage from him: 'The political and social shades of society in France immediately previous to the revolution of 1830, "the three glorious days" which have now passed into oblivion along with much other "pomp and glory of the world," are

caught like a rainbow at the brightest moment. The men and women of the time—the politics, the pictures, the music, the drama, the shrines of historical interest and of social associations—may be seen as in a magic mirror. The chapter on the drama brings back the faint echoes of names which in our youths filled the public ear. When Mademoiselle Leontine Fay was the young, handsome, charming *jeune première* of the Théâtre de Madame, "drawing fast-falling, unconscious tears and half-stifled sobs from all Paris in the *Mariage d'Inclination*"; and when Dumas' Henri III. was a new piece, with Mademoiselle Mars for its heroine, Rossini is spoken of as "overwhelmed with his professional labours," putting the finish to his *William Tell*, which had been for the last two months the topic of conversation and expectation in the musical world of fashion. The chapter on romanticists and classicists is very amusing. Lamartine, Victor Hugo, St. Beuve, were then *faisant leurs épreuves*, and are noticed as new authors. The chapter on modern literature contains some excellent criticism and sound remarks. The chapter called *Mornings at Paris* is a charming *resumé* of people and things. Names appear on each page with a personal sketch or a *mot*, which makes the reader at once of their society. There is a visit of Béranger in the prison of La Force; and there are two memorable dinners—one at the Comte de Ségur's with a record of the conversation as fresh and as amusing as if it were not on topics half a century old; the other, a dinner of Baron Rothschild's, dressed by the great Carême, who had erected a column of the most ingenious confectionery architecture, on which he had inscribed Lady Morgan's name in spun sugar. What woman would not have been flattered by such a tribute! The chapter on *The Archives of France* contains a lively account of her pilgrimage to shrines dear from historical associations, but not set down in any guide book, and disappearing under the march of imperial improvement. It would be impossible to give a detailed criticism of these two charming volumes, but we

would advise our readers in their own interest to send for them, instead of "something new from Mudie." The chapters by Sir C. Morgan consist of articles on philosophy, public journals, primogeniture, and public opinion. They are good, and the conscientious opinions of a man whose indorsement is worthy of respect.'

The second *France* led to a rupture with Colburn, and to serious trouble for Lady Morgan She had written to her old publisher several times with respect to her new work without getting a satisfactory answer, so she offered it to Saunders and Otley, who accepted her specified terms, viz., £1,000 for the copyright. Colburn was furious, and immediately the work appeared, he put forth an advertisement in the newspapers offering her previous works at half-price. 'The advertisement stated that in consequence of the great losses which he had sustained by Lady Morgan's former works, Mr. Colburn had declined this present book on France, and that all the copies of her books might be had at half-price. Nothing more insulting to Lady Morgan or more damaging to the success of the new work, could have been contrived.' She was helpless against the manœuvre, which proved most disastrous to her new publishers. The law was called into action, and eventually Colburn withdrew his injurious statements, and made some proposal which satisfied his rivals. Lady Morgan, in order to compensate them also as far as she could, gave Saunders and Otley her next book on easier terms, but unfortunately it did not answer expectations. Thomas Campbell, the poet, who was editor of Colburn's *New Monthly*, was placed in a difficult position by this literary quarrel, for he was a friend of the Morgans, and yet closely associated with Colburn. To his honour, however, he did his best to act uprightly, and to compose matters between the parties.

Lady Morgan's correspondence contains interesting glimpses of celebrities of all kinds—including a foreign Prince who pilloried her in his book in return for her hospitality; Paganini,

the violinist; Lady Caroline Lamb, who wrote her some of the strangest letters about Byron and herself; the Countess of Guiccioli, who sent her some of Byron's hair and his autograph; Lady Cork, the Whig leader of society; Madame Patterson Bonaparte, wife of King Jerome; Mrs. Hemans, who had a genuine admiration for a woman who was in every respect a striking contrast to herself; Thomas Moore, who made himself agreeable at her parties; and the Earl of Derby—the 'Rupert of debate'—when Mr. Stanley, Chief Secretary for Ireland. On one occasion Mr. Stanley endeavoured to catch her ladyship. She states that he said to her, with a half sneer on his face, 'Oh, Lady Morgan, you are a great Irish historian, can you give me a census of the population of Ireland in the reign of Henry II.?' She affected confusion, and replied —'Well, no, Mr. Stanley, not accurately; but may I presume to ask you what is the census of the English people in the reign of William IV.?'

A volume of *Dramatic Scenes and Sketches*, by Lady Morgan, was published in 1833. To show the sharp difference of opinion which always prevailed among the reviewers of her ladyship's works, one authority pronounced these *Scenes* to be 'very poor in matter and affected in style'; while another held that they were 'written in a very forcible and effective manner.' The truth, as usual, lay between the two. It was the writer's aim to show 'the condition of Ireland as a country, and the state of the Irish peasantry, their sorrows and ignorance; the evil influence of agents and middlemen in the absenteeism of the landlords; and the clashing pretensions of the High Protestant Church party with the priests.' She was anxious to demonstrate 'the ignorance and misconception which prevailed in England of the real condition and necessities of the country; the difficulties, almost impossibilities, thrown in the way of Irish landlords wishing to do their duty, and to see with their own eyes what measures of reform and relief were urgently needed.' Notwithstanding the serious purport

of the sketches, however, they were by no means destitute of humour.

Turning to social matters for a moment, here is an entry from Lady Morgan's diary: 'The party at Lady Cork's had some curious contrasts. There was Lady Charleville herself, the centre of a circle in her great chair. Lady Dacre, author of everything: plays, poems, novels, etc., etc.; Lady Charlotte Campbell, author of *Conduct is Fate;* Miss Jane Porter (*Thaddeus of Warsaw*), cold as ever, though the muse of tragedy in appearance; Mrs. Bulwer Lytton, the muse of comedy; Lady Stepney, the author of *The New Road to Ruin;* lots of lay men and women, a crowd of saints and sinners. The men were still more odd. Sir Charles Wetherell; Prince Cimitelli; D'Israeli, who ran off as I skipped in; some other remarkables, and one young man, Lord Oxmantown, an impersonation of a "Committee of the House."'

Here is an interesting sketch of Taglioni, the celebrated dancer: 'She was brought to us by her husband, who is the son of a peer of France, and ex-page to Bonaparte. She was quiet, lady-like, and simple, her dress elegant but neat. She told me her father was *maître de ballet*, and had early instructed her, but she had so little vocation, that when she came to Paris, she had no hope of success. As to her habits of life, she said she lived temperately, dining on plain roasts at three o'clock, never sleeping after dinner, nor taking anything till after her exertions at the theatre were over; then, she supped on tea. She practises two or three hours a day. She said that the moment force was introduced in dancing, grace vanished; her rule was never to make an effort but to give herself up to nature and the great delight she had in dancing. She said she never was so happy as when dancing. The moment she comes off the stage her ankles are wrapt in woollen socks, and when she goes home her feet are bathed in arrow-root water.'

At one party she speaks of meeting 'Mrs. Bulwer Lytton, handsome, indolent, and unamiable, to judge by her style and

manners. She and all the *demi-esprits* looked daggers at *me*.' At the Countess of Montalembert's she appears to have been somewhat ruffled by the late Lord Beaconsfield, for she remarks, 'That egregious coxcomb, Disraeli, was there, outraging the privilege a young man has of being absurd.' Again, she meets with the Duchess of Cleveland, 'a very pleasant woman, full of spirit and spirits. It was curious to see that handsome head encircled with diamonds, which first attracted notice under a basket of onions and salad. She was a garden-girl, attending the London markets; what a romance was hers!' To Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who had once refused a crown, she laughingly offered the crown of Ireland, but he smiled and said, '*Point de couronne, point de couronne*.' Talking with the great Pasta, Lady Morgan said, 'I remember, one night, being with you in your dressing-room when you had just come off the stage in your highest-wrought scene, your woman had a bit of cold roast beef ready to put into your mouth, and some porter, "*Ah, si*," was her reply, "*Mais je ne prends plus la viande, et pour le porter*, I take it half and half."' London slang in sweet broken English from the lips of Medea had the oddest effect imaginable. She lived to be disillusioned of the Liberator O'Connell, for she said to an English minister, 'The eel is a lump of lead compared with O'Connell; he has no one fixed principle; the end, with him, consecrates the means, and that end is—O'Connell, the beginning and the end of all things.'

As the result of a tour in Belgium and up the Rhine, Lady Morgan published, towards the close of 1834, a novel called *The Princess, or the Béguine*. There were some pretty scenes in it dealing with a poor young female artist, but its leading object was to interest the public in the new kingdom of Belgium, and to give a knowledge of the Belgian question and the conditions which had obtained since the Revolution of 1830. It contained also some clever English and Irish transcripts of character, and was distinctly a work beyond the

average, but from the pecuniary point of view it failed to realise anything like her earlier profits from literature.

A touching historical incident is enshrined in this paragraph from Lady Morgan's diary: 'Last night I met Moore at Lady Stepney's—looking old and ill—much out of spirits, and, he says, weary of London after a day's residence. He had come to publish his *History of Ireland*, but Longman & Co. found it was not half bulky enough, so he was sent back to enlarge it. He would not sing. I delivered a message to him from Lady Charleville. "Tell him he must, as an historian, rectify an error in the life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He praises Lord Camden (then Viceroy) for giving Lady Louisa Conolly permission to see the dying Lord Edward; and he accuses Lord Clare of cruelty for refusing her permission to do so. The case was the reverse. Lady Louisa threw herself at Lord Camden's feet, and *he* refused her petition. Then she flew, in her despair, to Lord Clare, who said, 'I cannot—dare not—give you a written permission, but I will go with you to the prison myself.' They went together, at night. When they came to the door of the miserable room, Lord Clare said, 'I cannot leave you alone with the prisoner, but I will send away the jailor and leave the door open, and watch before it myself. I shall hear nothing.'" Moore seemed much annoyed when I told him this. "I have been bored to death," he said, "by the friends of Lord Clare about this already; but I saw the letter—had it in my hand—in which Lord Clare refused Lady Louisa peremptorily. I have already mentioned the anecdote alluded to by Lady Charleville in my book, but people do not read it. It is not worth while writing for such a public. I am amazed how I have made my way. People read with their prejudices, not with their intellects."'

Continuing her ladyship's reminiscences, we come upon this passage: 'Up comes Bob Montgomery, the poet—he bows to the ground, a handsome little black man. I asked him if he was *Satan* Montgomery? and he said he was, so we began to

be very facetious, and we laughed as if the devil was in *us*, till he was obliged to make place for Sir Alexander Creighton, physician to the late Emperor of Russia, author of a treatise on *Insanity*, a most playful and agreeable old gentleman; we knocked up a friendship for life, and should have gone on gossiping nonsense, but for Godwin, to whom Sir Alexander resigned his place. Alas, for Godwin! *Caleb Williams* Godwin, with whom I almost began my literary life at a dinner at Sir R. Phillips's, my first publisher! He talked of Curran, Grattan, Hamilton Rowan, whom we had known in Ireland—wit, eloquence, chivalry!—now all dust! Then we got on the subject of his poor son-in-law, Shelley, and his daughter, whom I shall go and see as soon as she comes to town.'

Now comes a little touch of feminine vanity, in which Lady Morgan was by no means deficient: 'Last night at Lady Stepney's, met the Milmans, Lady Charlotte Bury, Mrs. Norton, Rogers, Sydney Smith, and other wits and authors. Amongst others, poor dear Jane Porter; she told me she was taken for me the other night and talked to *as such* by a party of Americans! She is tall, lank and lean, and lackadaisical, dressed in the deepest black, with rather a battered black gauze hat, and the air of a regular Melpomene. I am the reverse of all this, *et sans vanité*, the best dressed woman wherever I go. Last night I wore a blue satin, trimmed fully with magnificent point lace, and stomacher, *à la Sevigné*, light blue velvet hat and feather, with an *aigrette* of sapphires and diamonds! *Voilà!* The party at the Murchison's—Lord Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review* — Lockhart, of the *Quarterly;* Hallam, *Middle Ages;* Milman, the poet; Mrs. Somerville, etc., etc. Lord Jeffrey came up to me, and we had such a flirtation. When he comes to Ireland, we are to go to Donnybrook Fair together; in short, having cut me down with his tomahawk as a *reviewer*, he smothers me with roses *as a man;* and so he comes to see me. I always say of my enemies before we meet, "Let me at them."'

When the British Association visited Dublin in August, 1835, Lady Morgan kept open house for Babbage, Lardner, Whewell, Sedgwick, and other distinguished scientists. Her sister, Lady Clarke, composed a song about the philosophers to the tune of 'All we want is to settle the play,' and she sang it to them with great effect. This clever *jeu d'esprit*, 'Fun and Philosophy,' is so good that I reproduce it:—

'Heigh for ould Ireland! oh, would you require a land
Where men by nature are all quite the thing,
Where pure inspiration has taught the whole nation
To fight, love and reason, talk politics, sing;
'Tis Pat's mathematical, chemical, tactical,
Knowing and practical, fanciful, gay.
Fun and philosophy, supping and sophistry,
There's nothing in life that is out of his way.

'He makes light of optics, and sees through dioptrics,
He's a dab at projectiles—ne'er misses his man;
He's complete in attraction, and quick at re-action,
By the doctrine of chances he squares every plan;
In hydraulics so frisky, the whole Bay of Biscay,
If it flowed but with whisky, he'd stow it away.
Fun and philosophy, supping and sophistry,
There's nothing in life that is out of his way.

'So to him cross over savant and philosopher,
Thinking, God help them! to bother us all;
But they'll find that for knowledge, 'tis at our own College,
Themselves must inquire for—beds, dinner, or ball;
There are lectures to tire, and good lodgings to hire,
To all who require, and have money to pay;
While fun and philosophy, supping and sophistry,
Ladies and lecturing fill up the day.

'Here's our *déjeuner*, put down your shilling, pray,
See all the curious bastes, *after* their feed;
Lovely lips, Moore has said, must evermore be fed.
So this is but suiting the word to the deed;
Perhaps you'll be thinking that eating and drinking,
While wisdom sits blinking, is rather too gay;
But fun and philosophy, supping and sophistry,
Are all very sensible things in their way.

So at The Rotundo, we all sorts of fun do,
Hard hearts and pig-iron we melt in one flame ;
For if love blows the bellows, our tough College Fellows
Will thaw into rapture at each lovely dame.
There, too, *sans* apology, tea, tarts, and tautology,
Are given with zoology, to grave and to gay ;
Thus fun and philosophy, supping and sophistry,
Send all home to England, happy and gay.'

In May, 1837, at the instance of Lord Morpeth, Lord Melbourne recommended Lady Morgan to his Majesty for a Civil List pension of £300 per annum. The amount was the highest which could be conferred, and the honour was doubly appreciated by the recipient, as it was entirely unsolicited on her part. The pension was granted in consideration of her literary services, and the Prime Minister, in his letter to Lady Morgan, remarked, 'It is a gratifying reflection that no doubt can exist but that your talents and exertions afford ample grounds for the advice which I have humbly given to his Majesty, upon the present occasion.' During the ensuing autumn, the Morgans left Dublin, and took up their abode permanently in London. When taunted some years afterwards with absenteeism, Lady Morgan wittily replied that her property in Ireland was 'personal' not 'real,' and that the tenant-farm of a drawing-room balcony, worked for the raising of annual crops of mignonette for home consumption, was the only territorial possession in Ireland she ever enjoyed. The battle of Catholic Emancipation had been fought and won, the Catholic Association was dissolved, and now at the desire of her husband she accompanied him to England, as he desired to spend his last years in his native land. She also longed for the literary and social delights of London.

Lady Morgan wrote the first part of her important work, *Woman and her Master*, in 1839, and as she had buried the hatchet with Colburn, it was issued by her old publisher. The work endeavoured to assess the position which woman

ought to occupy in the order and progress of society. The writer showed that she had not only studied the works of Bentham, Godwin, Condorcet, and others, but that she could supplement them in many points. Giving first a graphic sketch of the inception and progress of civilisation, she went on to show that woman had not been suffered to advance with the advancing intelligence of man. The work was not complete, but in one passage Lady Morgan thus referred to the modern position of woman: 'Even now, when supremacy has been transferred from muscle to mind, has that most subtle spirit—that being of most mobile fibre, that most sensitive and apprehensive organisation—has *she*, whom God placed to be a mate and a help to man, at the head of his creation, the foundress of nations, the embellisher of races, has she alone been left behind, at the very starting point of civilisation, while around her all progresses and improves? And is man still "the master"? and does he, by a misdirected self-love, still perpetuate her ignorance and her dependence, when her emancipation and improvement are most wanting, as the crowning element of his own happiness?

'If, in the first era of society, woman was the victim of man's physical superiority, she is still, in the last, the subject of laws, in the enactment of which she has had no voice—amenable to the penalties of a code from which she derives but little protection. While man, in his first crude attempts at jurisprudence, has surrounded the sex with restraints and disabilities, he has left its natural rights unguarded, and its liberty unacknowledged. Merging the very existence of woman in his own, he has allowed her no separate interest, assigned her no independent possessions; "for," says the law—the law of man—"the husband is the head of the wife, and all that she has belongs to him." Even the fruit of her own labour is torn from her, unless she is protected by the solitary blessedness of a derided but innocent celibacy.'

In consequence of failing eyesight, Lady Morgan was never able to complete *Woman and her Master*, although she had collected all the materials necessary for the task. A curious entry appears in her ladyship's diary under date June 9, 1840: 'Just read the account of the funeral of Mary, Dowager Countess of Cork and Orrery; she died in harness, full of bitterness and good dinners.' In 1842 Sir Charles and Lady Morgan published their joint work, *A Book Without a Name*. The title was happier than the book, which consisted of a collection of sketches and articles contributed to the *Metropolitan*, the *New Monthly*, and the *Athenæum*. Some letters which the Whig parson and wit, Sydney Smith, wrote to Lady Morgan were very amusing. In one he swore 'by that beautiful Christian name we both bear' to go to dinner if possible; and here is his apology on a later occasion: 'I had fully intended, my dear madam, to have been of your party to-night; but I went to the Thames Tunnel, and have destroyed myself by walking under the river, and descending and ascending one hundred and twenty steps; there was a suffocating heat and a want of ventilation for which I was not prepared. I am astonished that the Thames submits to the insult; one day or another it will come down upon the subaqueous intruders with all the force of a basin of water flung from the seventh story of a house in Edinburgh.'

The second great sorrow of Lady Morgan's life was experienced in 1843, when her husband died of heart disease after a fortnight's illness. The shock was great to the survivor, but the loss of her friend and guide was felt still more as the years went on. After a time, however, she sought to assuage her grief by again going into society. But in the succeeding year she lost another friend, Thomas Campbell, of whom she gives these amusing reminiscences:—

'*July*, 1844.—Another gone—poor Campbell! Oh for the day that I first saw him led in by Sir Thomas Lawrence, up the great dining-room of the Priory' (Stanmore), 'in the middle

of one of the great Saturday dinners! I was seated between Lord Aberdeen and Manners Sutton—the latter gave Campbell his seat beside me—opposite to us were Lord Erskine and the Duchess of Gordon. Campbell was awkward, and went on taking his soup as if he was eating a haggis in the Highlands; but when he put his knife in the salt-cellar to help himself to salt, every eye-glass was up, and the *first* poet of the age was voted the vulgarest of men. His *coup de grâce*, however, was in the evening, when he took the *unapproachable* Marquis of Abercorn by the buttonhole that joined his star! Oh, my stars! I thought we should all die of it, knowing the *extreme* fastidiousness of the possessor of the star. Next morning he went about asking everyone if they could "take him into town with a wee bit of a portmanteau?" Lady Asgill (the most charming of coquettes) gave a place in her carriage to the man who, by a line, could give her immortality.'

The greatest calamity which could befall Lady Morgan after the death of her husband fell upon her in April, 1845, when she lost her beloved sister Olivia, Lady Clarke. She touchingly wrote after this bereavement, 'I cannot weep, and have none to weep with, for I am alone. All my old friends and new acquaintances have been to my door to offer their sympathy, but I am beyond the reach of solace now; I almost think this last blow has struck most home.'

Other friends quickly passed over to the majority, including the O'Conor Don, 'one of the honestest and best men Ireland ever had to boast of,' and a 'lineal descendant of the supreme kings of Ireland.' When Lord Melbourne's death was announced she exclaimed, 'How many passages of my own life are recalled by his death! How long I knew him, how much I owed him, what joyous days and nights I have passed in his charming society, from my girlhood to this moment!' Here is an entry in her diary of a different character: 'January 12, 1848.—Went to Eliot Warburton's marriage with

my friend Miss Groves—a marriage made, I do believe, on my little balcony. All the muses assisted at the literary nuptials—Monckton Milnes, Hayward, Eōthen Kinglake,—I was the only *she* muse there.' Little could those present at this interesting ceremony foresee that in four short years from this time, the happy bridegroom would perish at sea in the ill-fated ship *Amazon*, which was destroyed by fire!

Sir Robert Wilson, another friend of Lady Morgan's—and who chivalrously perilled his own liberty and position in effecting the escape of Count Lavallette—died in 1849; Horace Smith, of *Rejected Addresses* fame, and who was warmly regarded both by Sir Charles and Lady Morgan, followed: he in turn was succeeded by Lord Jeffrey; and then came the greatest of these losses—that of Thomas Moore. 'It has struck me home,' wrote Lady Morgan; 'I did not think I should ever shed tears again; but I have.' As the result of her initiative, a national Irish monument was raised to the memory of the popular poet. Her ladyship's other obituary reminiscences include Charles Kemble, 'the last and best of the whole stock—beautiful, graceful, gallant, and a very fine gentleman'; the Italian patriot, Silvio Pellico, a noble soul with whom Sir Charles and Lady Morgan had passed many a moonlight night in a gondola on the Lake of Como; old Colburn, the publisher, whom she described as 'my brilliant advertiser and publisher of thirty years! One who could not take his tea without a stratagem'; General Pepe, 'one of the noblest men in the contemporary history of modern Italy'; and last, but not least, her brother-in-law and true friend, Sir Arthur Clarke.

On the first day of 1859 appeared Lady Morgan's *Odd Volume*. at this time the writer was about eighty years of age, but she was seemingly able to work with all her old enthusiasm and energy. And although the last great enemy was approaching, she bade him defiance as long as she could. Indeed, she once said to Sir Emerson Tennent that 'she believed we might all live just as long as we liked—that, in fact, she looked upon any

one that would die under a hundred as a suicide.' When asked for her autograph at an advanced age, she wittily and instantaneously responded with this—

> 'Sydney Morgan, her hand and pen—
> She will be good, but God knows when.'

She was vain of her work, and remarked to Mrs. S. C. Hall that she had a right to be, seeing the number of books she had written. As Mr. Jeaffreson has shown in his *Novels and Novelists*, these amount to some seventy volumes. At an age when some would have quailed at the task, she had a spirited literary passage-at-arms with Cardinal Wiseman on the subject of St. Peter's Chair—the visible relic at Rome, not the office. It might be said of her that 'age could not wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety.' Down to the week of her death she continued to give receptions every night, and there probably never was a more winning or popular hostess She had a remarkable freshness of memory, an inexhaustible wealth of anecdote, and a lively wit. As she had travelled so much, and her friends ranged from princes to peasants, she was always able to contribute interesting material at her conversaziones. Her spirits were brilliant, and the enjoyment and love of life strong in her to the last.

On the 11th of April, 1859, Lady Morgan dictated a letter to her friend Lady Combermere, which proved to be her last; yet it was full of interest in things personal and political. She was, however, suffering from illness. Five days later painful attacks of spasmodic breathing began, and during one of the paroxysms she said to her niece, 'Sydney, is this death?' It proved to be so, and on the evening of the same day she calmly and patiently passed away.

It has been observed by her biographer that 'Lady Morgan's house was the resort of all who were best worth knowing in London society, and she had the art of drawing out all the best faculties of those who came to her.' She softened in her

speech as she grew older, and she was always a steady friend of those who cared for her, or who served her in any capacity. Strong good sense was another of her characteristics, and she could courageously tell the truth to her friends when necessary. Everybody can do this to an enemy, but not always to a friend. Lady Morgan enjoyed a full measure of prosperity, as her bank-book showed, and she allowed those whom she loved to share it. She delighted to be with the young, saying that 'living with the young kept her young.' As a writer, she set an excellent example to certain authors of this later generation, for she was destitute of the least taint of literary jealousy. She displayed an unstinted admiration for the works of Banim, Carleton, Davis, and others of her own nationality, and hailed and encouraged the rising genius of Charles Lever. If she loved flattery on the one hand, and knew how to drive a good business bargain on the other, the former trait did no one any harm, while the latter was first exercised to free her father from his embarrassments, and to secure a provision for his old age. Her foibles, which no doubt were many, were all on the surface; while underneath was a brave heart, capable of endurance, and one which had its due share of sufferings and of joys. As for the works of Lady Morgan, they may still be read with interest for their vivid pictures of Irish life, as it existed at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

RACHEL.

RACHEL.

All accounts concur in regarding Rachel as one of the greatest artists who ever trod the tragic stage. Her conceptions were sublime; her power of expressing them was well nigh unequalled; and her gestures and appearance were commanding, dignified, and majestic. In her life as a woman, also, there was something of that tragic element which the actress so magnificently represented on the stage. Her career began in penury and squalor; but before it ended she had conquered both wealth and fame. Her affections were fierce and strong, yet it was through them she was most deeply wounded, and the burning intensity of her mimic passion had been first rehearsed within her own bosom. Such experiences as hers were incompatible with long life, and she died at thirty-seven—an age which has proved fatal to many men and women of genius.

Élisa Rachel Félix, for such was her full designation, was the daughter of an itinerant Jewish pedlar named Abraham Félix, and his wife Esther Haya. Félix was originally intended for a rabbi, but he abandoned the Church and became a travelling commission agent and merchant. Falling upon evil times, he sank lower and lower, until his position became that of a wandering pedlar, who travelled from fair to fair. Although the Félix family was of German origin, Rachel's father had been naturalised as a Frenchman. In 1821 he found himself at Munf, in the canton of Aargau, Switzerland, and in the principal inn of that village, and on the 24th of March in the

above year, the future actress was born. An entry by the burgomaster of the town of Aarau was the only record of the birth. It is a curious circumstance that the six children of Abraham Félix who grew up to maturity were all born in different places —a striking commentary on the nomadic habits of the parents. Sarah, the eldest, was born in Germany, Rachel in Munf, Raphael in Maçon, Rebecca, or Rosalie, in Lyons, Charlotte or Leah, in Marseilles, and Dinah, or Emilia, in Paris. After a time, the Félix family settled down in lodgings at Lyons. They were very poor, and to eke out a subsistence, the child Sarah sang through the streets, while her younger sister Rachel collected the small gifts of the charitable. The theatrical instinct was developed early in Rachel, for once when she and her sister were extremely low in funds, she pretended to faint in front of a *café*. It proved an excellent speculation, for the proprietor took her inside, fed her, and warmed her with wine, and then collected ten francs for the sisters amongst his customers.

About 1830 the Félix household removed to Paris, but the struggle for life was still acute. Rachel often sang with her sister through the streets, and Arséne Houssaye says she would relate how one day in the Place Royale, a benevolent-looking man with kindly eyes, who was evidently attracted by her look of intelligence, dropped a five-franc piece into her hand. As she watched his retreating figure, a bystander said, 'That is Victor Hugo.' A strange meeting between the acknowledged head of the romantic drama and the future exponent of the classical. Étienne Choron, teacher of a music class in the Rue de Vaugirard, also encountered Rachel on the Boulevards, and was astonished by the promise she gave. He took both girls to the School of Sacred Music, and trained their voices; but after a time Rachel manifested more talent for declamation than singing. She therefore left the school in December, 1834, and passed under the care of M. Saint Aulaire, for the purpose of being prepared for the stage. Under him her dramatic

gifts were first developed, and he made her read the best French authors, both of comedy and tragedy. With the perversity of genius, Rachel desired to shine in comedy, for which she had little adaptability, and it was long before she yielded to the conviction that her real *forte* was tragedy. On a certain day in 1836, Saint Aulaire called on the Director of the Comédie Française, Jouslin de la Salle, and told him of his extraordinary pupil, whom he called *La petite Diablesse.* Jouslin thus described the interview: 'Saint Aulaire entered my office one morning, and spoke with extreme animation about a poor Jewish girl, whom he described to me as the ideal of tragedy, and the only person capable of recalling the *chefs d'œuvres* of our tragic repertory. It was Rachel for whom the Professor demanded an audience, which I granted on the spot. Mademoiselle Mars, myself, and Mademoiselle Anaïs were the only persons present. Sainte Aulaire recited with the *débutante*, who was then very small. She had selected Hermione in *Andromaque*, and Mariette in the *Dépit Amoureux*. She commenced with the latter, in which she showed no remarkable talent; but she had hardly finished, in *Andromaque*, the ironical passage, "The Farewell to Orestes," than we uttered exclamations of surprise. For a very long time we had not heard the verses declaimed with so much precision or such energy. The performance over, Mademoiselle Mars kissed the young girl (who was quite moved by the success she had just achieved), and evinced great interest in her. Upon the remark that she was very short for the parts of queens and great heroines, the characters she had decided on playing, Mars reminded us that Mademoiselle Maillet, the great tragic actress, was still shorter. "Besides," she added, "it is a good fault; the child will grow."'

'What a scene for a picture!' exclaims Mrs. Kennard, in her very readable memoir of Rachel. 'Mars—the beautiful and successful Mars—who had reigned a queen for so long, and who still retained a great deal of the grace and beauty that

enchanted the France of the latter end of the preceding century, and the pale, dark faced Jewess, with the eyes of flame, who was destined to take the sceptre that was dropping from the elder woman's grasp.' Rachel was given an engagement at the Comédie Française to play children's parts at a salary of 800 francs a year; but for some unexplained reason the contract was never fulfilled, and the young aspirant went to the Conservatoire. Here, however, she was not without her difficulties. Samson, who had then great influence, hazarded no judgment upon her; Michelet declared her voice to be too unmusical for the stage; and Provost offensively told her that she was only fit to sell flowers in the streets, as she had done before. From the Conservatoire she went to the Gymnase, where she was given a profitable engagement by M. Poirson. Accordingly, on the first of May, 1837, Rachel appeared in a new play called *La Vendéenne*, written for her by Paul Duport. The groundwork of the drama, and its most pathetic scenes, were borrowed from Scott's novel, *The Heart of Midlothian;* but the Vendean peasant girl, who journeyed to Malmaison to implore the Empress Josephine to save her father, was Rachel's own creation. Jules Janin, in reviewing the performance in the *Débats*, said: 'This child, thank heaven, is not a phenomenon, and will never be cried up as a wonder. Rachel has soul, heart, intellect, and very little skill. She possesses an intuitive perception of the feeling she is to express, and her intellect suffices to understand it. She needs lessons and advice from no one. In her acting there is no effort, no exaggeration; she utters no screams, makes no gestures; there is nothing like coquetry in her countenance or manners, on the contrary, there is something abrupt, bold and savage in the attitude, walk, and look—such is Rachel. This child, whose instinct tells her what is truth in art, dresses with scrupulous attention to local costumes: her voice is harsh and untutored like that of a child; her hands are red like those of a child; her foot, like her hand, is scarcely shaped yet; she is not pretty, yet she pleases;

in a word, there is a great future for her young talent, and for the present she excites tears, emotion, and interest.'

Within the brief space of twelve months the eminent critic contradicted his own assertion that Rachel was not a prodigy. The distinguished American actor, Edwin Forrest, witnessed one of her performances, and remarked to the manager, 'That Jewish-looking girl, that little bag of bones, with the marble face and the flaming eyes—there is demoniacal power in her. If she lives, and does not burn out too soon, she will become something wonderful.' But Rachel's style was not suited to the Gymnase, the home of comedy, and she again offered herself to the Comédie Française. She now studied with an industry and an energy to which she had hitherto been a stranger, and it is said that she would ponder one short sentence for three hours, giving to it every possible intonation and expression. Samson, who had discerned the latent talent within her, became her master, and in the course of a few months she stood confessed as one of the most accomplished and marvellous of actresses.

On the 21st of June, 1838, Rachel made her first appearance at the Théâtre Français as Camille in 'Corneille's' tragedy of *Les Horaces*. So little did the event interest the public that the takings were only 753 francs, but when she played Camille for the sixth time in the ensuing November, the takings were 6124 francs, thus rivalling the palmy days of Talma and Mars. The management saw that they had found a treasure, and raised her yearly salary from 4,000 to 8,000 francs. Rachel followed up Camille by appearing as Emilie in *Cinna*, Hermione in *Andromaque*, and Aménaïde in *Tancrède*. Critics like Soulié could still see nothing in Rachel, but Jules Janin wrote thus enthusiastically about her after seeing her Camille: 'Let me tell you there exists at this moment, at the Théâtre Français, an unexpected victory, one of those triumphs of which a nation such as ours has reason to be proud. Those works of art, lost for so long, are at length given back to us.

We possess the most marvellous actress (although only still a child) that this generation has seen on the stage. This actress is Mademoiselle Rachel. About a year ago she first appeared at the Gymnase, and I maintained then that she possessed talent of no common order, and that a great future lay before her. I was not believed; people said I exaggerated, and I alone was not strong enough to support this little girl on the stage. A few days after her first appearance, the actress disappeared from the Gymnase and I, perhaps, was the only person who had remembered her, when suddenly she reappears at the Théâtre Français in the great tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. Now she is listened to, encouraged, applauded.

'She has found the legitimate development of her precious dramatic genius. It is nothing short of marvellous, this uneducated child, without art, without preparation of any kind, thus becoming the interpreter of our grand old tragedies! She blows their ashes into a flame by her genius and her energy; and remember, she is small, ugly, with a narrow chest, and insignificant appearance, and common speech. Do not ask her who Tancrède, Hermione, are, or about the Trojan war, or Pyrrhus or Helen. She knows nothing, but she has that which is better than knowledge. She has that sudden illumination, which she throws around her; she grows ten inches taller on the stage; she raises her head and extends her chest; her eye brightens; she treads like a sovereign; her voice vibrates, instinct with the passion that agitates her. Nothing grander can be conceived than this Camille. To my dying day I shall hear that voice and see those tears. She is a priestess, a pythoness, this child of seventeen. The imprecation is the first revelation of Rachel's power. The storm raging in her grief-stricken breast is terrific. We tremble before it as before something superhuman—God-like.'

As Jules Janin was practically the dramatic arbiter of his day, his powerful support was everything to Rachel; and when

he followed up his first article by a still more eulogistic one on her Hermione in Racine's *Andromaque*, her position was made, and she became the talk of all Paris. Yet another great success was achieved by the actress as Monime in Racine's *Mithridate*, and she likewise played with much acceptance Eryphile in the same writer's *Iphigénie*. The popular excitement was now so great that crowds waited for hours to obtain admission to the theatre. The saying was that 'on tragedy nights the box office clerks wore a comedy expression, and on comedy nights a tragedy one.' After the performance of *Mithridate* the managers presented Rachel with splendidly-bound copies of all the plays in which she had appeared, and shortly afterwards they added the gift of a gold circlet set with precious stones. They further added a monthly gratification to her salary, which raised her total income to 20,000 francs a year—a larger sum than had been paid to any actress before. As Rachel was a minor, her father took charge of the pecuniary arrangements. He became so grasping that he urged demands upon the management computed at upwards of 50,000 francs per annum. Janin was so annoyed at this that he made a personal matter of it, and inflicted the first serious rebuff upon the artist whom he claimed to have made.

When it was announced that Rachel proposed to essay the part of Roxane in Racine's tragedy of *Bajazet* the desire to see her was extraordinary. On the first night she suffered from stage fright, and the audience was cold and unsympathetic. The critics also commented unfavourably on the performance. The *Débats* asked how a child actress—for this delicate girl was no more—could represent the stalwart lioness Roxane, in whom lust, energy, and violence reigned supreme? At first Rachel felt dispirited, but this roused all her courage, and on her second appearance as Roxane she secured a signal triumph, carrying all before her. Rachel's biographer, Madame de B——, in describing the scene, says: 'Everyone seemed possessed by a frantic admiration, which was vented in a storm of applause.

The ovation contrasted strongly with the chill, sulky aspect the same audience presented on the foregoing night. But though envy was foiled it was not disarmed. The critics cavilled at her peculiar delivery of certain passages, more especially that of the famous "*Sortez*," in the second act, when Roxane offers the throne to Bajazet, and the latter refuses it, alleging specious reasons in order to conceal the real one—his love for Atalide. While Rachel listened to his answer the rage she refrained from uttering was most vividly depicted on her expressive countenance; when he had ended, her look was such as no other woman could assume: it spoke, not so much the fury of the offended woman, loud, stormy, tearing passion to rags, as that of the insulted sovereign, deep, concentrated, implacable, ferocious in its very calmness. Bajazet had evidently scorned the love of a tigress, not a dove. With extended hand she motioned him to the door, and with her harsh voice uttered the "*Sortez*" that brought down enthusiastic applause from judges of refined taste. In that little word the sentence was signed, the dumb executioner summoned, the death knelled! No rant, no violent gesture, no loud burst of passion accompanied it. The utterance was as calm as that of a god delivering the fiat of fate.'

Rachel had now conquered indeed, and from this time forth she was independent of both friends and foes, for she had the great public with her. Nor was it only on the stage that she reigned, but in society. Great ladies caressed her, and her bearing was so dignified, and yet so attractive, that Théodore de Banville said, 'Her most marvellous creation was neither Hermione, nor Phèdre, nor Tisbé. It was that *chef d'œuvre*, worthy of Balzac and Gavarni, Rachel Parisienne.' Louis Philippe went to see her act several times. Once he took her trembling hand in his, and expressed his constantly-increasing admiration of her powers. In her confusion she addressed him as 'Monsieur,' and being afterwards reproved for it by her companion, she replied that 'being in the habit of

conversing only with the sovereigns of Greece and Rome, she was ignorant of the forms of speech used towards the monarchs of our day.' When she appeared with the illustrious ladies of the day in the gallery of the Chamber of Deputies, she was the cynosure of all eyes. Yet when moving in the highest circles she never forgot her kinship with the poor, and more than one anecdote is told of her sympathy and aid being given to the flower girls in the street. Mrs. Kennard thus reproduces an incident which has been variously given in the biographies of the actress:

'Rachel was admitted at this time into the exclusive society of the Abbaye aux Bois, where Madame Récamier, although no longer rich, beautiful, or young, succeeded in keeping a large circle of illustrious and respectful admirers: *La réunion des refusés*, as profane outsiders called it, but which was looked upon by those who were admitted to the sacred precincts of the old convent as the tribunal of art and æstheticism. Here Rachel met Chateaubriand, and listened to the chapters of the *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe* read aloud by the author. The young actress astonished and charmed these apostles of culture by her simple dignity, unassuming manner, and ready wit. When introduced to Chateaubriand the venerable poet said to her in a melancholy tone, "How sad it is to think, mademoiselle, that such as you should be born as we are about to die." "Sir," she replied, "there are some who never die." On one of these literary afternoons, which were of frequent occurrence at the Abbaye aux Bois, Rachel had been requested by Madame Récamier to recite the celebrated scene from Corneille's *Polyeucte*—

> "Mon époux, en mourant, m'a laissé ses lumières
> Son sang, dont tes bourreaux viennent de me couvrir.
> M'a dessillé les yeux, et me les vient d'ouvrir.
> Je vois, je sais, je crois!"

'As she spoke the lines, the Archbishop of —— was announced.

'"Monseigneur," said Madame Réeamier, slightly embarrassed, "allow me to present Mademoiselle Rachel, who was good enough to recite some verses of *Polyeucte* for our benefit."

'"I should be sorry to interrupt Corneille's poetry by my prose; pray continue," said his Eminence.

'Unwilling, as a Jewess, to speak the words "Je vois, je sais, je crois," before a Christian prelate, Rachel replied, diffidently, "If Monseigneur will allow me, I should prefer to recite some verses of Racine's *Esther*.

'When the young girl had finished, the archbishop addressed her in terms of the highest praise.

'"We priests," he added, "are not often allowed the pleasure of meeting great artistes. Twice, however, in my life I have had that privilege. At Florence I heard Madame Malibran sing in a drawing-room, and I now owe to our hostess the pleasure of hearing Mademoiselle Rachel. To recite as I heard you when I entered, you must have felt deeply the pathos of the situation."

'Mademoiselle Rachel made a graceful curtesy, and answered, with downcast eyes, "Monseigneur, *je crois!*"'

It was currently reported after this that Rachel had become a convert, but as a matter of fact she left the Abbaye aux Bois as much a Jewess as when she entered it.

Rachel was one of those rare actresses who are not entirely made by preceptors, however talented. She had a firm will and an independent judgment in theatrical matters. She never would accept any rendering of a character merely because it was the conventional one. On the contrary, she introduced original points into every one of her impersonations, and it is said that she studied Phèdre for three years, and during those three years she never played it twice alike. New renderings and incidents came to her as it were by intuition. In her humble dwelling in the Rue Traversière—where she acted as cook for the household even after she

had attained celebrity—she would brood for hours in the silence of her bedroom over her great parts, again and again drawing from them fresh insight and inspiration. When the theatrical censors adversely criticised her methods, Alfred de Musset stepped forth in her defence, and in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* showed that she was building herself up as a great *tragédienne*. 'In the fourth act of *Bajazet*,' he said, 'during the monologue, I heard someone in the pit exclaim, "What a little devil!" The individual who thus expressed his feelings did not know that he was giving a masterly analysis of what most of us felt, and that his exclamation was worth columns of newspaper criticism.' In the Posthumous *Works* of De Musset is a graphic account of a supper given to the poet by the actress. De Musset was greatly impressed by her originality, and he even began a play for her on the story of Frédégonde and Chilperic, but it was never completed. The whole friendship of the poet and the actress was of a romantic character. Another eminent poet, however, Heine, could never be brought frankly to acknowledge the genius of Rachel, though he admitted her talent and sharpness of understanding in classical drama. Rachel was so changeable and capricious that she had more than one quarrel with De Musset. These were composed, and for the second time he began a five-act drama for her, of which the scene was laid in Venice. Then arose some further misunderstanding, upon which the poet shut up his manuscript in his desk, with the words, '*Adieu, Rachel; c'est toi que j'ensevelis pour jamais.*' With that incident was lost all hope of collaboration between these two children of genius.

In 1840 the critics and the public began to complain that Rachel remained too long in her old grooves, and they clamoured for something new. When *Mithridate* was revived at the Odéon, even the *Débats* only registered the fact with the slighting remark that she 'had appeared in one of her three characters.' Consequently, the *Polyeucte* of Cor-

neille was revived for her on the 15th of May. It had not been played on the French stage for twenty-two years. The character of Pauline in this famous tragedy combines within it the noblest passions of the human heart—love, duty, faith, and enthusiasm; but it is not a character revealing violent paroxysms of feeling and action. The heroine appears at once half Pagan and half Christian. Rachel did what she could with this very difficult part, but the whole representation was at first rather tame, and lacking in colour and energy.

The *tragédienne* now went on a provincial tour. At Rouen and Lyons she was received with enthusiasm, and the municipality of the latter city presented her with a gold crown valued at 7,000 francs. After her return to Paris, the *Marie Stuart* of Lebrun was revived for her, but she was not successful with her first attempt, as she had not clearly grasped the spirit of the character, nor the manners and circumstances of the age. Later representations exhibited a manifest improvement, but Rachel never achieved such success as Duchesnois in this part. In April, 1841, Rachel entered into an engagement for one year with the Théâtre Français, she engaging to study new parts. She was to receive 60,000 francs per annum, with three months' leave, and it was further stipulated that at the close of the year she should be received as *sociétaire* with a full share and a fixed salary of 42,000 francs. It was laughingly said that these terms were equal to those paid to M. Guizot to govern the most ungovernable nation upon earth!

The personal appearance of Rachel at this period has thus been described: 'It has been said that Rachel was not beautiful; perhaps she was not to the eye that sees beauty but in certain conventional forms, in a certain colour; but while none can pronounce her to have been plain, she possessed that higher degree of beauty imparted by the radiant light of genius illuminating the countenance.

'The head was perfectly shaped, rather small, rather broad, not high, and covered with dark chestnut hair, neither thick nor thin, but beautifully fine, soft, and silky. The brow, endowed with such extraordinary power of expression, was prominent and wide, but low; her eyebrows were exquisitely drawn; the eyes, the same colour as the hair, were neither large nor small, but so deep-set that they had the appearance of being intensely black; they were fringed with very long silky lashes. The mouth, neither large nor small, was filled with teeth all perfect and beautifully white, the under lip was long and thick, not suggestive of sulks, but of storms, and though so defective in point of beauty, extremely expressive. The nose was beautiful, the curve indicating the race very slightly inclining at the tip, but it was perfect in its proportions, with thin, transparent, veiny nostrils. The chin was small and pretty. The delicate little ear was compared by a soft-hearted *bon vivant* to an Ostend oyster, and lay close to the head. From the tip of the ear to the chin the face was a long oval. The skin was fair and extremely delicate. In size Rachel was rather above the middle height, her figure had the litheness, the grace, the flexibility of a reed, and, in repose, gave the impression of a very delicate constitution, but when she was acting an energetic part, the long, slight arms seemed to change to steel, so powerful was the character of inflexibility they presented. The hands, which were rather pretty, were objects of continual care and solicitude with Mademoiselle Rachel; her feet might have served as models to a modern Praxiteles.'

Rachel came over to England in 1841, having accepted a proposal made by Lumley, of Her Majesty's Theatre, to play there for one month. It was thought that fresh laurels gained abroad would help her on her return to Paris, and the expectation was completely realised. London went frantic with admiration over her. The Queen and the Prince Consort attended the representations, and all classes united in paying their homage to the gifted actress. Means had no doubt been

taken to make her visit a financial success, but these precautionary measures were unnecessary, as Rachel took London by storm. Speaking of these appearances at Her Majesty's, Mrs. Kennard says: 'Her genius was for all time; she unerringly interpreted human nature in its grandest and truest forms. She took the stately Alexandrines, and made them the vehicle of her own love or hate, joy or grief. She became, as it were, the abstract expression of whatever passion she sought to portray, and by that portrayal she had the power of enchaining the attention of her audience, to the forgetting of all accessories and surroundings.

'Long afterwards men remembered with a thrill her speaking a certain sentence, or her look at a certain moment, when even the play itself was completely forgotten, such as her tender despair when, in *Les Horaces*, she utters the reproach, "*Baiser une main qui me perce le cœur!*" or her look when, in that terrible *rôle* of Roxane, she stalked silently upon the stage, approached the front, and remained gazing at the audience. A hush came over them, women involuntarily turned away from that glance, men breathed more heavily and wished that she would break that painful silence. Subdued by the power of that fierce look, the awful reality of vengeful power which it expressed, they shivered and grew uncomfortable. Then, when the silence seemed wholly intolerable, the pent-up rage, the anger of the wronged woman, burst forth with the irresistible force of a torrent. The tall figure drawn to its utmost height, the heaving breast, the swaying arms, the pale face, the firmly-compressed mouth, were so intently fierce that the actress and her artificial surroundings were forgotten, and the audience deemed it true.'

Rachel was received at Marlborough House by the Queen Dowager, and she was also invited to Windsor, where she rendered, without accessories, the principal scenes from *Marie Stuart*, *Orestes*, and *Les Horaces*. The Queen was enchanted, and as a token of her goodwill and admiration presented the

actress with a bracelet, composed of two wreathed serpents with diamond heads. To show how history is written, one biographer says there was graven on the inside of the bracelet the inscription '*A Rachel, Victoria Reine.*' In the public prints the inscription was given, *Victoria to Rachel;* but a second biographer says the truth stood thus, '*Victoria to Mademoiselle Rachel,*' the insertion of that word 'Mademoiselle' making, of course, a vast difference.

Her English visit was a signal triumph in every respect. She was received in the houses of the great, and her every movement was chronicled like that of a sovereign. When she paid a second visit in 1842, she even captured the veteran Duke of Wellington as one of her admirers. The excitement when she left our shores was remarkable, and it is even said that her own manager so caught the Rachel fever that he made her the offer of his heart and hand. If he did, they were not accepted. Frances Ann Kemble, in her *Records of Later Life*, thus records her impressions of the actress: 'Mademoiselle Rachel's face is very expressive and dramatically fine, though not absolutely beautiful. It is a long oval, with a head of classical and very graceful contour, the forehead rather narrow and not very high. The eyes small, dark, deep-set, and terribly powerful. The brow straight, noble, and fine in form, though not very flexible.

'I was immensely struck and carried away by her performance of Hermione, though I am not sure that some of the parts did not seem to me finer than the whole as a conception. That in which she is unrivalled by any actor or actress I ever saw, is the expression of a certain combined and concentrated hatred and scorn. Her reply to Andromaque's appeal to her, in that play, was one of the most perfect things I have ever seen on the stage. The cold, cruel, acrid enjoyment of her rival's humiliation; the quiet, bitter, unmerciful exercise of the power of torture, was certainly, in its keen incisiveness, quite incomparable. It is singular that so young a woman

should so especially excel in delineations and expressions of this order of emotion, while in the utterance of tenderness, whether in love or sorrow, she appears, comparatively, less successful. I am not, however, perhaps, competent to pronounce upon this point, for Hermione, and Emilie in Corneille's *Cinna*, are not characters abounding in tenderness. Lady M—— saw her the other day in *Marie Stuart*, and cried her eyes almost out, so she must have some pathetic power. —— was so enchanted with her, both on and off the stage, that he took me to call upon her on her arrival in London, and I was very much pleased with the quiet grace and dignity, the excellent *bon ton* of her manners and deportment. The other morning, too, at Stafford House, I was extremely overcome at my sister's first public exhibition in England, and was endeavouring, while I screened myself behind a pillar, to hide my emotion and talk with composure to Rachel. She saw, however, how it was with me, and with great kindness, allowed me to go into a room that had been appropriated to her use between the declamations, and was very amiable and courteous to me.'

Rachel treated her Parisian public so unceremoniously, and she was moreover so grasping in her monetary relations, that it required all her prestige and talent to win back her admirers after her temporary absences from the French capital. The critics themselves sometimes grew weary of her caprices, and Jules Janin actually went the length of introducing a rival to her in one Mademoiselle Maxime. He praised her acting of Phèdre lavishly, and instituted comparisons between her and Rachel, insulting to the latter. She said nothing, but bided her time, which came on the 25th of October, when the two rivals appeared in the same play, *Marie Stuart*. There was a desperate struggle for the mastery, and the partisans of the respective actresses were filled with suppressed rage against each other. This extraordinary histrionic duel has been thus described :—

'Every time poor Maxime appeared, one portion of the house maintained a disdainful silence, a tacit condemnation which her own few but brave partisans retorted to the full whenever Rachel came on. Both camps anxiously awaited the decisive third act. It amply justified their solicitude. The silence that reigned throughout the house was almost oppressive. Elizabeth—Maxime—pale, disheartened, seeing too well the tide was against her, feeling instinctively she was doomed, knowing her incapacity to resist or escape the impending avalanche, trembled with impotent rage. Every word she uttered revealed the bitterness and grief of her burthened heart. Mary Stuart—Rachel—on her side, passive and motionless, accepted all the withering contumely heaped upon her; with bent head, folded arms, and steady calm, glittering eye, she waited—waited patiently—but there was something so appalling, so deadly in the look, that a shudder went through the audience. Everyone felt that the patience was that of the tiger secure of his prey, who has noted the very place where his fangs will be thrust into the quivering flesh of the victim. When, at last, it was her turn to speak, the very ones who had expected the explosion were thunderstruck. No pen can render the frenzied passion, the terrific vehemence, the scorching indignation with which she poured forth her pent-up fury. Her voice, lately so weak and exhausted, strengthened by her imperious will, hurled forth anathemas that fell like sledge-hammers on the crushed Maxime, who, breathless, amazed, terrified beyond measure, gazed at her with wild eyes. The scene was magnificent, and beggars description. No one could have believed such meaning could be given to the pale, meagre, wishy-washy translation of Lebrun; no one ever suspected the strength, the fire contained in Rachel.'

The defeat of Maxime was utter and complete. Even the critic who had exploited her acknowledged her failure. She remained for some years on the stage, but sank into insignifi-

cance, and finally retired to keep a private hotel, where she let unfurnished lodgings, with board if required!

In 1842 Rachel assumed two new characters, viz., Chimène in *Le Cid*, and Ariane in the drama of that name. She did not make a very favourable impression in these, and crossed over to London on her second visit. Here, however, her dramatic glory was a little diminished by the stars, Bouffé and Déjazet. She next made her way to Antwerp, and from thence to Brussels, where she enjoyed her greatest triumph of the year. She played for twelve nights, and received no less than 30,000 francs. In September she reappeared in Paris, in Lemercier's *Frédégonde*, but the part was unsuited to her, and the poetry execrable, so that a third failure was experienced in one year.

When Rachel attained her majority she took an apartment on the Quai Voltaire, leaving her family in the possession of their handsome apartments in the Rue du Luxembourg. Besides presenting them with all the furniture, &c., she made her father and mother a very liberal allowance. Indeed, her love for her family was one of the finest traits in her character. Selfish and avaricious as she undoubtedly was, she was ever most generous to the members of the Félix family. Nor was it shown in money matters alone. She procured an engagement for her elder sister Sarah at the Théâtre Français, supporting her by all the weight of her authority. As Sarah became convinced at last, however, that she could not act, she abandoned the stage, and devoted herself to the manufacture of cosmetics and toilet washes, one of which is still known by her name. She survived her more famous sister by nearly twenty years. Rebecca, who was nine years younger than Rachel, she also assisted in getting on the stage, and her love for this child had something really tender and human in it. Poor Rebecca was suffering from consumption, however, and was cut off at an early age. Rachel also showed genuine affection for her brother Raphael, and introduced him likewise to the stage, and

she did not even blame him when he caused the shipwreck of her American expedition. With regard to Rachel's relations with Samson—the teacher of Plessis, Favart, the Brohans, Desclée, &c.,—she had quarrels with him, but she well knew and gratefully acknowledged her indebtedness to his wise training and counsels. Where she received service or affection, she freely rendered the same. But her friends needed to have patience with her uncertain tempers, in respect to which she was ever sinning and repenting.

Touching Rachel's love of gold, which was open and notorious, this strange anecdote, said to have been related by herself, is told :—

'Shortly after she had attained her majority, she had gone to Marseilles, where, for one night's performance, she was to receive 3,000 fr. On the day after the performance the money was brought to her in a chest. At that time gold was not the common medium of circulation it has since become, and payments, even of large sums, were often made in silver. Rachel was recently emancipated from the parental trammels, and she had never had in her own possession anything like this amount. At sight of this box, full of five-franc pieces—this quantity of money, all hers, her eyes dilated and fastened upon it with an intensity that was almost painful to behold ; to use her own words, worthy of an actress accustomed to a tragic style. She felt the *ferocious joy of an animal that has the long wished-for prey within its clutches.* There was no childish exultation, no outward delight, none of the exultant pride of the girl who has by her own exertions earned a large sum, no feminine feelings of pleasant anticipation of the many pretty fancies this sum could gratify ; no, it was quiet, inward, savage enjoyment of the *money itself,* independent of all associations generally connected with it. She ordered the box to be placed before her by her bedside, and, plunging her hands into it, kept stirring the silver about.

'"Never," she said to the person to whom she related this,

"never had I so many five-franc pieces together, and all belonging to me." She kept the box by her, and a sordid and rapacious feeling possessed her throughout the night.'

Yet this is the same woman of whom the following anecdote of a different character is related: 'While Mademoiselle Rachel was at Lyons, she was told of a Jewish family that was reduced to the lowest stage of want. Having ascertained all the necessary details of the case, Mademoiselle Rachel repaired on the following day to the sixth floor of a house in one of the poorest quarters of the town. Here she found a workman, his wife, and six children without bread, clothes, or shoes. The gift of 300 fr. which the visitor had brought for their relief called forth a torrent of blessings and fervent thanks. Not content with this munificent donation, Mademoiselle Rachel stopped at a shoemaker's on her way home, and ordered eight pairs of shoes for the poor people she had just left.'

There were many other honourable incidents in Rachel's life similar to the above.

Rachel by no means shines so well in yet another anecdote. At the house of a friend, Madame S., she saw a guitar of most respectable antiquity, the original colour of which had long ago disappeared under the thick black crust with which time had coated it. The actress was so drawn towards the guitar, that the owner presented it to her. Some time afterwards the guitar, enveloped in a beautiful silk net, was seen in Rachel's boudoir by a certain Count, who enquired what it was. Rachel is said to have unblushingly replied:—

'That is the humble guitar, the faithful companion with which, in the days of my childhood, I earned the scanty pittance bestowed on the poor little street-singer.'

The Count was at once wild to possess the inestimable treasure.

'Oh,' said Rachel, 'I can never, *never* consent to part with it.'

'I must have it at any cost; do not deny me this gift, to be held as a sacred relic, and permit me to offer you, as a poor ex-

change, the set of diamonds and rubies you appeared to admire some days ago at the jeweller's.'

'Ah, well!' quoth the tragic muse, heaving a deep sigh, 'since you will have it, I cannot refuse you.'

The supposed historical instrument, obtained at a cost of about 50,000 fr., was installed with pride in the aristocratic mansion of the Count, who confided to his visitors the pathetic story of its origin. Unluckily the original possessor called one day, and recognising the instrument at a glance, unfolded its true history to the Count. It is said that when a mutual friend mentioned the report to Rachel with a view of having it indignantly denied, the heroine only laughed, exclaiming, 'Poor —— how furious he was!' This anecdote is given in a slightly different form by some writers, but the facts are the same.

In 1843 Rachel essayed the part of Phèdre, in Racine's tragedy. Traditions of the powerful and tender acting of Duchesnois in this *rôle* were still very vivid, and Rachel's venture was a daring one. Phèdre was a character standing by herself in tragedy, and the actress who could adequately represent her would have nothing more left to achieve. Rachel's fame culminated with this representation, though she only attained perfection in it after the lapse of several years. Mrs. Kennard has well said with regard to Rachel's greatest inspiration:—

'Phèdre, the culminating point of French tragedy, has ever been looked on as a test play for all great actresses. The whole range of human feelings, love, fear, grief, jealousy, revenge, repentance: all that can move and excite an audience, are represented in three stages of development by one central figure; and yet, though a prey to all these passions, the daughter of Pasiphae, both in Euripides' and Racine's tragedy, remains an elevated person, victim of the persecutions of Aphrodite. Being thus absolved from moral responsibility, she is likewise saved from moral obliquity. Racine seldom allows himself thus to adopt a Greek myth, and it is hardly

necessary to show how enormously the complex idea of the interference of the gods increases the difficulty of giving an idea of the character to a moderate audience; for, although a woman in her weakness and her sin, Phèdre must be almost divine in her sorrow and her love. And it was from this point of view that Rachel so immeasurably surpassed all other actresses. Sarah Bernhardt, who, in this *rôle*, has most nearly approached her, is weak, unequal, passionate. We see all the viciousness of Phèdre, and none of her grandeur. She breaks herself to pieces against the huge difficulties of the conception, and does not succeed in moving us. In the second scene, where Phèdre, thinking her husband is dead, confesses her incestuous passion to the object of it, Sarah Bernhardt never rises above the level of an *aventurière* or a *Frou-Frou*. Rachel was the mouth-piece of the gods; no longer a free agent, she poured forth every epithet of adoration that Aphrodité could suggest, clambering up higher and higher in the intensity of her emotion, whilst her audience hung breathless, riveted on every word, and only dared to burst forth in thunders of applause after she had vanished from their sight.'

Her Phèdre gave rise to the saying by an observer, 'she does not act—she suffers.' It was by common consent her masterpiece—'an apocalypse of human agony not to be forgotten by anyone who ever witnessed it.'

Rachel's next part was Judith, in a tragedy of that name, written expressly for her by Madame de Girardin. Although when read in private by the authoress, this play received the imprimatur of Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Balzac, on the stage it was a complete failure. The drama was one long orgie of debauchery, treachery, and blood, in which the real tragic elements of passion were wanting. It was ill-suited to the audience of the Théâtre Français, and Rachel could not fairly be saddled with the responsibility for its failure. When the actress was charged in a pamphlet called *La Vérité Rachel*, with being no actress, and with having no skill, intelligence, or taste, she merely replied

that she had made 5,000 francs the previous evening, and was perfectly indifferent to everything else. But she could be magnanimous sometimes towards her worst opponents.

In personal moral character it must be confessed that Rachel was not exemplary. Her first love was given to a Jew, who used her shamefully, and published her letters after the rupture. Then she further defied the conventionalities by forming a connection with Count Walewski—a natural son of Napoleon by a Polish lady—to whom, in 1844, she bore a son, who was openly acknowledged by his father. Society was not unnaturally scandalised by these blots upon her career, and its attitude probably deepened the pride and hardness of her nature. One can but lament these deflections from the path of rectitude on the part of a woman who undoubtedly possessed some of the elements of true greatness. We may also add that if she sinned she suffered. Many are the passages in her letters showing how her heart yearned for pure human affection—the love found in many homes—the love of parents, of children, of friends.

Racine's *Bérénice* was revived at the Théâtre Français in 1844; but as this beautiful play had in it none of the grand dramatic characteristics wherein Rachel displayed her mastery, it was not successful. For the Court of Louis XIV., in whose time it was originally produced, the drama was full of allusions and scenes which elicited warm sympathy, but the later age required something more than a refined picture of faithful and idyllic love. Rachel was equally unfortunate in the part of Isabelle in *Don Sanche d'Aragon*, and in the tragedy of *Catherine II.*, written for her by M. Romand. 'In absurdity of plot, in want of taste, style, skill, imagination, poetry, rhythm, this author had outdone all the stupid productions of former years. Could his *Catherine II.* be played in the style of a parody, as the *Auberge des Adrets* was once played, it would, without the changing of a single word, prove the most amusing farce that could be put upon the stage. It was not the

fault of Rachel if she failed in a part where there was not a situation, a thought, a line, worthy of a tolerable actress. But she made a great mistake in accepting it, and proved a great want of dramatic instinct, not to say taste, in so doing.' The spring of 1845 witnessed her appearance in *Virginie*, a tragedy written for her by M. Latour de St. Ybars. It is said that this was the only play especially composed for her in which she was thoroughly successful. The drama was an imitation of the *Lucrèce* of M. Ponsard, and it was founded on an episode of Roman history, immortalised by the genius of Livy. The terrible agonies of Virginia, and her triumph over dishonour, were passionately rendered by Rachel, and sent a thrill through the rapt audience. The excitement culminated in the last act, where the distracted Virginius gives his daughter freedom through the fatal dagger. The play ran with great favour for a considerable time. Towards the close of the year an attempt was made to revive Voltaire's tragedy, *Orestes*. Rachel had been tempted by the monotonous part of Electra, but the representation fell dead. The actress rose to her own high level, but the public would have none of the tragedy. Another failure was registered in Soumet's *Jeanne d'Arc*, which was revived especially for Rachel. The dramatist had a magnificent subject, but treated it in a wretched and miserable fashion. Rachel looked the part admirably, and in the death scene was described as a model of statuesque beauty, but she could not galvanise the piece into life.

Dispirited for a time, the actress remained quiescent, but she reappeared in October, 1845, in *Phèdre*, and played with such overwhelming power that the Bey of Tunis, who was present, exclaimed, 'It is a soul of fire in an envelope of gauze!' The year 1847 began with a revival of Molière's *Don Juan*, Rachel and Mdlle. Brohan personifying serious and light comedy respectively. Then Rachel appeared in another tragedy written for her by Latour, entitled *Le Vieux de la Montagne*. It was a soporific play, with Mount Lebanon for its centre, and was

utterly destitute of life or reality. A good burlesque might easily have been made of it, but as a tragic subject, 'The Old Man of the Mountain' failed to catch on with the public, and he was only trotted out of his mountain fastness twice. *Athalie* was then revived, and though Rachel was not old enough for the part, and had recourse to repulsive arts to make her seem so, she played splendidly in the last act. The tragedy was afterwards produced at the Tuileries, when the king warmly expressed to Rachel his approbation. In June the actress appeared at Amsterdam, and in July in London. In the latter city she essayed a character in which Mars herself had not been wholly successful—the Célimène of Molière's *Misanthrope*, but it met with no favour. She was as successful as before in her tragedies. Returning to Paris, Rachel appeared as the heroine in Madame de Girardin's tragedy of *Cléopâtre*. The authoress made of the great queen merely a degraded Messalina, but some parts of the play were fine, and the tragedy was successful, though its run was interrupted by Rachel's illness.

During the Revolution of 1848 Rachel declaimed the *Marseillaise* from the stage with a fire and energy which threw the Parisians into a fury. Janin besought her not to set passions aflame which it might be beyond her power to control, but it was of no avail. Her mind was bent upon it, and as her impressive gestures 'gave a new significance, a new meaning to every word and every line of the hymn, a perfect delirium of excitement fell upon the crowd,' so that as the tricolor flag was waved around her 'men felt capable of heroism and death. That beautiful apparition, pale, menacing, was no longer a woman; she was the Goddess of Liberty, calling on her countrymen to arms.' George Sand remarked that all artists competing for the statue of Liberty ought to go and study the classic poses of Mdlle. Rachel, singing the *Marseillaise*. 'She is an exquisite incarnation of pride, courage, and energy.' National performances were ordered at the Théâtre Français by

the Provisional Government, and for a time the 'blouse' was triumphant. In March, Rachel appeared with favour in Ponsard's *Lucrèce*, the young Roman matron being excellently adapted to her talent. The actress made a provincial tour in June, 1848, and another in May, 1849. On the latter occasion the tour extended from Orleans to Bayonne, and from Pau to the Isle of Guernsey, and she gave altogether eighty-five performances in ninety successive days. She agreed with the Government to sing the *Marseillaise* wherever she went in the provinces. While at Montpellier she had an interview with the notorious captive, Madame Lafarge.

For some time the authorities of the Théâtre Français had complained of Rachel's overbearing demeanour, and her extortionate and unscrupulous conduct. She was continually hurrying away, they said, and making large sums in the provinces. Ultimately the quarrel came to a head. Rachel had lent all her influence to secure the election of M. Lockroy, the Republican director of the theatre, in succession to M. Buloz. But when the revolutionary fever began to die down, the independent members of the Committee took courage and dismissed Lockroy. This angered Rachel extremely, and matters were not improved when she essayed the part of Agrippine in *Britannicus*, and completely failed in it. In a fit of anger she sent in her resignation, but withdrew it almost immediately, owing to the representations of Jules Janin. She then hoped that M. Merle, the husband of one of her intimate friends, would be appointed director of the theatre, but Arsène Houssaye was selected by the Ministry. In her usual spirit of daring, she at once wrote to the new director as follows: 'Come at once, and dine with me; I have a piece of bad news for you. I did my best—or rather, my worst. You are appointed, in spite of me.' It is said that this imperious creature ruled all the directors in succession—Buloz, Lockroy, Arsène Houssaye—and that she even subjected to her influence the Prince President himself.

In January, 1849, Rachel reappeared on the Parisian stage in *Andromaque*. The performance—at which Louis Napoleon was present—was completely successful. *Cinna* was to have been produced, but it was prohibited because of certain political allusions which were peculiarly apposite to the Prince President. A great success in a new field was, however, achieved by the actress in March, when she appeared in Barthet's pretty little comedy in one act, entitled *Le Moineau de Lesbie*. The scene was laid in Rome, in the time of Julius, and the death of Lesbia's sparrow gracefully led up to her reconciliation with her lover Catullus. Her next appearance was in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, a piece written expressly for her by MM. Scribe and Legouvé. The play proved an immense success. There was a strange analogy between Rachel's own career and that of Adrienne, who was also an actress, and who counted among her adorers Voltaire and Maurice de Saxe. The later actress brought out strongly all the pathos and the sadness which overshadowed the life of her predecessor. Difficulties next arose with the Théâtre Français, for Rachel had renewed her resignation, and determined to abide by it. Legal proceedings were instituted by the Committee, but the judges pronounced the resignation to be legal, and that there was no case for damages. But although Rachel gained the day, the facts which came out in the course of the trial prejudiced her with the public. She was shown to be petulant, selfish in pecuniary matters, and capricious in the matter of her engagements.

Until the close of her career, this great artist now unfortunately subordinated fame to fortune. In January, 1850, she returned to the Théâtre Français, appearing as the heroine in Dumas' drama, *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*. Mars had created quite a *furore* in this part years before, but it was unsuited to Rachel, and her rendering of it was a comparative failure. The artless child of modern civilisation was a wholly different being from the tragic figures of antiquity, and she was not happy in

seizing upon the lighter aspects of the character. Next she essayed the part of Tisbé in Victor Hugo's *Angelo*, her sister Rebecca being the Catarina. Rachel retrieved her laurels in Tisbé, which gave full scope to the passions of love, rage, and scorn. It was her most powerful character in drama, as Phèdre was her greatest in tragedy. Théophile Gautier thus describes her in these two impersonations: 'One of Mademoiselle Rachel's great qualities is that she gives so plastic a realisation of the character she represents. In Phèdre she is a Greek princess of the heroic ages, in Tisbé she personates an Italian courtesan of the 16th century. There can be no mistake—sculpture and painting could do no more. This graphic embodiment of the idea exercises a despotic influence on the audience the instant she appears. In tragedy she seems a figure detached from a *bas relief* of Phidias; in drama a Titian or a Bronzine descended from its frame. The illusion is complete. She is a great *artiste* as well as a great actress. Even her beauty is endowed with the most astonishing flexibility; at one time you have before you a sculptured hueless marble, at another a warm Venetian painting. She takes the colouring of the sphere in which she is to move—under the antique colonnade, a statue—under the *renaissance* ceiling, the richly-tinted portrait. Between the scene and the actress the harmony is always perfect.'

In June, Rachel created the part of the heroine in Ponsard's one-act play *Horace et Lydie*. The theme was a love quarrel, but the immorality of old Rome was not a savoury topic to set prominently forth, and the piece fell lifeless. During her usual leave of absence this year, Rachel played in London, Hamburgh, Berlin, Dresden, and Potsdam. The King of Prussia never missed one of her performances at Berlin and Potsdam. After her return to Paris, she found much of her old influence slipping from her, and she did not improve her position later by absenting herself from France, and visiting Russia and the United States—in the former case when France was nearly at

war with Russia, and in the latter when the Universal Exhibition was drawing visitors from all nations to Paris. In describing Rachel's arbitrary conduct, Madame de B—— says: 'She attempted with her comrades, with the public, with the press, to exert a crushing despotism—she created around her the most complete solitude. Towards the close of her career she had alienated a number of the partisans she had had among the members of the press, and consequently a portion of the public. Sundry of her acts during the last few years had been stamped with that excessive egotism that has its source in vain-glorious blindness, producing selfish forgetfulness or disregard of social ties and social duties.'

A disastrous failure was recorded in 1851 with *Valeria*, a drama written for her by MM. Auguste Maquet and Jules Lacroix, who endeavoured by it to secure for her a double triumph—viz., as *tragédienne* and as *cantatrice*. The heroine was the licentious and cruel Roman empress Messalina. Although the dramatists endeavoured to whitewash her, the play was objectionable in various ways, and it proved a dead failure. This year Rachel was away from Paris for five months and a half. She received for twenty-five performances in London 10,000 francs—and all her expenses, even to hotel bills, were paid. She also had a very prosperous tour on the Continent. Charlotte Brontë saw her play in London, and thus wrote of her: 'On Saturday I went to hear and see Rachel; a wonderful sight—terrible as if the earth had cracked deep at your feet and revealed a glimpse of hell. I shall never forget it. She made me shudder to the marrow of my bones; in her some fiend has certainly taken up an incarnate home. She is not a woman; she is a snake; she is the d——.' After another visit Miss Brontë wrote: 'Rachel's acting transfixed me with wonder, enchained me with interest, and filled me with horror. The tremendous force with which she expresses the very worst passions in their strongest essence forms an exhibition as exciting as the bull-fights of Spain, and the gladiatorial com-

bats of old Rome, and it seemed to me not one whit more moral than these poisoned stimulants to popular ferocity. It is scarcely human nature that she shows you ; it is something wilder and worse ; the feelings and fury of a fiend. The great gift of genius she undoubtedly has, but, I fear, she rather abuses it than turns it to good account.'

The year 1852 saw Rachel's appearance in Emile Augier's drama *Diane*, whose chief points had been suggested by Victor Hugo's *Marion Delorme*. Augier entirely lacked the noble poetic fervour of Hugo, and the whole play, with the exception of a few passages, did not permit the actress to rise to any of her grand heights. It was succeeded by a revival of the *Louise de Lignerolles* of MM. Prosper Dimaux and Ernest Legouvé, but once more Rachel was made to tread in the paths of Mdlle. Mars with indifferent results. Notwithstanding a serious illness this year, Rachel travelled to Potsdam, where she played before the King of Prussia and the Emperor and Empress of Russia. She was received privately with unusual marks of distinction, and the Czar Nicholas assured her that she was greater even than her reputation, and he hoped she would give him the pleasure of seeing her next in his own dominions. Valuable gifts were likewise showered upon her. In February 1853 she appeared again in Paris in *Lady Tartuffe*, a play of modern social life, written for her by Madame de Girardin. The drama lifted the veil on the scheming and intriguing so rife in fashionable circles, and as the heroine, Rachel was 'graceful, ladylike, and diabolical.' Although she disliked her part, the play secured the favour of the public.

M. Ernest Legouvé now wrote for her his tragedy of *Medée*, but a serious quarrel arose between them over it. During the negotiations, Rachel went away, 'to rest,' as she said, but she appeared in various places, though to very poor audiences, as she had visited these particular cities too often. After her return, and just when Legouvé was hoping to complete the rehearsals for the production of his play, she accepted an

engagement in Russia and went off there, leaving behind her a note intimating that she would play *Médée* on her return, or rescue her from any other hands which might have taken possession of her in the interim. The actress had behaved most disingenuously, for she was actually arranging for her visit to St. Petersburg at the very time she told Legouvé she was too ill to rehearse. She succeeded well in the Russian capital, and was presented by the Empress with a pelisse of the most costly furs in the world, and by the Emperor with a diamond and ruby corsage ornament of immense value. Rachel afterwards proceeded to Moscow and Warsaw, and at the latter place she received a letter from Legouvé, who was wearied of her tergiversations. She replied, practically refusing to appear in the play.

The *tragédienne's* pecuniary harvest in Russia amounted to no less than 300,000 francs. On her return to France she hastened to Eaux Bonnes, in the Pyrenees, where her sister Rebecca was dying of consumption. She continued to make flying visits to her until the end, which came quite suddenly. Rachel was chatting with some friends in another room, when the maid Rose rushed in to say that Rebecca had been seized with a paroxysm of coughing, and was in great danger. Rising from her seat with a bound, Rachel appeared to seek for some cause for this terrible blow that was falling upon her, and her eye lighted upon a rosary blessed by the Pope, which she had always worn as a bracelet since her visit to Rome. Realising now that she had attached a talismanic virtue to the beads, she tore them from her arm and dashed them to the ground, frantically exclaiming, 'It is this fatal gift that has entailed this curse upon me'! To her intense grief, Rebecca died, and on the 23rd of June her body was conveyed to Paris for interment.

In the ensuing September the Legouvé-Rachel controversy came to a crisis. The actress commissioned a friend to inform the author that she could never appear in his play. The reasons she finally assigned for this step were creditable to her,

but she ought to have advanced them in the outset, and not have treated Legouvé so shamefully. 'I have read your two last acts,' she wrote to him. 'I see my *rôle* is full of sharp, sudden movements; I rush at my children, carry them about, struggle with the crowd for their possession. This physical agitation does not suit me. All that I can express by physiognomy, attitude, by solemn, measured gestures, I can do; but where energetic pantomime begins my powers fail utterly. Medea may murder her children, poison her father-in-law: I feel unable to follow her example, even if I wished to. Holding the respect for the public that I do, and bearing a name entirely created by its favour and applause, I cannot allow myself to be made the accomplice and instrument of theatrical favouritism.' Legouvé appealed to the law, and ultimately recovered 12,000 francs damages, which was not much consolation for a man who had waited for two years, hoping to see his Medea created by Rachel. However, his reward came later, for Ristori took up the part, and secured in it one of her greatest triumphs, much to Rachel's chagrin.

The highest point of Rachel's pecuniary success was the beginning of her decadence as an artist. This must always be the case when the first-love is not that of the art itself. She gave evidence of strange dramatic shortsightedness when she accepted from M. Latour St. Ybars a one-act tragedy, *Rosemonde*, in which horror and crime were concentrated to an inordinate degree. The story of Rosemonde may be read in Gibbon, but the historian's setting having been taken away, there remained nothing but what was hideous and revolting. Alboin, King of the Lombards, slew Cunimund, King of the Gepidæ, and made Rosemonde, the captive daughter of his late rival, his queen. On one occasion he induced her, unwittingly, to joyously drink wine out of her father's skull. When she became aware of this she vowed a terrible vengeance upon her husband, and had him assassinated. Rachel played her part with determination, but she failed to obtain the real sympathy

of her audience. When she returned to her *loge* it was seen that she was overwhelmed with disappointment and despair. Jules Janin states that she cowered in a corner of the green-room associated with her greatest triumphs, tears filling her eyes. When a friend endeavoured to console her she sobbed aloud, and passionately tearing open her dress, exclaimed, 'See! see how I am wasting away. It is a dying woman who weeps.'

And this was really the beginning of the end. Her nerves became unstrung, and as she had always been superstitious, she now began to see visions in the night. Amongst others who appeared to her, she said, was Corneille, who had reproached her for her disloyalty to him in her later years. Then she frequently recalled a supper given at Victor Hugo's months before, at which thirteen were present, and she was filled with terror as she thought of the evil fortune which had pursued some of the guests. Victor Hugo and his wife were in exile, Madame de Girardin was dead, Pradier gone, Alfred de Musset gone, Count d'Orsay dead, Rebecca dead—'I alone am left, and that will not be for long.'

The last of Rachel's original creations in Paris was Catherine II., of Russia, the heroine of *La Czarine*, a drama written for her by M. Scribe. In anticipation of a brilliant success, a dinner was arranged for the day following its production, which took place in January, 1855. The drama was altogether inferior to the subject and to Rachel's great powers, and it failed accordingly. But the dinner, which was given by Dr. Véron, was duly eaten by a depressed but distinguished company, which included Rachel, St. Beuve, Mérimée, Aubert, Halévy, and Scribe. The drama was only played for a few nights, and then it sank into oblivion. Piqued by the great success of Ristori, both in comedy and tragedy, Rachel went through the list of her own chief characters in June, after which she left Paris for London, where she appeared in *Phèdre*, *Les Horaces*, *Lady Tartuffe*, and *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, and had a brilliant

reception in all. Rachel very grudgingly admitted the extraordinary powers of Ristori, while the beautiful Italian warmly applauded her rival in the part of Camille.

Rachel now set forth on her ill-starred expedition to America. She landed at New York on the 22nd of August, and on the 3rd of September appeared at the Metropolitan Theatre, Broadway. The play chosen was *Les Horaces*, and the *tragédienne* began her tour with a veritable artistic triumph. A writer in *Harper's Magazine* thus described the scene: 'The artist and the audience were mutually worthy. Her action was symmetrical throughout. No one part was more perfectly done than another; but the varied importance of the parts made the differing excellence of the acting. The applause was as discriminating. It shifted from sensation to murmur, and ran all along the line of feeling until it exploded in enthusiasm. In the extreme moment of hearing her lover's fate, Camille sinks fainting in the chair, after a pantomime of fluctuating emotion, which is the very height of her art. Just then some bewildered poet flung a huge bouquet upon the stage, which fell, shattered like a cabbage, at the very feet of the Roman who was declaiming. Perplexed for a moment—uncertain whether the laws of our theatre might not require some notice to be taken of the bouquet—unwilling, upon the first night, to do anything contrary to courtesy, the Roman faltered and paused, made a halting step towards the flowers, raised them doubtfully, and turned towards Rachel, when a sudden "No!" rang through the house like a gust, and the dismayed Thespian dropped the bouquet like a hot cannon-ball, and proceeded with his part. For an hour and a half the curtain was up, and the eyes of the audience were riveted upon Rachel. For an hour and a half there was the constant increase of passionate intensity, until love and despair culminated in the famous denunciation; the house hung breathless upon that wild whirl of tragic force—and Camille lay dead and the curtain was down before that rapt and amazed silence was conscious of itself. Then came

the judgment—the verdict which was worth having after such a trial—the crown, and the garland, and the pæan. The curtain rose, and there, wan and wavering, stood the ghost of Camille, the woman Rachel. She had risen in her flowing drapery just where she had fallen, and seemed to be the spirit of herself. But pale and trembling, she flickered in the tempest of applause. The audience stood and waved hats and handkerchiefs, and flowers fell in pyramids ; and that quick, earnest, meaning " Bravo ! " was undisturbed by any discordant sound. It was a great triumph. It was too much for the excited and exhausted Rachel. She knew that the news would instantly fly across the sea—that Paris would hear of her victory over a new continent—that, perhaps, Ristori's foot would be found too large for the slipper. She wavered for a moment, then someone rushed forward and caught her as she fell, and the curtain came down.

'There was no attempt at a recall. There was something too real in the whole scene. The audience slowly arose and silently separated. Ladies sat in groups upon the benches with white faces and red eyes. They all thought her beautiful. They all forgave everything and they all denied everything. It was a rare triumph. We so love what we greatly admire that we all longed to love Rachel.'

Raphael, the manager, was disappointed with the pecuniary results of the first performance. The takings were 26,334 francs, which exceeded the amount made by any actor in Europe, but which paled into insignificance beside the 100,000 francs obtained on the night of Jenny Lind's first American performance. Various great parts followed that of Camille, and after a vast amount of trouble Rachel was persuaded to sing the *Marseillaise*, but she had a severe affection of the larynx, and the song was necessarily rendered but tamely compared with the old rendering in Paris. No attempt was made to put the French tragedies adequately on the New York stage, and sometimes a scene which should have been

imposing only evoked roars of laughter. After a visit to Boston, Rachel returned to New York, from whence she proceeded to Philadelphia, where she was taken seriously ill. The doctors ordered her to a warmer climate as soon as she could travel, and on the 27th of November she moved on to Charleston. As the company was compelled to give three or four performances without her, the theatre was empty. To avert disaster, Rachel consented, at the urgent wish of her brother, to appear in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, although the doctors had expressly warned her that absolute repose was necessary. 'Play she would, and play she did—for the last time in America the bills said, for the last time on earth! said implacable destiny.' The performance took place on the 17th of December, and one of the actors read in the face of Rachel the unmistakable signs of the fell disease consumption, which must for some time have had her within its grasp.

The company sailed for Havana on the 19th. On arriving there Rachel hoped to act, but the doctors expressly forbade it. Some days later the great *tragédienne* gave utterance to this despairing cry: 'I am ill—very ill. My body and mind have both sunk down to nothing. I shall not be able to act at Havana either; but I have come, and the Director, exerting his rights, has demanded damages to the extent of 7,000 piastres. I paid, and have also paid the actors up to-day. I bring back my routed army to the banks of the Seine, and I, perhaps, like another Napoleon, will go back and ask a stone on which to lay my head and die at the Invalides. But no; I will find my two guardian angels—my young sons. I hear their voices calling me. I have been too long away from their kisses, their caresses, their love. I do not regret the money I have lost; I do not regret the fatigue I have undergone. I have carried my name as far as I could, and I bring back my heart to those who love me.'

So the broken-hearted *tragédienne*, whose fame had filled two continents, returned to France with only one hope in her

breast—the desire to obtain rest and peace. Yet, disastrous as was the American tour in some respects, it cannot be called so in the pecuniary sense. The forty-two performances given by Rachel in the United States realised a total sum of 684,033 francs, of which Rachel's share alone amounted to 298,000 francs; so that the American public scarcely deserved the violent literary castigation administered to it by Jules Janin.

The actress spent the spring of 1856 at a friend's residence in Meulan, and here she was visited by Arsène Houssaye and others. In his sketch of Rachel, Houssaye publishes some conversations he held with her. The following extracts throw a pathetic light upon the character of the actress:—

'"Alas!" she said to me, "I have done with illusions. I see myself already in the tomb. You spoke at Rebecca's grave, you will speak also at mine."

'Then an after-thought struck her. "And yet, no; say nothing, and prevent others from making speeches. Oblivion! you do not know the charm of being forgotten after a life before the public."

'She spoke simply. Off the stage she had a horror of declamations, except when making fun.

'"You know my life and heart. It is not necessary to tell you I am not so bad as they would say. No one escapes his destiny. I was born away in the mountains, I hardly know where. I regret I did not live an obscure existence, like so many honest women who think of nothing but their children. Dragged by fate to Paris, I was obliged to live the life of Paris, passing from misery to luxury, exposed to dangers and temptations. My calumniators did not succeed in making me immoral. God loved me since He gave me children. The justice of God is greater towards poor, weak mortals, than the justice of men. I do not fear Him, for I know there are mothers of families who will not be better received than I shall be at the Mercy Seat. If the writers of scandalous

memoirs should seek one day to parody my life, tell it in all its simplicity. You know well I was not educated at the Sacré Cœur; and those who are, are not many of them better than I am, for I have only sinned against myself, while many of those young ladies only passed through the sacrament of marriage to betray it."

'We were walking in the park; the dinner-bell rang.

'"I think I have suddenly become very serious," she said, "I must not do so again, for I wish the evening to pass gaily."

'Rachel was charming the whole time of dinner, but afterwards nearly fainted away with fatigue. She then talked of the possibility of her marriage with the man she loved.'

We read of visits which Rachel paid to Ems and Paris. When the announcement was made that her town residence was for sale, the French journals were seized with a sudden frenzy of admiration, grief, enthusiasm, and despair. Extravagant pictures were drawn of the vast wealth of the Rachel mansion, and when it was found that it contained little more treasure than an ordinary private dwelling, public interest evaporated. The sale of the hotel was consequently countermanded at the eleventh hour, though a portion of the furniture and the important works of art were afterwards disposed of at nothing like their real value. Towards the close of the summer of 1856, Rachel's disease had made such progress that the doctors ordered her to winter in Egypt. The directors of the theatre acted generously towards her, for they granted her leave of absence until May 31st, 1857, with payment of her salary. She reached Cairo early in October, but she still suffered so much that in December she was ordered up the Nile, in the hope that the air of Luxor would prove beneficial. Her heart yearningly turned towards Paris, where, alas! the former idol was already beginning to be forgotten, and from Thebes she wrote a touching letter to the man she loved. The winter passed, and the sufferer remained in Egypt through the following spring. When summer came she returned to Paris,

arriving there on July 1st, 1857. She wrote to the manager of the Théâtre Français to the effect that her continued ill-health left her no hope of being able to resume her engagements. She was ordered to spend the next winter in the south of France, and before her departure she wrote farewell letters to Augustine Brohan and others. In one of these letters she said, 'I feel a great darkness and void in my head and in my intelligence. All is suddenly extinguished, and Rachel has ceased to exist! Ah, poor Rachel! that Rachel of whom I was so proud—too proud, perhaps; nothing remains of her to-day!' Again she exclaimed—'This terrible disease—this shirt of Nessus that I cannot tear off! I trusted to my luck and my strength, and, without any precautions, undertook that terrible expedition to New York. Shall I return now—will God have pity on me, for the sake of my children, my friends, or will He take me to Himself?'

She retired to Cannet, a little village in the environs of Cannes, and here she spent her last days, in a villa placed at her disposal by M. Sardou, father of the famous dramatist. Owing to the warm, dry air of Cannet, her life was prolonged until January, 1858. Feeling her end approaching, however, one day—by a marvellous effort of will—she wrote seventeen letters, and prepared seventeen little boxes, filled with orange flowers, and on the top of each she laid one of the letters. A friend who was present at the last has so graphically and touchingly described the scene, that it shall be related in his own words:—

'I had felt the approach of the fatal event on Friday, January 1st, when we exchanged the compliments of the New Year; Rachel embraced us with so much feeling it was evident that in her own mind she anticipated the eternal adieux. Doctor Bergonier had, however, assured me we might yet expect life would be prolonged a few days.

'On Saturday nothing particular occurred. Rachel remained, as usual, plunged in a sort of stupor, the effect of excessive debility, and from which she was now, at intervals, roused by fits

of excessive pain, after which she would again fall asleep. Toward midnight she awoke quite calm, as though out of a long sleep, and chatted familiarly with those around her bed. She desired to write to her father, but had not strength to finish. The letter she was dictating contained her last requests, but violent spasms of pain compelled her to cease for the time. She remained in a state of complete prostration, and with infinite trouble was made to swallow a little sustenance from time to time.

'At eleven o'clock on Sunday morning the expectoration had become so difficult that it was feared she would choke; an unexpected effort having relieved her, calm succeeded to this crisis. Rachel then expressed a wish to finish the letter to her father; she dictated to the end, read it all over, and then exclaimed: "My poor Rebecca, my dear sister, I am going to see thee! I am indeed happy!"

'She then added a few words to the letter, signed it, and appeared to fall asleep. This state lasted several hours.

'Sarah had, up to this moment, hesitated to call in religious assistance; the words uttered by Rachel now decided her, and she despatched a telegraphic message to the Consistory of Nice, which immediately sent ten persons, men and women. They arrived towards eight o'clock, but they were not introduced for some time in the chamber, lest the sight of them should cause Rachel too great a shock. At ten o'clock there was another fit like that of the morning, which alarmed all the house. This the doctors said would be the last; and the members of the Consistory were summoned. Two women and an old man approached the bed and began to sing in Hebrew, a psalm, beginning:

'"Ascend to God, daughter of Israel."

'Rachel turned her face calmly towards the singers.

'"Behold, Lord, the agony of thine handmaid; pity her sufferings; shorten her pains, my God, and let those she endures redeem her sins!

'"In the name of Thy love, God of Israel, deliver her soul, she aspires to return to Thee, break the bonds that bind her to dust and suffer her to appear before Thy glory."

'The countenance of Rachel seemed illumined by celestial light; the singers continued:

'"The Lord reigneth, the Lord has reigned, the Lord will reign everywhere and for evermore! Blessed, everywhere and for ever, be the name of His glorious reign!

'"The Eternal One is God!" *(Seven times.)*

'"Listen, Israel, the Eternal, our God, the Eternal, is one.

'"Go, then, whither the Lord calleth thee. Go, and may His mercy assist thee. May the Eternal, our God, be with thee; may His immortal angels guide thee to heaven, and may the righteous rejoice when the Lord receives thee in His bosom!

'"God of our fathers, revive in Thy mercy this soul that goeth to Thee; unite it to those of the holy patriarchs, amid the eternal joys of the heavenly paradise! Amen."

'Rachel pressed Sarah's hand, and expired with a smile upon her lips.

'And the singers said:

'"Blessed be the Judge of Truth!"

'All present were moved by the tokens of heavenly grace Rachel had manifested. It cannot be doubted that Rachel died with the hope of another life.

'Until now I had doubted this faith of hers, which, perhaps, was not definite and free from doubt until the last solemn moment. However, I must confess that I had already heard her utter words of religious hope on the occasion of a solemn act of her life, which took place on the 15th of last December.'

The body of the great actress was conveyed to Paris, and on the 11th of January it was committed to its resting-place in the Israelite division of the cemetery of Père la Chaise, Jewish rites being performed over the grave. A great number of illustrious men were present at the ceremony, and eloquent

eulogies were pronounced by Jules Janin, Théophile Gautier, Paul de Saint Victor, and other friends and admirers.

Thus passes from our view Rachel, the artist and the woman; Rachel the erring, the loving, the sinning, the magnificent; Rachel the child of genius and of fortune; that Rachel, upon whom at her zenith shone the dazzling sun of prosperity, but whose brilliant lustre was finally extinguished in sadness and gloom.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

The life of this strange and eccentric woman is probably unique in the records of her sex. Her character was as extraordinary as her adventures, and it is a moot point to this day whether she was really insane on certain questions, or whether, like Hamlet, she feigned insanity for purposes of her own. But whatever may be the truth as regards her singular career, the fascination and interest attaching to that career are undeniable. As the granddaughter of the great Chatham, and the niece of the illustrious William Pitt, her early years were passed amid circumstances of pomp and power, and she knew much of the inner life of kings and statesmen. According to tradition, it was to her that Pitt said, after the crushing victory of Napoleon at Austerlitz, 'Roll up the map of Europe!' Yet so great were the extremes of vicissitude through which she passed, that she died in a foreign clime the victim of pecuniary difficulties and neglect, and the embittered enemy of the land which gave her birth.

Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope was the eldest daughter of Charles, third Earl Stanhope, by his first wife Hester, sister to William Pitt, and daughter of the first Earl of Chatham. He had issue by this first wife, three daughters—Hester, Griselda, and Lucy. By his second wife, who was a Grenville, he had three sons: the Earl who succeeded him; Charles, who was killed at the battle of Corunna; and James, who died at Caen Wood, the villa of his father-in-law the Earl of Mansfield. Lady Hester was born at Chevening, Kent, on the 12th of March,

1776. At a very early age she displayed an unusual force and originality of character, and she grew up to be a woman of great personal charm. She was the leading spirit, whether in dancing, riding, or providing amusements for the household. She also guided her sisters in politics as well as in private life. The early discipline as applied to herself, however, made her swear eternal hatred against all Swiss and French governesses. The governess at Chevening pinched in her back by boards, and endeavoured to pinch her foot and flatten its high instep. The children saw little of their parents, for Lady Stanhope was a woman of fashion, and Lord Stanhope was wrapped up in his philosophical pursuits. But as Lady Hester grew up she attracted admiration by her fine and majestic figure. The roses and lilies were blended in her cheeks, she had a bewitching smile, and her complexion was like alabaster. Her head was a perfect oval, the eyebrows were arched and fine, the eyes were greyish-blue, and although each feature taken alone was not strictly beautiful, her whole appearance was such as to make most women envious. She was nearly six feet in height, with a full and well-proportioned figure, and while her mien was majestic, her address was eminently graceful. She was pleasing and eloquent in conversation, quick at wit and repartee, and from first to last her knowledge of human nature was most profound. She was full of courage, both moral and physical, was undaunted, and proud as Lucifer. Reading was rather distasteful to her, and she despised history, because she said she had found the histories of her own times to be full of lies.

George III. was greatly taken by Lady Hester's independent spirit ; and once when he was going away from Lord Romney's he wanted to put her bodkin between himself and the Queen. When the Queen had got into the carriage, he said to her, 'My dear, Lady Hester is going to ride bodkin with us : I am going to take her away from Democracy Hall.' But as she had not got her maid with her, it was decided that it would be

inconvenient to take her at such short notice. 'Democracy Hall' was an allusion to Lord Stanhope's advanced Radical opinions. Pitt was attached to his niece Hester from the first, more so than to any other member of her family. When he was reproached for allowing her such unreserved liberty of action in state matters, and in affairs where his friends advised him to question her on the motives for her conduct, he would answer, 'I let her do as she pleases; for if she were resolved to cheat the devil she could do it.' But she was wise beyond her years, and had always a reason for her actions, however harebrained they might seem. The Premier once said to her, 'If you were a man, Hester, I would send you on the Continent with 60,000 men, and give you *carte blanche;* and I am sure that not one of my plans would fail, and not one soldier would go with his shoes unblacked.' He had the highest opinion of her mind and talents, and when someone said to him, 'I suppose Lady Hester will never marry till she can get a man as clever as herself,' he replied, 'Then she will never marry at all.'

Lady Hester went to reside altogether with her uncle in 1803, and from that time forth, as mistress of his establishment, and his most trusted confidant in public matters until his death, 'she had full scope for the exercise of her imperious and queenly instincts.' When on his death-bed, Pitt left a written request that she might have £1,500 a year, and ultimately a pension of £1,200 a year was assigned her by the King. Fox offered to provide for her in a more generous manner still, but she proudly declined his offers, being unwilling to accept benefit at the hands of the political enemy of her late uncle. After Pitt's death in 1806 she established herself in Montague Square with her two brothers; but the great change from the excitement of her previous career to the life of an ordinary woman of her own rank, and with but limited means, proved irksome to her. Then troubles befell her in 1808 by the death at Corunna of her favourite brother, Major Stanhope, as well as of Sir John

Moore, for whom she is understood to have cherished an affection. Disgusted with London and its society, she retired into Wales, and resided in a small cottage at Builth, near Brecon, where she occupied herself in caring for the poor, and in attending to her dairy and other rustic occupations.

But even in this quiet spot she was subject to the interruption of friends from the great world, so in 1810 she left England never to return. She was accompanied in the character of physician by Dr. Meryon, who afterwards edited her *Memoirs* and her *Travels*, which extended to six volumes. When the *Memoirs* were published they were so outspoken that those who had been stung began to malign and vilify the writer. Dr. Meryon therefore felt compelled to break this lance in her defence in his preface to the *Travels*:

'Mr. Pitt, owing to his long administration, was surrounded by many coadjutors, who were raised by his patronage and favour to high places in the Government. His generous nature led him to tolerate in some of them a line of conduct based on principles and motives less pure than his own. These men, in becoming the channel of advancement to others of an inferior class, created a host of followers who thought it, and, where they survive, may think it still, a party duty to support the reputation of those persons to whom they owed their advancement. Mr. Pitt's niece and companion, Lady Hester, endowed with a finer discrimination of character than her uncle, and enabled, from her position as a bystander, to take a juster measure of the abilities and motives of those who seemed to be acting with him, could scarcely bear with the stupidity of some, the duplicity of others, and the baseness of almost all. Gifted by nature with a most retentive memory, so as to be able to compare men's actions and assertions from time to time, just in her appreciation of their designs, fearless of their anger and a match for their ridicule, disclaiming all compromise with insincerity and vice, she aimed with an unerring

hand the shafts of her disdain at all those whose vices and perfidy called forth her execration.

'Let those, therefore, who are open to conviction, correct their judgment and be undeceived. Let them be persuaded that, although the adherents of a Heliogabalus, of a versatile, or an insincere minister, a pompous lord, or an intriguing duchess may for a time be successful in their abuse, truth at length will prevail, and the indignation of a noble-minded, upright, and virtuous woman become matter of history.'

Lady Hester Stanhope and her party embarked at Portsmouth on the 10th of February, 1810, with the object of proceeding to the Mediterranean. On arriving at Gibraltar she was lodged at the Governor's, in the convent, for some time. Leaving there in the course of a month or so, she proceeded to Malta, the travelling party being now increased by the Marquis of Sligo and Mr. Michael Bruce. The latter had assisted Sir Robert Wilson and Mr. Hutchinson in effecting the escape of Lavallette from prison on the eve of his execution. I have alluded to this escape in the article on Lady Morgan. In July, Lady Hester Stanhope found herself at Zante, from whence she passed over to Patras. Traversing Greece, she next visited Constantinople, and from that city she sailed for Egypt. A stay was made at the city of Brusa, which stands at the foot of Mount Olympus, one of the highest mountains in Asia Minor. Lady Hester was enchanted with the vale of Brusa, which she thus described in a letter to a friend:

How I wish you were here to enjoy this delicious climate, and the finest country I ever beheld! Italy is nothing to it in point of magnificence. The town of Brusa is situated at the foot of the Mount Olympus; it is one of the largest towns and may be considered the capital of Asia Minor; the houses are like all Turkish houses, bad in themselves but so interspersed with trees and mosques that the whole has a fine effect; the view is quite delightful over an immense plain, more rich and beautiful than anything I ever saw, covered with trees, shrubs,

and flowers of all descriptions; the rides are charming, and the horses better than any of those I have met with out of England.

'How beautiful are these Asiatic women! they go to the bath from fifty to five hundred together, and when I was bathing the other day the wife of a deposed pasha begged I would finish my bathing at a bath half a mile off, that she might have the pleasure of my society, but this I declined; they bathe with all their ornaments on—trinkets I mean—and when they have finished they bind up their hair with flowers, and eat and talk for hours, then cover up their faces, all but their eyes, and sit under trees till the evening.'

The travellers were overtaken by a terrible storm when near Rhodes. The ship sprang a leak and was lost, but Lady Hester, her maid, Mrs. Fry, and the rest of the party got safe to land after many privations. It was now that Lady Hester Stanhope determined on abandoning the European costume, her reasons for this in the first instance being thus stated by the Doctor:

'As many things that were necessary for us in our destitute situation could not be procured at Rhodes, arrangements were made for my immediate departure to Smyrna, in order to purchase a refit for the whole party. It will be thought by many persons that Lady Hester Stanhope violated too far the regard due to her sex in the resolution she now adopted of equipping herself as a man and as a Turk. But let it be recollected that she had lost everything in the shipwreck, and that even the cities of the Levant, had she been in one, had neither milliners nor mantuamakers who understood how to make European female dresses, nor materials for them could she have made them herself. The impossibility of getting what she wanted was therefore so evident that she unavoidably made choice of the Turkish costume, in which the long robes, the turban, the yellow slippers and pelisses have really nothing incompatible with female attire. Thus she was enabled to travel unveiled,

which, in women's clothes, would have been contrary to the usages of the country; and, as Lady Hester decided on abandoning the English costume, the rest of the party did the same.'

In February, 1812, the party safely reached Alexandria, which Lady Hester thought quite hideous. After a fortnight's stay she took her departure for Cairo, which was reached on March 12. Here her ladyship's first care was to equip herself with proper clothes in which to appear before the Pasha. She chose the costume of the people of Barbary, and purchased a sumptuous dress, beautifully embroidered, of purple velvet and gold. Ladies will be interested in learning that for her turban and girdle she bought two handsome cashmere shawls, each at £50. Her pantaloons, most richly embroidered in gold, cost £40; her waistcoat and her pelisse, £50; her sabre, £20; and her saddle, £35. Other articles necessary to the completion of the costume amounted to £100 more. This important visit was very interesting to the Pasha, who had never seen an Englishwoman of rank before. And in truth her ladyship's arrival in Cairo had created a wonderful curiosity in all ranks, both of Turks and Christians, and everybody was ambitious to make her acquaintance. The Pasha sent five horses, richly caparisoned after the Mamcluke fashion, on which Lady Hester and her retinue were conducted to the Usbekéah palace, where much honour was shown to the party. The Pasha received Lady Hester in a small kiosk which had the appearance of a fairy palace. Everything was gorgeous in the extreme; coffee and sherbet were served, and then the pipe was offered to her ladyship, but this was declined, as she had not yet learned to smoke. Before leaving, Lady Hester was taken through the apartments of the harem.

From Egypt the travellers proceeded to the Holy Land. As they neared Jerusalem, Lady Hester recalled vividly the fact that years before a fortune-teller named Brothers had predicted that she was to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to pass

seven years in the Desert, to become the Queen of the Jews, and to lead forth a chosen people. She now saw the first part of the prophecy verified; and she often openly, but laughingly, avowed that she had so much faith in the prediction as to expect to see its final accomplishment. She was deeply moved as first one spot and then another appeared, memorable in the history of Palestine. A journey to Nazareth was next undertaken, and here the party fell in with Sheikh Ibrahim, who was none other than the celebrated traveller Burckhardt. At Acre they saw Gezzàr Pasha, of whose fearful vengeance upon the women of his seraglio for their intrigues with the Mamelukes, sickening stories are told. He seems to have been a monster of blood and lust. The country of the Druses was soon entered, and on the 1st of September the party arrived at the ancient city of Damascus. Dr. Meryon says with regard to Lady Hester's entry: 'The reader is aware that, throughout the East, women, above the level of peasantry, dare not go unveiled. It is therefore always with sentiments of contempt that European ladies, who may chance to visit or to reside at the seaports of the Ottoman Empire, are beheld by the natives when they are seen unveiled out of doors. But the protection afforded by consuls, on the one hand, and the necessity of being on a good understanding with the Frank merchants, from whom they gain so much, on the other, together with other causes, induce them to tolerate the custom. It is not so in the interior, where the intercourse is less; and it was an opinion then current in the Levant that no man even could venture to appear at Damascus, the inhabitants of which place were considered as most bigoted, in European clothes. Lady Hester, therefore, needed no little courage to undergo the trial that awaited her. A woman, unveiled, and in man's attire, she entered in broad daylight one of the most fanatical towns in Turkey.

'From the moment of quitting Dayr el Kamar, the Turkish Chokadar had once or twice hinted to Mr. Bertrand, the inter-

preter, that it would be necessary for her ladyship to veil herself on entering Damascus, otherwise the populace might insult her. Mr. Bertrand, moved by his own terrors, did not fail to back the Chokadar's opinion, and was utterly dismayed when he understood, from her own mouth, that she should brave public opinion, dressed as she was, and day by day. I think it was at this time that she began to wear a fine Bagdad abah, or mantle, which Mrs. Rich had sent her. About four in the afternoon the cavalcade, which consisted of fifteen or eighteen horsemen and as many loaded mules, reached the suburbs, where I met it as it advanced. The people gazed at us, and all eyes were turned towards her ladyship. Her feminine looks passed with many, without doubt, for those of a beardless youth. More saw at once that it must be a woman; but, before they could recover from their astonishment, we had passed on. Thus we arrived, followed by a few boys only, at the Christian quarter of the city, and went to the house which had been prepared for her reception.'

Lady Hester paid a visit of some ceremony to the Pasha of Damascus, Sayd Suliman. It was considered a very formidable undertaking for a woman, but she went through it with dignity, and was not at all disconcerted. Her janissary remarked afterwards, 'Your ladyship's reception was very grand,' and upon her replying, 'Yes; but this is all vanity,' he added, 'Oh! my lady, you carry the splendour of royalty on your forehead, with the humility of a dervise at your heart!' Lady Hester found that the extraordinary and mysterious people, the Druses, who inhabited Mount Lebanon, ate the flesh of animals raw. The Emir Beshýr, or Prince of the Druses, and the Shaykh Beshýr, the Governor, received her with unequalled honours. For once Lady Hester was deceived in her boasted reading of character. The Prince, whom she at first thought to be a mild, amiable man, proved to be one of the most sanguinary of Eastern tyrants. She was the first traveller whom the Governor ever allowed to walk over his palace, which had been the scene

of several massacres. Two days spent under his roof she enjoyed greatly; yet the Governor judged it necessary to make one of his chief officers taste out of her cup before she drank, for fear of poison. She was used to that, but was rather surprised on this occasion, as the man who presented the cup on his knees looked more solemn than usual.

'When it is considered,' says Dr. Meryon, 'how very fanatical the inhabitants of Damascus were, and in what great abhorrence they held infidels; that native Christians could only inhabit a particular quarter of the town; and that no one of these, at the peril of having his bones broken by the first angry Turk he met, could ride on horseback within the walls, or wear as part of his dress any coloured cloth or turban that was showy, it will be matter of surprise how completely these prejudices were laid aside in favour of Lady Hester and of those persons who were with her. She rode out every day; and, according to the custom of the country, coffee was poured on the road before her horse by several of the inhabitants, in order to do her honour. It was said that, in going through a bazaar, all the people in it rose up as she passed—an honour never paid but to a pasha or to the mufti; but, as I was not present, I do not assert the thing positively. On no occasion was she insulted; and although a crowd constantly assembled at her door at the time she was expected to appear, and awaited her return home, she was always received by an applauding buzz of the populace; and the women, more especially, would call out, "Long life to her! May she live to return to her country!" with many other exclamations in use among them.'

From Damascus, Lady Hester Stanhope journeyed to the country of the Bedouins. She was received with awe and wonder at Palmyra, whose inhabitants came to regard her as a queen. The scene as she approached Palmyra is thus described:

'On entering the Valley of the Tombs, Lady Hester's attention was absorbed in viewing the strange wonders around

her. But a still more extraordinary sight, prepared by the Palmyrenes, here awaited her. In order to increase the effect which ruins cause on those who enter them for the first time, the guides led us up through the long colonnade which extends four thousand feet in length from north-west to south-east in a line with the gate of the temple. This colonnade is terminated by a triumphal arch. The shaft of each pillar, to the right and left, at about the height of six feet from the ground, has a projecting pedestal, called in architecture a console, under several of which is a Greek or Palmyrene inscription; and upon each there once stood a statue, of which at present no vestige remains excepting the marks of the cramp-iron for the feet. What was our surprise to see, as we rode up the avenue, and just as the triumphal arch came in sight, that several beautiful girls (selected, as we afterwards learned, from the age of twelve to sixteen) had been placed on these very pedestals, in the most graceful postures, and with garlands in their hands - their elegant shapes being but slightly concealed by a single loose robe, girded at the waist with a zone, and a white crape veil covering their heads. On each side of the arch other girls, no less lovely, stood by threes, whilst a row of six was ranged across the gate of the arch, with thyrsi in their hands. Whilst Lady Hester advanced, these living statues remained immoveable on their pedestals; but when she had passed, they leaped upon the ground, and joined in a dance by her side. On reaching the triumphal arch, the whole in groups, together with men and girls intermixed, danced around her. Here some bearded elders chanted verses in her praise, and all the spectators joined in chorus. The sight was truly interesting, and I have seldom seen one that moved my feelings more. Lady Hester herself seemed to partake of the emotions to which her presence in this remote spot had given rise, nor was the wonder of the Palmyrenes less than our own. They beheld with amazement a woman who had ventured thousands of miles from her own country, and had now crossed a waste where hunger and thirst

were only a part of the evils to be dreaded. The procession advanced, after a pause, to the gate of the temple, being by this time increased by the addition of every man, woman, and child in the village. At length she reached the cottage which had been prepared for her.'

Lady Hester found the Palmyreans a very intelligent race. She assured Lord Sligo later that the idea of telling them cock-and-bull stories and treating them like fools, with the view of hoodwinking them, was perfectly incorrect; they were much more difficult to manage than any Europeans she had ever seen. Respecting etiquette and politeness, they certainly far exceeded even the Turks; and for eloquence and beauty of ideas they were undoubtedly beyond any other people in the world.

At Latakia Lady Hester was prostrated with the plague, and she had only just gained sufficient strength to take her departure when she was seized with an ague, her maid being at the same time down with a nervous fever. But on the 6th of January, 1814, the indomitable lady traveller resolved on setting forward. She was conveyed on an ass to the water side, and went on board a lugger, which conveyed her to Tripoli. Then Sayda harbour was made, and here a stay of some time occurred. From this period Lady Hester, instead of being a wanderer, now became a sojourner in a strange land. Abandoning Europe and its customs altogether, she conformed herself entirely to the modes of life of the Orientals. 'Not that it is clear whether she was fixed in such a determination at first, but, unwilling to return to England, with which country she had become, for several reasons, disenchanted, and finding no other on the Continent sufficiently quiet to insure a permanent asylum, she thought she would remain some time longer in Syria, where, looking down on the world from the top of Mount Lebanon, she might calmly contemplate its follies and vicissitudes, neither mixed up with the one nor harassed by the other.' Another reason for her stay in Syria was that she

believed she had obtained a clue to certain vast hidden treasures which had hitherto eluded all the searches instituted by the Porte; and she had applied to the Turkish Government for permission to dig for them.

She consequently fixed upon the deserted monastery of Mar Elias for her residence. It was a quadrangular stone building of one story, covering a considerable extent of ground, but having few good rooms in it. 'The situation is picturesque, but lonely and barren, on the top of a mountain without verdure, surrounded on every side with mountains equally sterile, excepting a few olive and mulberry trees on a shelving bank at the back of the building, which were not to be come at save by a circuitous path, or by leaping down a perpendicular rock of twenty feet. Though now on Mount Lebanon, where the imagination of the reader will supply him with umbrageous cedars at every step, fiction alone could throw their shade over Dayr Mar Elias. From its elevated situation the monastery commands a most extensive view of the sea, from which it is distant in a straight line about two miles. But the sea, on the Syrian coast, is only a vast waste, where small craft are seen coasting before the wind, and now and then a three-masted vessel in the distance. The magnificent spectacle of a passing fleet, so common in the British Channel, is here unknown.'

It was about the 20th of February, 1814, that Lady Hester took possession of her mountain abode. Here she began to lead her new and strange life, and in a very short time, by the force and fearlessness of her character, she obtained a wonderful ascendency over the rude races around her. She gradually acquired the reputation of a prophetess, and came herself partially, if not wholly, to believe in it. She not only adopted the garb of a Mohammedan chieftain, but something of his religion, so that ultimately her creed was compounded of about equal proportions from the Koran and the Bible. Her home became the refuge of all the persecuted and the distressed. In 1832 she defied Mehemet Ali to take her fortress, and

whether from gallantry to a woman, or some other motive, that redoubtable warrior deemed it prudent to leave her undisturbed.

In 1815 Lady Hester conceived a plan for an association of literary men and artists, whom she proposed inviting from Europe for the purpose of prosecuting discoveries in every branch of knowledge, and of journeying over different parts of the Ottoman Empire. She aimed, in fact, at creating an Institute like that which Bonaparte led with him to Egypt, and of which she was to be the head. It was obvious, however, that no private person could possibly command the wealth or the influence necessary to the successful action of such an association, and the undertaking fell through. Yet, so enamoured was she of the idea, that she drew up memorials to be presented to different persons whom she wished to enlist and engage in the work. A memorandum showed that she proposed to carry the scheme through by subscriptions, levied according to the wealth of the individual.

With regard to the hidden treasure already alluded to, a manuscript had been put into Lady Hester's hands, said to have been surreptitiously copied by a monk from the records of a Frank monastery in Syria, and found among his papers after his decease. It was written in Italian, and disclosed the repositories of immense hoards of money, buried in the cities of Ascalon, Awgy, and Sidon, in certain spots therein mentioned. There were many plausible reasons why this might be so, including the frequent revolts in this region and the forced levies made on wealthy inhabitants, which would naturally lead them to bury their treasure out of sight. Lady Hester obtained firmans from the Porte authorising her to make researches, and she conceived various plans for raising the necessary funds. Nothing practical came of them, however, and the immense treasures, if really in existence, remained undiscovered. In the spring of 1815, Lady Hester again braved the perils of an Eastern journey, and visited Acre, Bussa, and Ascalon.

On reaching Ascalon, Lady Hester set on foot systematic excavations in that ancient city, with a view of discovering the hidden treasure; and these excavations resulted in the unearthing of a remarkable statue, which probably belonged to the age of the successors of Alexander, or it might be that of Herod himself. As she gave orders for the statue to be destroyed, a charge of vandalism was brought against her, which resulted in much obloquy being cast upon her name. The singular circumstances attaching to the destruction of this valuable relic of antiquity are thus related by Dr. Meryon:—

'I had made a pen sketch of the statue, and had represented to Lady Hester that her labours, if productive of no golden treasures, had brought to light one more valuable in the eyes of the lovers of the fine arts, and that future travellers would come to visit the ruins of Ascalon, rendered memorable by the enterprise of a woman, who, though digging for gold, yet rescued the remains of antiquity from oblivion. What was my astonishment when she answered: "This may be all true; but it is my intention to break up the statue and have it thrown into the sea, precisely in order that such a report may not get abroad, and I lose with the Porte all the merit of my disinterestedness."

'When I heard what her intentions were, I made use of every argument in my power to dissuade her from it, telling her that the apparent vandalism of such an act could never be wiped away in the eyes of virtuosi, and would be the less excusable, as I was not aware that the Turks had either claimed the statue or had forbidden its preservation. It was true, that, whilst sketching it, the people had expressed their surmises at what I could find to admire in a broken image; and I heard some of them conjecture that it might be a deity of the Franks, as it had been of the Romans and Greeks. But no idle notions, I insisted, ought to have weight on her mind; and I begged hard that, if she could not with decency carry it away, she would at least leave it for others to look at. She replied,

"Malicious men may say I came to search for antiquities for my country, and not for treasures for the Porte; so, go this instant, take with you half a dozen stout fellows, and break it into a thousand pieces!" Her resolution was not a thing of the moment: she had reflected on it for two days; and knowing her unalterable determination on such occasions, I went and did as she desired. When Mohammed Aga saw what had been done, he could not conceal his vexation: for it is probable that Lady Hester had read what was passing in his mind, and had thus prevented many an insinuation against her. Indeed, reports were afterwards circulated that the chest of the statue was found full of gold—half of which was given to the Pasha and the other half kept by Lady Hester. In England, where her motives were unknown, people naturally have decried her conduct, although it is plain that her integrity ought to prove her justification.'

All the researches at Ascalon having proved fruitless, Lady Hester came to the conclusion that when Gezzàr Pasha embellished the City of Acre by digging for marble and other materials in the ruins of Ascalon, he was fortunate enough to discover the treasure. It was generally conceded that Gezzàr had enriched his coffers by wealth so obtained, and his pretended mania for building was regarded as a cloak to conceal his real motive for excavating. However, while the experiment failed in its primary object, it had the desirable effect of establishing Lady Hester's popularity throughout Syria, and of confirming the belief that she was a person of some consideration, even in the eyes of the Sublime Porte. Lady Hester wrote to Lord Bathurst, the English Secretary of State, informing him that, knowing how much the statue would be prized by English travellers, she had ordered it to be broken into a thousand pieces, so that malicious people might not say she came to look for statues for her countrymen, and not for treasures for the Porte. As Lady Hester considered that her researches, if successful, would have brought credit on the

English name, and as she acted with the cognisance of the British Minister at Constantinople, she applied to the latter to be reimbursed her expenses. The application failed, however, and from this time pecuniary matters began to weigh heavily upon her.

In the year 1816 Lady Hester was joined by Miss Williams, a young lady strongly attached to her, who ventured on the voyage from Malta to Cyprus alone. Miss Williams owed her education and the care of her younger years to the protection of Mr. Pitt. Lady Hester afterwards took her near her person, and she left England with her ladyship for Malta in 1810. She now proceeded from Malta, by way of Rhodes, Cyprus, and Beyrout, for Mount Lebanon, and reached Mar Elias in safety. Lady Hester was visited at this time by Mr. W. J. Bankes, afterwards member of Parliament for Cambridge University, and subsequently by Mr. J. Silk Buckingham, founder of *The Athenæum*. Mr. Buckingham wore the Turkish dress, and looked very much like a Mahometan. His stay was a very pleasant one for Lady Hester. After he had left, in April, 1816, Lady Hester wrote to her relative, the Marquis of Buckingham, a letter on the events which had recently convulsed Europe. From this letter, which shows at once her outspokenness and her power of language, I make the following extract :

"You cannot doubt that a woman of my character, and (I presume to say) of my understanding, must have held in contempt and aversion all the statesmen of the present day, whose unbounded ignorance and duplicity have brought ruin on France, have spread their own shame through all Europe, and have exposed themselves not only to the ridicule, but to the curses of present and future generations. One great mind, one single enlightened statesman, whose virtues had equalled his talents, was all that was wanting to effect, at this unexampled period, the welfare of all Europe, by taking advantage of events the most extraordinary that have ever occurred in

any era. The moment is gone by; an age of terror and perfidy has succeeded. Horrible events will take place, and those who find themselves farthest from the scenes which will be acted may consider themselves the most fortunate.

'Cease, therefore, to torment me: I will not live in Europe, even were I, in flying from it, compelled to beg my bread. Once only will I go to France, to see you and James, but only that once. I will not be amartyr for nothing. The granddaughter of Lord Chatham, the niece of the illustrious Pitt, feels herself blush, as she writes, that she was born in England, that England, who has made her accursed gold the counterpoise to justice; that England, who puts weeping humanity in irons, who has employed the valour of her troops, destined for the defence of her national honour, as the instrument to enslave a free-born people; and who has exposed to ridicule and humiliation a monarch who might have gained the goodwill of his subjects, if those intriguing English had left him to stand or fall upon his own merits.

'What must be, if he reflects, the feelings of that monarch's mind? But it is possible that his soul is too pure to enable him to dive into the views of others, and to see that he has merely been their tool. And may Heaven inspire him with the sentiments of Henry IV. (a name too often profaned), who would have trod the crown under his feet rather than have received it upon the conditions with which your friend has accepted it.'

Lady Hester's vigorous method of dealing with personal matters was shown some time later. Dr. Wolff, a converted Jew, finding himself at Sayda—which was near to Mar Elias—forwarded to Miss Williams a letter from her sister, Mrs. David, at the same time stating that he should be happy to send her reply to her sister at Malta. Miss Williams had probably had enough of life in the deserted convent, and desired to return. Lady Hester no doubt suspected this, and was resolved to cut off all communication with Dr. Wolff, who might have

facilitated Miss Williams's return. The Doctor, expecting a letter from Miss Williams, received instead this violent epistle from Lady Hester: 'I am astonished that an apostate should dare thrust himself into notice in my family. Had you been a learned Jew, you never would have abandoned a religion, rich in itself although defective, to embrace the shadow of one. Light travels faster than sound: therefore, the Supreme Being could never have allowed his creatures to be left in utter darkness, until paid and speculating wanderers deem it proper to raise their venal voice to enlighten them.' The astounded Wolff—who was really an able man, and a justly-esteemed philanthropist—replied that he could scarcely believe her ladyship's letter to be genuine, but with regard to his views and pursuits, they gave him perfect tranquillity and happiness, and were quite immaterial to her ladyship. Dr. Wolff informed Dr. Meryon that the bearer of his letter was bastinadoed by Lady Hester, and kicked downstairs: and the poor fellow returned to Sayda lame, and told him that 'the daughter of the King of England had beaten him.'

The perils of Syrian exploration were painfully exemplified in the case of Colonel Boutin, whose fate was thus recorded in the *Courrier Français* for April 29, 1830: 'Towards the year 1811, Colonel Boutin received orders from the Emperor to visit the East. He was intrusted with a mission to explore Syria, to learn Arabic, and, at a fit opportunity, to penetrate into Arabia and describe that country. On that occasion he made the acquaintance of Pitt's niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, subsequently crowned Queen of Palmyra by the Bedouins in 1821. He met from her with a most honourable reception, and, proud of her powerful protection, he was on the point of succeeding in his enterprise, when he was assassinated in the neighbourhood of Damascus by the Arabs, who sought to rob him of a bag of coins which he had in his possession. France knows how the murder of this illustrious traveller was avenged by her ladyship, who caused his assassins to

be decapitated, and obtained the restitution of his baggage, which she effected purely by her own personal influence and efforts. Dr. Meryon adds that 'to this extract may be added another mark of the gratitude of the French nation, by whom her noble conduct was better appreciated than by her own countrymen. She received the thanks of the French Chamber of Deputies, after a speech relative to this affair made by the Comte Delaborde.'

Mr. A. W. Kinglake, in his delightful book of travel, *Eōthen*, devotes an entertaining chapter to a visit which he paid to Lady Hester Stanhope in her mountain home. He had heard much of her kindness, while in England, to his mother's family. Indeed, her name was made almost as familiar to him in his childhood as the name of Robinson Crusoe. 'Both were associated with the spirit of adventure; but whilst the imagined life of the cast-away mariner never failed to seem glaringly real, the true story of the Englishwoman ruling over Arabs always sounded to me like fable.' He adds that 'in one of the drawers which were the delight of my childhood, along with attar of roses, and fragrant wonders from Hindostan, there were letters carefully treasured, and trifling presents which I was taught to think valuable, because they had come from the Queen of the Desert, who dwelt in tents, and reigned over wandering Arabs.' Being therefore in Syria, the traveller resolved, if possible, to see his mother's friend, especially as Lady Hester's name had become invested with fresh wonders; 'for it was said that the woman was now acknowledged as an inspired being by the people of the mountains, and it was even hinted with horror that she claimed to be more than a prophet.' Having received a cordial invitation from the recluse of Lebanon, Mr. Kinglake set forth from Beyrout, and after some difficulty reached the slopes of Lebanon. On the summit before him was a broad grey mass of irregular building, which from its position, as well as from the gloomy

blankness of its walls, gave the idea of a neglected fortress. It was, in fact, the deserted monastery of Mar Elias, 'and like most of the religious houses in this part of the world, had been made strong enough for opposing an inert resistance to any mere casual band of assailants who might be unprovided with regular means of attack; this was the dwelling-place of the Chatham's fiery granddaughter.' Her ladyship sent her visitor a command to repose for a while after the fatigues of his journey, and to dine. The cuisine was Oriental, and very good, and he rejoiced too in the wine of the Lebanon.

Afterwards, an interview was granted him, and he thus describes his strange hostess: 'At last I was ushered into a small apartment, which was protected from the draughts of air through the door-way by a folding screen; passing this, I came alongside of a common European sofa, where sat the Lady Prophetess. She rose from her seat very formally, spoke to me a few words of welcome, pointed to a chair which was placed exactly opposite to her sofa at a couple of yards distance, and remained standing up to the full of her majestic height, perfectly still and motionless, until I had taken my appointed place. She then resumed her seat, not packing herself up according to the mode of the Orientals, but allowing her feet to rest on the floor, or the footstool; at the moment of seating herself she covered her lap with a mass of loose white drapery, which she held in her hand. It occurred to me at the time, that she did this in order to avoid the awkwardness of sitting in manifest trousers under the eye of an European; but I can hardly fancy now, that with her wilful nature, she would have brooked such a compromise as this. The woman before me had exactly the person of a prophetess—not, indeed, of the divine Sibyl imagined by Domenichino, so sweetly distracted betwixt Love and Mystery, but of a good, business-like, practical prophetess, long used to the exercise of her sacred calling.

I have been told by those who knew Lady Hester Stanhope in her youth, that any notion of resemblance betwixt her and the great Chatham must have been fanciful; but at the time of my seeing her, the large commanding features of the gaunt woman, then sixty years old or more, certainly reminded me of the statesman that lay dying in the House of Lords, according to Copley's picture; her face was of the most astonishing whiteness; she wore a very large turban, which seemed to be of pale cashmere shawls, so disposed as to conceal the hair; her dress, from the chin down to the point at which it was concealed by the drapery which she held over her lap, was a mass of white linen loosely folded an ecclesiastical sort of affair—more like a surplice than any of those blessed creatures which our souls love under the name of "dress," and "frock," and "boddice," and "collar," and "habit-shirt," and sweet "chemisette."'

Mr. Kinglake observes that Lady Hester was bound to look somewhat differently from the rest of womankind, for she had had a great past. 'There had been something of grandeur in her career. After the death of Lady Chatham, which happened in 1803, she lived under the roof of her uncle, the second Pitt; and when he resumed the Government in 1804, she became the dispenser of much patronage, and sole Secretary of State for the department of Treasury banquets. Not having seen the lady until late in her life, when she was fired with spiritual ambition, I can hardly fancy that she could have performed her political duties in the saloons of the minister with much of feminine sweetness and patience; I am told, however, that she managed matters very well indeed; perhaps it was better for the lofty-minded leader of the House to have his reception-rooms guarded by this stately creature, than by a merely clever, and managing woman; it was fitting that the wholesome awe with which he filled the minds of the country gentlemen, should be aggravated by the presence of his majestic niece.'

The conversation between Lady Hester and her visitor

turned on the miraculous, as it was bound to do. Mr. Kinglake gave her some proofs of his aptness for the marvellous, whereupon the prophetess went so far as to say that she would adopt him as her pupil in occult science. The narrator then proceeds: 'For hours and hours, this wondrous white woman poured forth her speech, for the most part concerning sacred and profane mysteries; but every now and then she would stay her lofty flight, and swoop down upon the world again. Whenever this happened, I was interested in her conversation. She adverted more than once to the period of her lost sway amongst the Arabs, and mentioned some of the circumstances which aided her in obtaining influence with the wandering tribes. The Bedouin, so often engaged in irregular warfare, strains his eyes to the horizon in search of a coming enemy just as habitually as the sailor keeps his "bright look out" for a strange sail. In the absence of telescopes, a far-reaching sight is highly valued, and Lady Hester possessed this quality to an extraordinary degree. She told me that, on one occasion, when there was good reason to expect a hostile attack, great excitement was felt in the camp by the report of a far-seeing Arab, who declared that he could just distinguish some moving objects upon the very furthest point within the reach of his eyes. Lady Hester was consulted, and she instantly assured her comrades in arms that there were indeed a number of horses within sight, but that they were without riders—the assertion proved to be correct, and from that time forth, her superiority over all others in respect of a far sight remained undisputed.

'Lady Hester related to me this other anecdote of her Arab life; it was when the heroic qualities of the Englishwoman were just beginning to be felt amongst the people of the desert, that she was marching one day along with the forces of the tribe to which she had allied herself. She perceived that preparations for an engagement were going on, and upon her making enquiries as to the cause, the Sheik at first affected mystery and concealment, but at last confessed that war had

been declared against his tribe on account of its alliance with the English Princess, and that they were now, unfortunately, about to be attacked by a very superior force. He made it appear that Lady Hester was the sole cause of hostility betwixt his tribe and the impending enemy, and that his sacred duty of protecting the Englishwoman whom he had admitted as his guest, was the only obstacle which prevented an amicable arrangement of the dispute. The Sheik hinted that his tribe was likely to sustain an almost overwhelming blow, but at the same time declared, that no fear of the consequences, however terrible to him and his whole people, should induce him to dream of abandoning his illustrious guest. The heroine instantly took her part; it was not for her to be a source of danger to her friends, but rather to her enemies, so she resolved to turn away from the people, and trust for help to none save only her haughty self. The Sheiks affected to dissuade her from so rash a course, and fairly told her that although they (having been freed from her presence) would be able to make good terms for themselves, yet that there were no means of allaying the hostility felt towards her, and that the whole face of the desert would be swept by the horsemen of her enemies so carefully, as to make her escape into other districts almost impossible. The brave woman was not to be moved by terrors of this kind, and bidding farewell to the tribe which had honoured and protected her, she turned her horse's head and rode straight away from them, without friend or follower. Hours had elapsed, and for some time she had been alone in the centre of the round horizon, when her quick eye perceived some horsemen in the distance. The party came nearer and nearer. Soon it was plain they were making towards her, and presently some hundreds of Bedouins, fully armed, galloped up to her, ferociously shouting, and apparently intending to take her life at the instant with their pointed spears. Her face at the time was covered with the yashmack according to the Eastern usage, but at the moment

when the foremost of the horsemen had all but reached her with their spears, she stood up in the stirrups—withdrew the yashmack that veiled the terrors of her countenance—waved her arms slowly and disdainfully, and cried out with a loud voice, "Avaunt!" The horsemen recoiled from her glance, but not in terror. The threatening yells of the assailants were suddenly changed for loud shouts of joy and admiration, at the bravery of the stately English woman, and festive gun-shots were fired on all sides around her honoured head. The truth was, that the party belonged to the tribe with which she had allied herself, and that the threatened attack, as well as the pretended apprehension of an engagement, had been contrived for the mere purpose of testing her courage. The day ended in a great feast, prepared to do honour to the heroine, and from that time her power over the minds of the people grew rapidly. Lady Hester related this story with great spirit, and I recollect that she put up her yashmack for a moment, in order to give me a better idea of the effect which she produced by suddenly revealing the awfulness of her countenance.'

Lady Hester informed Mr. Kinglake that for her sin she had subjected herself during many years to severe penance, and that her self-denial had not been without its reward. Milk was her only food, and her abstinence from food intellectual was carried as far as her physical fasting; she never looked upon a book or a newspaper, but 'trusted alone to the stars for her sublime knowledge.' She spoke with great contempt of the frivolity and benighted ignorance of the modern Europeans, who were not only untaught in astrology, but were unacquainted with the common and every-day phenomena produced by magic art. She claimed to have sorcerous spells at her command, but declined to exercise such powers because they would be derogatory to her high rank in the heavenly kingdom. She believed the time was coming when the hidden treasures of the earth would become available to those who had true occult knowledge. Ibrahim Pasha, she said, was a

bold, bad man, who possessed the common and wicked magical arts upon which she looked down with contempt; but she added that Ibrahim's life was charmed against balls and steel, and that after a battle he would loosen the folds of his shawl and shake out the bullets like dust. The St. Simonians had made overtures to her, but she did not join them, though she believed they were destined to find 'the Mystic Mother.' Mr. Kinglake goes on to say:

'The Prophetess announced to me that we were upon the eve of a stupendous convulsion, which would destroy the then recognised value of all property upon earth; and, declaring that those only who should be in the East at the time of the great change, could hope for greatness in the new life that was now close at hand, she advised me, whilst there was time, to dispose of my property in fragile England, and gain a station in Asia; she told me that, after leaving her, I should go into Egypt, but that in a little while I should return into Syria. I secretly smiled at this last prophecy as a "bad shot," for I had fully determined, after visiting the Pyramids, to take ship from Alexandria for Greece. But men struggle vainly in the meshes of their destiny; the unbelieved Cassandra was right after all; the Plague came, and the necessity for avoiding the quarantine to which I should have been subjected if I had sailed from Alexandria, forced me to alter my route; I went down into Egypt and stayed there for a time, and then crossed the desert once more, and came back to the mountains of the Lebanon exactly as the Prophetess had foretold.

'Lady Hester talked to me long and earnestly on the subject of religion, announcing that the Messiah was yet to come; she strove to impress me with the vanity and the falseness of all European creeds, as well as with a sense of her own spiritual greatness; throughout her conversation upon these high topics, she skilfully insinuated, without actually asserting, her heavenly rank.

'When Lady Hester left for a time her high subjects of dis-

course, and descended to worldly chat, she could be like some women to be met with in London drawing-rooms—cool, unsparing of enemies, full of audacious fun, and uttering the most unpleasant truths. She heartily despised everything approaching to exquisiteness, and affirmed that a brusque, determined manner was more effective than any other with the Oriental. She dealt fiercely with those she hated, and had a wonderful facility in the details of vituperation.'

The interview with Mr. Kinglake lasted till after midnight, and during its course the calumet of peace was frequently smoked both by the lady and the gentleman.

Her ladyship's secretary, who had sacrilegiously begun to doubt the divinity of his mistress—told her visitor, afterwards, that she was greatly disliked by the surrounding people, whom she oppressed by her exactions. Her fierce Albanians made it 'warm' for the inhabitants of the district, who were filled with a wholesome respect for the prophetess. 'Now the being respected amongst Orientals is not an empty or merely honorary distinction, for, on the contrary, it carries with it a clear right to take your neighbour's corn, his cattle, his eggs, and his honey, and almost anything that is his, except his wives. This law was acted upon by the Princess of Djoun, and her establishment was supplied by contributions apportioned amongst the nearest of the villages.'

Mr. Kinglake had two more lengthy interviews with Lady Hester the next day, and at the close of the second bade her farewell. With her parting words she advised him to abandon Europe—as she had strongly advised him on the first day—and counselled him to seek his reward in the East, urging him also to give the like advice to his father, and tell him that *she had said it.* Mr. Kinglake believed that Lady Hester's unholy claim to supremacy in the spiritual kingdom was the suggestion of fierce and inordinate pride, perilously akin to madness; but even she had doubts occasionally as to her own system. He did not, however, consider that her faith in

astrology and magic science implied any aberration of intellect, for she only believed these things in common with those around her, and there was really little else but mystical lore to occupy her time, or at least she would study little else.

When the news of the battle of Navarino, in 1827, reached Sayda and Beyrout, the panic was so great that, in a single hour, all the Franks at Sayda fled precipitately from their homes, the greater part of them taking refuge with Lady Hester Stanhope. In a spirit of the noblest generosity, and with the greatest care and solicitude, she attended to their wants, and kept them at a most serious expense to herself; she further fed, clothed, and housed, for nearly two years, two hundred wretched beings who had been rendered homeless by the sacking of Acre; and what she did for large bodies of fugitives she did for individuals, so that her dwelling became known as a veritable castle of refuge.

Between Lady Hester's settlement at Mar Elias and her death, her friend, Dr. Meryon, went backwards and forwards to Europe on several occasions. One of his voyages from Marseilles to Syria was rendered memorable by reason of a small party of Englishmen, who, in company with several pious ladies, had embarked for the purpose of proceeding to Palestine and Persia with an object of making proselytes among Jews and Mahomedans. These travellers included Mr. Parnell, son of Sir Henry Parnell, afterwards Lord Congleton; and the learned Mr. Francis W. Newman, brother of Cardinal Newman.

The finest proofs of Lady Hester Stanhope's courage were manifested in her bold and open defiance of the power of the Emir Beshýr, Prince of the Druses. Reference to the barbarities of this monster has already been made, but it may now be added that amongst other atrocities he cut out the tongues and put out the eyes of five young princes, relatives of his own, whose contingent prospects to the succession gave him uneasiness. Yet, knowing him to be one of the most perfidious and bloodthirsty tyrants that ever governed a Turkish province, Lady

Hester openly defied him. Fearing her sympathy with, and influence over, his rival Sheykh Beshýr, the Emir sent emissaries to warn her of her peril if she did not leave Djoun.

'But Lady Hester Stanhope was not a woman to be frightened; and, when she found a fit opportunity, in the presence of some other persons, of getting one of the Emir's people before her, so as to be sure that what she said must reach his ears and could not well be softened down, she desired the emissary to go and tell his master that, "she knew very well there was not a more profound and bloody tyrant on the face of the earth; that she was aware no one was safe from his poisons and daggers—but that she held him in the most sovereign contempt and set him at defiance. Tell him," she added, "that he is a dog and a monster, and that, if he means to try his strength with me, I am ready." On another occasion, one of the Emir Beshýr's people came on some message to her, but, before he entered her room, laid by his pistols and his sabre, which in Turkey these myrmidons always wear on their persons. Lady Hester's máid whispered to her what the man was doing, when her ladyship, calling him in, bade him gird on his arms again. "Don't think I am afraid of you or your master," she said; "you may tell him I don't care a fig for his poisons—I know not what fear is. It is for him, and those who serve him, to tremble. And tell the Emir Khalyh" (the Emir Beshýr's son) "that if he enters my doors, I'll stab him—my people shall not shoot him, but I will stab him—I, with my own hand."'

Lady Hester, after relating this to Dr. Meryon, thus proceeded: 'The beast, as I spoke to him, was so terrified, doctor, that he trembled like an aspen leaf, and I could have knocked him down with a feather. The man told the Emir Beshýr my answer; for there was a tailor at work in the next room, who saw and heard him, and spoke of it afterwards. The Emir puffed such a puff of smoke out of his pipe when my message was delivered—and then got up and walked out.

'Why, what did Hamâady say to the Emir, when he was deliberating how he should get rid of me?—"You had better have nothing to do with her. Fair or foul means, it is all alike to her. She has been so flattered in her lifetime, that no praise can turn her head. Money she thinks no more of than dirt; and as for fear, she does not know what it is. As for me, your Highness, I wash my hands of her."'

The Emir thought it wise to leave her ladyship alone, although he had five hundred horsemen pillaging and murdering in the neighbouring villages. Lady Hester had a strange dislike to those of her own sex, but she was deeply moved when her faithful companion Miss Williams died. This young lady had followed her benefactress from a comfortable home, to endure the numberless privations which constant refinement want of society, and a residence in an uncivilised country naturally brought with them. She had, further, not much sympathy with the religious views of a fanatical lady who kept in a magnificent stable two mares, which she fancied were to bear her into Jerusalem with the Messiah at His next coming. Lord Guildford, Mr. Fazakerly, and Mr. Gally Knight, who were once at Brusa with Lady Hester, would often banter her on her future greatness among the Jews. 'Well, madam,' one or other of them would frequently say, 'you must go to Jerusalem. Hester, Queen of the Jews! Hester, Queen of the Jews!' The idea had not only gained strength with her because of the prophecy of the English fortune-teller Brothers, but because of an Eastern soothsayer, Metta, who professed to show her the part she was to play in the East. He told her of an old Arabic prophecy that a European female was to come to reside on Mount Lebanon, and to acquire greater power than the Sultan; that a boy without a father would join her, whose destiny would be fulfilled under her wing; that the coming of the Mahdi would follow, but after war, pestilence, and other calamities; that the Mahdi would ride a horse born saddled; and that a woman would come from a far country to

partake in the mission. At first, by the boy without a father, Lady Hester thought the young Duke of Reichstadt was meant, but she gave that up and waited for the real youth indicated. Then when the Baroness de Fériat, an English lady residing in the United States, wrote in 1835, out of admiration for Lady Hester's character, asking to come and live with her, she saw the fulfilment of the prophecy concerning the 'woman from a far country.'

Leaving now the Eastern life of Lady Hester, it will be interesting to note a few of her English recollections, as preserved by Dr. Meryon. They were noted down by him after their many conversations at Mar Elias. On one occasion the talk turned upon her extraordinary likeness to her celebrated grandfather, which Coutts the banker and others had noticed. Then she added: 'My grandfather dived into futurity as I do. Mr. Pitt, too, would often tell me how much I was like Lord Chatham, my grandfather. Sometimes, when I was speaking he would exclaim, "Good God! if I were to shut my eyes I should think it was my father! And, how odd! I heard him say almost those very words forty years ago." My grandfather, doctor,' said Lady Hester, going on, 'had gray eyes, like mine, and yet, by candlelight, from the expression that was in them, one would have thought them black. When he was angry, or speaking very much in earnest, nobody could look him in the face. His memory, on things even of a common nature, and his observations, were striking. On passing a place where he had been ten years before, he would observe that there used to be a tree, or a stone, or a something that was gone, and on inquiry it always proved to be so; yet he travelled always with four horses at a great rate.'

Pitt ardently loved Lord Auckland's daughter, and she was the only woman Lady Hester could have wished him to marry. She was very beautiful, and Pitt 'almost broke his heart when he gave her up. But he considered that she was not a woman to be left at will when business might require it, and he sacri-

ficed his feelings to his sense of public duty. Yet Mr. Pitt was a man just made for domestic life, who would have enjoyed retirement, digging his own garden, and doing it cleverly, too. But it was God's will it should be otherwise.' Pitt's first and only love afterwards became Lady Buckinghamshire.

Addington the statesman does not figure very highly in Lady Hester's recollections. 'Mr. Addington wanted to be made—would you believe it, doctor?—wanted to be made Lord Raleigh, and I was determined he should not, if I could help it. One morning Mr. Pitt came into the drawing-room to speak to me, so I said to him, "What a pretty caricature they have made about Addington"; and I described, as if I had seen it, a caricature in which figured Queen Elizabeth, and Mr. Addington and the King; and, with as much humour as I could, made such a ridiculous picture that Mr. Pitt was quite amused. Just as I had finished my description, somebody came in, and interrupted the conversation, and, Mr. Pitt going out to dinner, I saw no more of him. He, thinking what I had told him was a fact, repeated the story to Mr. Addington and others. Immediately, half-a-dozen people were despatched to all the caricature shops to buy up the whole impression at any price; but, as the whole was my invention, of course they found none, for I had intended to say, "Fancy how ridiculous a business it will appear if such a caricature is published, which is very likely." So, when I saw Mr. Pitt next day, I told him; but the fright they had been thrown in was so great, that another title was chosen. Subsequently, Mr. Pitt never would speak to Lord Sidmouth.'

For some reason or other the poet-statesman Lamartine had vexed Lady Hester, yet it was through him that her Eastern career first became known to Europeans. This is how she deals with him: 'Look at Monsieur Lamartine, getting off his horse half-a-dozen times to kiss his dog, and take him out of his bandbox to feed him on the road from Beyrout here: the very muleteers and servants thought him a fool. And then, that

way of thrusting his hands into his breeches' pockets, and sticking out his legs as far as he could—what is that like? Monsieur Lamartine is no poet, in my estimation, although he may be an elegant versifier: he has no sublime ideas. Compare his ideas with Shakspeare's—that was indeed a real poet. Oh, doctor, what inspirations there are in that man! Even his imaginary beings—his Ariels, his fairies, his Calibans—we see at once are such as they would be if they had really existed. You don't believe in such things, but I do, and so did Shakspeare. He, I am sure, had great knowledge of Eastern literature, somehow or other.

'Monsieur Lamartine, with his straight body and straight fingers, pointed his toes in my face, and then turned to his dog and kissed him, and held long conversations with him. They say he has £17,000 a year, and castles and villages. He thought to make a great effect when he was here, but he was grievously mistaken. I gave him a letter to Abu Ghosh, who received him very well, but when he talked about himself, and made out that he was a great man, Abu Ghosh said it was for my sake, and not for his own, that he showed him as much honour as he could.'

In speaking of M. Lascaris, of whom Monsieur Lamartine had written a great deal, Lady Hester said M. Lascaris had the heart of a Roman with the intrigue of a Greek. Lady Hester regarded Queen Caroline as 'a nasty, vulgar, impudent woman,' but she prevented her trial in the first instance because of the scandal which would be created. Owing to her persuasion, the Duke of Cumberland, Mr. Perceval, and the Lord Chancellor quashed the proceedings. 'The papers were all printed,' she said to Dr. Meryon, 'and it cost Mr. Perceval £10,000 out of the secret service money to recover one copy which had been taken off his table. Going out in a hurry, and forgetting to lock it up, he had left the book open in his room. It was not a thing to escape. Somebody stole it; and I know, to a certainty, that it cost him £10,000 to get it back again.'

Lady Hester was greatly embittered against George Canning. She depreciated his appearance, his talents, and his eloquence —all of which, she said, were entirely vitiated by his duplicity. Canning, having heard that he was not a favourite with her, once said to her, 'So, Lady Hester, you don't like me.' 'No,' said she; 'they told me you were handsome, and I don't think so.' Having given several instances of his alleged treachery to Pitt, her ladyship exclaimed to her auditor—'Oh, Lord, when I think of his duplicity! He was deceitful in everything. I only regret that he ever took me in as he did. But he was so artful as to make me believe at last in his protestations of admiration for Mr. Pitt; and, as Mr. Pitt was surrounded by such fools as Castlereagh and Hawkesbury, I thought he might be useful to him in lightening his labours, for he was clever and wrote well, whilst Mr. Pitt could never trust Lord Castlereagh to draw up an official paper, without having to cross out and correct half of it. But the first time I saw him I thought him insincere, and told Mr. Pitt so, and I did not scruple to add how much I disliked him. "Oh!" Mr. Pitt replied, "he is very amusing, and when you have seen more of him you will think so, too."—"Well, we shall see," said I. "You must like him," rejoined Mr. Pitt, "he is so brilliant." I answered, "Well, if I must I must"—but I never did. It is true I took a great deal of pains to get him into favour again when he was out of favour with Mr. Pitt, but it was because I really believed him to be Mr. Pitt's friend, and thought he would be another strong horse in the stable.'

A very amusing anecdote is told of Lord Liverpool. 'Mr. Pitt, having some intention of creating an order of merit, desired the Cabinet Ministers each to give their opinions in turn upon the coloured ribbon that should be used for the decoration. Among the rest, Lord Liverpool said he had prepared his, and that he would call in the evening to show it to him and me. He accordingly came. "You see," he observed with much self-complacence, "I have endeavoured to combine such

colours as will flatter the national vanity. Here is red for the English flag, blue for liberty, and white to denote the purity of motive." There were several persons present, and some of the toadies were full of admiration. One cried, "'Twas excellent," another that "The King would be greatly pleased with it," a third, "You had better take it down to Windsor," and so on. "Yes," said I, "the King will be delighted with it. I myself think the colours charming; for I know exactly how they will look, as I have seen them very often." "Seen them!—Where?" asked Lord Liverpool. "Why, in the French soldiers' cockades," answered I. Poor Lord Liverpool, who was a good sort of man, but who had been putting himself forward in a thing he was not fit for, and had stupidly overlooked the tri-coloured flag, was thunderstruck. "What shall I do, Lady Hester?" cried he; "I have already got five hundred yards of ribbon made: what can I do with it?" "Why," rejoined I, "it will serve, my lord, to tie up your breeches: for, you know, you have always such a load of papers in your breeches' pockets that I quite fear to see them some day fall down." And so it was, doctor; he used to ram his hands into his pockets, first on one side and then on the other, in search of some paper or another, just as if he was groping for an eel at the bottom of a pond.'

The following is a glimpse of Pitt's daily life: 'When I think of the ingratitude of the English nation to Mr. Pitt, for all his personal sacrifices and disinterestedness, for his life wasted in the service of his country!' Here Lady Hester's emotions got the better of her, and she burst into tears: she sobbed as she spoke. 'People little knew what he had to do. Up at eight in the morning, with people enough to see for a week, obliged to talk all the time he was at breakfast, and receiving first one, then another, until four o'clock; then eating a mutton chop, hurrying off to the House, and there badgered and compelled to speak and waste his lungs until two or three in the morning! Who could stand it? After this, heated as he was, and having eaten nothing, in a manner of speaking, all

day, he would sup with Dundas, Huskisson, Rose, Mr. Long, and such persons, and then go to bed to get three or four hours' sleep, and to renew the same thing the next day, and the next, and the next.'

The great Duke of Wellington is thus eulogised: 'When Mr. Pitt was going to Bath, in his last illness, he told me he had just seen Arthur Wellesley. He spoke of him with the greatest commendation, and said the more he saw of him the more he admired him. "Yes," he added, "the more I hear of his exploits in India, the more I admire the modesty with which he receives the praises he merits for them. He is the only man I ever saw that was not vain of what he had done, and yet had so much reason to be so."'

'This eulogium,' Lady Hester said, 'Mr. Pitt pronounced in his fine mellow tone of voice, and this was the last speech I heard him make in that voice, for on his return from Bath it was cracked for ever.' Then she observed, 'My own opinion of the Duke is, that he is a blunt soldier, who pleases women because he is gallant and has some remains of beauty; but,' she added, 'he has none of the dignity of courts about him.'

George IV. gets it almost as severely in Lady Hester's pages as he did afterwards in those of Thackeray. His unfeeling conduct in deserting Sheridan she regarded as a typical act showing his despicable character. She loved all the Princes but him. The Prince Regent heard of this, and said to Lord Petersham, 'What can be the reason that Lady Hester, who likes all my brothers, does not like me?' His lordship told Lady Hester this, and she replied, 'If he asks me, I will have an answer ready for him, and that is, "When he behaves like them I shall like him, and not before."'

This passage by Lady Hester on Bonaparte and the leading English statesmen is extremely interesting: 'Bonaparte had naturally something vulgar in his composition. He took a little from Ossian, a little from Cæsar, a little from this book, a little from that, and made up a something that was a good

imitation of a great man; but he was not in himself naturally great. As for killing the Duke d'Enghien, if he had killed all the Bourbons, for the good of France, I should say nothing to that; but he had not much feeling. Whenever he laments anybody it is always for his own sake that he does it. I don't understand, either, a great man making complaints about the room he slept in not being good enough for him, or complaining of his champagne. I dare say he had slept in many a worse. Had I been in his place, you would have seen how differently I should have acted; and such a man as Sir Hudson Lowe should never have seen that he could have the power of vexing me. He was not what I call a man of genius: a man of considerable talent he certainly was. A man of genius is like a fine diamond. What I understand by a fine diamond is one resembling a large drop of water—smooth and even on every side; so that whichever way you look at it there is a place of light that seems as if it would spread as you gaze on it. However, men of genius have seldom a look that would tell you they are so; for, what a heavy-looking man Mr. Fox was! did you ever see him? Mr. Pitt, again, had nothing remarkable in his appearance; Mr. Pitt's face was not one that gave one the idea of a clever man. As he walked through the park you would have taken him for a poet, or some such person, thin, tall, and rather awkward; looking upwards as if his ideas were *en air*, and not remarking what was passing around him: there was no expression in him at such a moment. It was my grandfather who had the fine look. The best picture of him is that at Chevening: he is represented in his robes. The colour and fire in his eyes altogether is very fine.'

Lord Byron was thus described by Lady Hester: 'I think he was a strange character, his generosity was for a motive, his avarice for a motive: one time he was mopish, and nobody was to speak to him; another, he was for being jocular with everybody. Then he was a sort of Don Quixote, fighting with the police for a woman of the town; and then he wanted to make

himself something great. But when he allowed himself to be bullied by the Albanians, it was all over with him; you must not show any fear with them. At Athens, I saw nothing in him but a well-bred man, like many others; for, as for poetry, it is easy enough to write verses; and as for the thoughts, who knows where he got them? Many a one picks up some old book that nobody knows anything about, and gets his ideas out of it. He had a great deal of vice in his looks, his eyes set close together, and a contracted brow, so'—(imitating it). 'Oh, Lord! I am sure he was not a liberal man, whatever else he might be. The only good thing about his looks was this part' (drawing her hand under the cheek down the front of her neck), 'and the curl on his forehead.'

When Duke Maximilian, of Bavaria, proposed to visit Lady Hester in her mountain retreat, she wrote to him as follows: 'I cannot sufficiently appreciate the honour you intend me in wishing to visit my hermitage; but permit me to impose these conditions on you—that you say not a word more, neither you nor the noblemen in your suite, of those trifling services which you have so graciously and benevolently accepted. Allow me also to acquaint your highness, that, although I was in my time a woman of the world, for these last twenty years I have been nothing but a philosopher, who turns out of her road for nobody. When Alexander the Great visited Diogenes, he neither changed his dress nor moved his tub for him; pardon me, Prince, if I imitate his example.' When the Duke arrived, however, to occupy quarters not so good as those of an English mechanic, he found Lady Hester was so ill that she could not be seen, and he accordingly left without protracting his visit.

Among those who lived on Lady Hester's bounty for a great number of years was a General Loustaunau, who was known as the Prophet. He had led a chequered career in France and other countries, and at last settled down in Syria, where he acquired the reputation of a seer. He was a close reader of the Bible, and was much given to prediction. Sometimes

Lady Hester herself, who was interested in some of his prophecies, found him rather trying, for his flattery was too open. For example, he would go about preaching that all the queens in Christendom were very ordinary women indeed, and that Lady Hester was the only real Queen. For this man and his family she did great things, and a son, Captain Loustaunau, who died at Mar Elias, was buried in her garden. Another great admirer of Lady Hester was the Prince Pückler-Muskau, who deeply interested her by his physiognomical doctrines, and his liking generally for occult science. But in spite of his flattery, she was obliged to confess that he was not very profound.

For the last twenty years of her life Lady Hester Stanhope was an inveterate smoker. Dr. Meryon thus depicts her under the influence of this habit in the year 1838: 'As she had now kept her bed for many weeks, we will describe her there as, lying with her pipe in her mouth, she talked on politics, philosophy, religion, or on any other theme, with her accustomed eloquence, closing her periods with a whiff that would have made the Duchess of Rutland stare with astonishment, could she have risen from her tomb and have seen her quondam friend, the brilliant ornament of a London drawing-room, clouded in fumes so that her features were sometimes invisible —how this altered individual had not a covering to her bed that was not burnt into twenty holes by the sparks and ashes that had fallen from her pipe; and had not these coverings been all woollen, it is certain, that, on some unlucky night, she must have been consumed, bed and all.

'Her bedroom, at the end of every twenty-four hours, was strewn with tobacco and ashes, to be swept away and again strewn as before, and it was always strongly impregnated with the fumes.

'The finest tobacco the country could produce, and the cleanest pipes (for she had a new one almost as often as a fop puts on new gloves,) could hardly satisfy her fastidiousness;

and I have known her footman get as many scoldings as there were days in the week on that score. From curiosity I once counted a bundle of pipes thrown by after a day or two's use, any one of which would have fetched five or ten shillings in London, and there were one hundred and two.'

A group of Bedouins were once disputing as to the sanity of Lady Hester, one party strenuously maintaining that it was impossible a lady so charitable, so munificent, could be otherwise than in full possession of her faculties; their opponents alleging that her assimilating herself to the Virgin Mary, her anticipated entry with our Saviour into Jerusalem, and other vagaries attributed to her, were proofs to the contrary. An old man with a white beard called for silence—a call from the aged amidst the Arabs is seldom made in vain. 'She is mad,' said he, and lowering his voice to a whisper, as if fearing lest such an outrage against established custom should spread beyond his circle, he added, 'for she puts sugar in her coffee!' On this hypothesis, lunacy must be very prevalent in England and Europe.

The pecuniary difficulties into which Lady Hester Stanhope fell towards the close of her career were very grave. Her pension, and a legacy of £1,500 a year left her by her brother, Colonel James Stanhope, were all the means she had. These would of course have been ample for a private lady, but not for one whose purse and dwelling were open to everybody; besides which, she was robbed on all hands. There was little room for wonder, therefore, that she drifted deeper and deeper into debt. She had an impression that she was somehow entitled to an Irish estate, and wrote to Sir Francis Burdett and others to take up her cause. It appears that a wealthy Irish admirer of Pitt made a will leaving all his estates, &c., to that eminent statesman, but unfortunately Pitt died three days before the testator. This, of course, vitiated the whole affair, yet Lady Hester seems to have thought that the estates should have been handed over to Pitt's relatives, but the testator's relatives, not unnaturally, took a different view.

To aggravate matters, in January, 1838, the English Government took a step which was very painful to Lady Hester, and one in regard to which she certainly seems deserving of some sympathy. Colonel Campbell, Her Majesty's Consul-General for Egypt and Syria, was instructed to inform her ladyship that in consequence of an application made to the British Government by Mr. Homsy, one of her creditors, Lord Palmerston had ordered her pension to be stopped unless the debt were paid. Knowing Lady Hester's fiery temper, one can well understand her rage and indignation on receiving such an intimation. Alluding to the Queen and her ministers she exclaimed to Dr. Meryon: 'My grandfather and Mr. Pitt did something, I think, to keep the Brunswick family on the throne, and yet the granddaughter of the old king, without hearing the circumstances of my getting into debt, or whether the story is true (for it might be false), sends to deprive me of my pension in a foreign country, where I may remain and starve. If it had not been for my brother Charles, and General Barnard, the only two who knew what they were about, when the mutiny took place against the Duke of Kent at Gibraltar, she would not be where she is now; for her father would have been killed to a certainty.'

Unfortunately, Lady Hester allowed her indignation so far to get the better of her that she addressed this letter to the Queen, who, of course, had merely acted upon her Minister's advice: 'Your Majesty will allow me to say that few things are more disgraceful and inimical to royalty than giving commands without examining all their different bearings, and casting without reason an aspersion upon the integrity of any branch of a family who had faithfully served their country and the house of Hanover. As no inquiries have been made of me what circumstances induced me to incur the debts alluded to, I deem it unnecessary to enter into any details upon the subject. I shall not allow the pension given by your royal grandfather to be stopped by force, but I shall resign it for the

payment of my debts, and with it the name of English subject and the slavery that is at present annexed to it; and as your Majesty has given publicity to the business by your orders to consular agents, I surely cannot be blamed for following your royal example.'

She likewise wrote as follows to Mr. Speaker Abercromby, whom she had known in her youth: 'Your magnificent Queen has made me appear like a bankrupt to the world, and partly like a swindler; having given strict orders that one usurer's account must be paid, or my pension be stopped, without taking into consideration others who have equal claims upon me. Her Majesty has not thrown the gauntlet before a driveller or a coward. Those who are the advisers of these steps cannot be wise men.

'Whatever men's political opinions may be, if they act from conscientious motives, I have always respected them; and you know that I have had friends in all parties. Therefore, without any reference to the present or the past political career of ministers, or Her Majesty's advisers, their conduct would appear to me, respecting myself, identically as it was, gentlemanlike or blackguard. But having had but too strong a specimen of the latter by their attempting to bully a Pitt, and to place me under consular control, it is sufficient for me to resign the name of an English subject: for the justice granted to the slave of despotism far exceeds that which has been shown to me.'

Lady Hester further addressed appeals to the Duke of Wellington and Lord Brougham, but they were powerless to assist her. On the 25th of April, 1838, Lord Palmerston wrote to Lady Hester, stating that he had laid her letter before the Queen, to whom he had explained the circumstances of the case. Then he added that all the steps taken had 'been suggested by nothing but a desire to save your ladyship from the embarrassments which might arise if the parties who have claims upon you were to call upon the

Consul-General to act according to the strict line of his duty, under the capitulations between Great Britain and the Porte.' On receiving this communication, Lady Hester wrote a letter, the like of which Palmerston probably never received during his lengthy career. The writing had in it some of the vigour and the biting sarcasm of Junius, and the letter is well worthy of being reproduced entire :

'My Lord, if your diplomatic despatches are as obscure as the one which now lies before me, it is no wonder that England should cease to have that proud preponderance in her foreign relations which she once could boast of.

'Your lordship tells me that you have thought it your duty to explain to the Queen the subject which caused me to address her Majesty. I should have thought, my lord, that it would have been your duty to have made those explanations prior to taking the liberty of using her Majesty's name, and alienating from her and her country a subject who, the great and small must acknowledge (however painful it may be to some) has raised the English name in the East higher than anyone has yet done, besides having made many philosophical researches of various descriptions for the advantage of human nature at large, and this without having spent one farthing of the public money. Whatever may be the surprise created in the minds of statesmen of the old school respecting the conduct of government towards me, I am not myself in the least astonished ; for, when the son of a king, with a view of enlightening his own mind and the world in general, had devoted part of his private fortune to the purchase of a most invaluable library at Hamburgh, he was flatly refused an exemption from the custom-house duties ; but, if report speaks truly, had an application been made to pass bandboxes, millinery, inimitable wigs, and invaluable rouge, it would have been instantly granted by her Majesty's ministers, if we may judge by precedents. Therefore, my lord, I have nothing to

complain of; yet I shall go on fighting my battles, campaign after campaign.

'Your lordship gives me to understand that the insult I have received was considerately bestowed upon me to avoid some dreadful, unnameable misfortune which was pending over my head. I am ready to meet with courage and resignation every misfortune it may please God to visit me with, but certainly not insult from man. If I can be accused of high crimes and misdemeanours, and I am to stand in dread of the punishment thereof, let me be tried, as I believe I have a right to be, by my peers; if not, then by the voice of the people. Disliking the English because they are no longer English—no longer that hardy, honest, bold people that they were in former times—yet, as some few of this race must remain, I should rely in confidence upon their integrity and justice when my case had been fully examined.

'It is but fair to make your lordship aware, that if by the next packet there is nothing definitely settled respecting my affairs, and that I am not cleared in the eyes of the world of aspersions, intentionally or unintentionally, thrown upon me, I shall break up my household and build up the entrance gate to my premises; there remaining, as if I was in a tomb, till my character has been done justice to, and a public acknowledgment put in the papers, signed and sealed by those who have aspersed me. There is no trifling with those who have Pitt blood in their veins upon the subject of integrity, nor expecting that their spirit would ever yield to the impertinent interference of consular authority.

'Meanly endeavouring (as Colonel Campbell has attempted to do) to make the origin of this business an application of the Viceroy of Egypt to the English Government, I must, without having made any enquiries upon the subject, exculpate his Highness from so low a proceeding. His known liberality in all such cases, from the highest to the lowest class of persons, is such as to make one the more regret his extraordinary and

reprehensible conduct toward his great master; and that such a man should become totally blinded by vanity and ambition, which must in the end prove his perdition, is an opinion I have loudly given utterance to from the beginning.

'Your lordship talks to me of the capitulations with the Sublime Porte; what has that to do with a private individual's having exceeded his finances in trying to do good? If there is any punishment for that, you had better begin with your ambassadors, who have often been indebted themselves at the different courts of Europe as well as at Constantinople. I myself am so attached to the Sultan, that, were the reward of such conduct that of losing my head, I should kiss the sabre wielded by so mighty a hand, yet, at the same time, treat with the most ineffable contempt your trumpery agents, as I shall never admit of their having the smallest power over me; if I did, I should belie my origin.'

Lady Hester could obtain no redress, but she indulged a vague hope of being able to meet her debts. This hope proved vain, however, and she sank deeper and deeper into difficulties. She proceeded to carry out her threat of walling herself up, and Dr. Meryon thus graphically describes the sad circumstances under which she passed the closing days of her life: 'I was the last European physician or medical man that attended her, and I was most anxious and willing (foreseeing her approaching fate as I did) to continue to remain with her; but it was her determined resolve that I should leave her, and those who have known her cannot deny that opposition to her will was altogether out of the question.

'There is no doubt that by prolonging my stay on Mount Lebanon I might have been of considerable service to her ladyship. She was about to shut herself up alone, without money, without books, without a soul she could confide in! without a single European, male or female, about her; with winter coming on, beneath roofs certainly no longer waterproof, and that might fall in; with war at her doors, and without any means of

defence except in her own undaunted courage; with no one but herself to carry on her correspondence; so that everything conspired to make it an imperative duty to remain with her. Yet she would not allow me to do so, and insisted on my departure on an appointed day, declaring it to be her fixed determination to remain immured, as in a tomb, until reparation had been made her for the supposed insult she had received at the hands of the British Government.

'It would have been expected that the niece of Mr. Pitt and the granddaughter of the great Lord Chatham, might have laid claim to some indulgence from those whose influence could help or harm her; and that her peculiar situation in a foreign country, among a people unacquainted with European customs and habits (being left, as she was, to her own energies, to meet the difficulties which encompassed her) might have exempted her from any annoyance, if it did not obtain for her any aid. A woman, sixty years old, with impaired health, inhabiting a spot removed many miles from any town, amidst a population whom their own chiefs can hardly keep under control, was no fit object, one would think, for molestation under any circumstances; but when the services of Lady Hester's family are put into the scale it seems wonderful how the representations of interested money-lenders could have had sufficient weight with those who guided the State to induce them to disturb her solitude and retirement. Will it be believed, that when in August, 1838, I took leave of her, the beam of the ceiling of the saloon, in which she ordinarily sat, was propped up by two unsightly spars of wood for fear the ceiling should fall on her head; and that these deal pillars, very nearly in the rough state in which they had been brought from the North in some Swedish vessel, stood in the centre of the room? Her bedroom was still worse, for there the prop was a rough, unplaned trunk of a poplar-tree, cut at the foot of the hill on which her own house stood. Her ladyship slept on a mattress, on planks upheld by tressels, and the carpeting of her bedroom was of felt. She proclaimed

herself, with much cheerfulness, a philosopher, and, so far as self-denial went, in regard to personal sumptuousness, her assertion was completely borne out in garb and furniture. How far she deserved that title upon the higher grounds of speculative science and the extraordinary range of her understanding, let those say who have shared with the writer in the profound impression which her conversation always left on the minds of her hearers.

'Peace be with her remains, and honour to her memory! A surer friend, a more frank and generous enemy, never trod the earth. "Show me where the poor and needy are," she would say, "and let the rich shift for themselves!" As free from hypocrisy as the purest diamond from stain, she pursued her steady way, unaffected by the ridiculous reports that were spread about her by travellers, either malicious or misinformed, and not to be deterred from her noble, though somewhat Quixotic enterprises, by ridicule or abuse, by threats or opposition.'

Lady Hester Stanhope slowly wasted away, and died on the 23rd of June, 1839, with no European near her. The news of her death was conveyed to Beyrout, and the English consul, Mr. Moore, and the Rev. Mr. Thompson, an American missionary, went to Djoun to bury her. The emaciated body of Lady Hester was interred, according to her wish, in her own garden.

Thus perished in silence, and with none but Easterns near her, one of the most remarkable women of the nineteenth century. A friend said of her what was once said of her great relative, Chatham, 'I hardly know which to be astonished at most, your extraordinary genius or your extraordinary ignorance.' No clearer insight into her character has ever been given in such few words. She had a courageous spirit and a lofty integrity, but she was reckless in action, and especially in her indiscriminate benevolence, which at length involved her in inextricable difficulties. She had a clear insight into human

nature, but her feelings led her into excess, and she denounced a race because of the folly or insincerity of individuals. It is impossible not to admire her high, proud, and adventurous spirit, her faithfulness towards friends, and her disinterestedness and generosity. Out of sympathy with the spirit of her age, she formed visionary projects of aggrandisement, until her eccentricities laid her open to the derision of the world. Her intuitive perceptions were marvellous; and with a mind more evenly balanced she might have achieved greatness. Failing in this, she still remains one of the strangest figures in modern history.

THE END.

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